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THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF IRELAND.

A VAST improvement has taken place in the press of Ireland within the last thirty years. Before the union with Great Britain, there were but two daily (morning) journals in the metropolis of the sister kingdom: at present, there are four; and, until very lately, there were so many as six. In the memorable year of 1798, there was but one evening paper in Dublin: now there are four or five. Weekly journals are, in Ireland, the offspring of the last eight or nine years; yet there are, at present, five published every Saturday in the city of Dublin.

In the provinces, the spread of intelligence has been as wide as within the city. Formerly, a provincial paper in Ireland was a kind of nine days' wonder: now, the "brethren of the broad sheet" have spread their light wings, and flown all through the country.

Nor is the writing in Irish papers, or the general matter, of the same character as it was a few years ago. In the best days of the Irish parliament, there was not a competent reporter in the city of Dublin; and the few hasty sketches of the debates of that period were taken by Sir Henry Cavendish, a member of the hon. house, for the satisfaction of the treasury bench. Sir Henry was what, in parliamentary parlance, is called an excellent hack, or servant of all work. It is recorded that his avarice was equal to his memory; and the wits of the day used to say that he was a capital hand at *taking notes*. After Sir Henry's death, his place was sought to be supplied by a regular reporter; but this person made sad work of it, as will appear from the following anecdote. At the period alluded to, Hussey Burgh (afterwards chancellor) was attorney-general. He was one of the most eloquent and persuasive persons that ever sat in a popular assembly—if we are to credit the vague and uncertain text of tradition, or the more certain though not less flattering description of his powers recorded in a popular novel of that day—"Ned Evans." It will be readily believed, that to such an advocate was frequently allotted the no very easy task of defending the measures of an administration as corrupt as it was imbecile. On one of these occasions, Burgh was arguing a point of constitutional law, and, to enforce his view, quoted the opinion—after a suitable panegyric—of an eminent authority—Sergeant Maynard. The paper of the next day appeared; and, after recapitulating the heads of the hon. member's speech, the reporter proceeded as follows:—"Here the hon. member became so eloquent and impassioned, that we found it impossible to follow him. He, however, most completely refuted the

arguments urged by the gentlemen on the other side of the house, and quoted the opinion of an eminent '*sergeant-major*,' in support of his view of the subject!"

This was certainly the *pis aller*; but many instances of blundering equally exemplary might be adduced, if it were to any useful purpose. Suffice it, however, to state, that so incompetent were the "gentlemen of the press" in these days found, that whenever any question of moment was under discussion, and the government wished to preserve a record of the debate, a note-taker from London was despatched across the channel for the purpose. Mr. Woodfall (of wonderful memory) reported the debate on Mr. Secretary Orde's commercial propositions; and a Mr. Clarke (who is still living) was employed by Mr. Pitt to record the debate on the Union. On ordinary occasions, however, when a speech appeared in the papers a degree superior to the professional reports, in point of style and arrangement, it was always concluded that the note of it was furnished by the speaker himself; and, indeed, several members of the Irish parliament—among others, Mr. Wm. Smith (now a Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland), Mr. C. K. Bushe, (now Chief Justice of the King's Bench), and occasionally Mr. Grattan and Mr. Curran—furnished reports of their own speeches. In the observations that I have made respecting the general incompetency of the reporters of these days, I would not be understood to include ail the class; for I am aware that there were two or three of these men of superior endowments. One of the persons thus honourably excepted (Mr. Peter Finnerty) transferred himself to the English press; and, after a life of singular vicissitude and toil, he died as he had lived, fixed in those principles of which in early life he had been the martyr. Mr. Finnerty was, in truth, a man of the most vigorous intellect and the strongest sense. His mind was at once logical, acute, and discriminating; but his feelings and his passions were untamed; and he was but too often the victim of the one, and the slave of the others. His stock of acquired knowledge was but small, yet it was select; and he was better acquainted with great principles, than familiar with facts. He was not of the Scotch utility school, nor did he make his mind the storehouse of fanciful theories, or of the exploded lumber of literature. Neither was he a mere Irishman—all fancy and fury, "signifying nothing;" but all that was best in the Irish and English character he combined. He was strong without being dull, and fanciful without being weak; copious without redundancy, and argumentative without being scholastic. But all these attributes were "dashed and brewed" with the waywardness of a will which was sometimes wild, oftener capricious, and almost always arbitrary; and the sway of passions, whose imperfect mastery he had suffered to grow, even in mature age, to absolute dominion. Hence his follies and his faults, by which a "noble mind was here o'erthrown."

Another of the gentlemen to whom I alluded is now a distinguished member of the Irish bar, one of his Majesty's council at law, and lately elected a member of parliament. In power of mind, he is altogether inferior to the late Mr. Finnerty; but the application of the one was settled—that of the other, desultory. Mr. Finnerty was prodigal; his rival was prudent. The one *will* die in ermine; the other has already died in —.

But I am wandering. The daily paper at this epoch the most in the confidence of the patriots of the time was the *Freeman's Journal*. This paper was originally instituted by Dr. Lucas, a celebrated member of the Irish parliament, who, having served his country faithfully, died, leaving



her no other legacy than an orphaned and unprovided daughter. The corporation of Dublin, of which Lucas was the guiding spirit, perpetuated the recollection of the man by a statue raised to his memory in the Royal Exchange (*"inane munus"*); but his daughter they left to starve, though they "pressed proudly to the funeral array" of the father. From Dr. Lucas the *Freeman's Journal* fell into the hands of a person named Higgins, but better known in Ireland by the appellation of the "sham 'Squire." Of this singular individual some account may not be amiss. Higgins was the son of the most illustrious shoe-black of his time; whose "*cirage*," in the immediate vicinity of the University and Parliament House, oftentimes reflected a lustre on the members of both. The occupation of our young hero while yet in his teens was two-fold. When no pump invited his peerless polish, he became, like Shakspeare, a holder of horses; and I have been told by an ancient member of the Imperial Parliament (who has lately gone to reside at Boulogne, and who is no longer member for Galway), that he excited an inconceivable interest among the equestrian members of both houses. But Higgins was much too shrewd a person to continue long in this degrading avocation; and he gladly accepted the proposal of a certain notorious attorney, who was smitten with the boy's smartness, to become an inmate of his office. While in this employ, Higgins recommended himself to the good graces of his master by the performance of the most menial offices. Our solicitor, though by no means scrupulous as to the length of a bill of costs, was, nevertheless, a rigid Catholic; and much of the property of that rising class of religionists passed through his hands. Presently, Higgins was a devotee; and it is even recorded that he became the most relentless mass-goer of his day. The priests poured forth his praises, and the laity took them on trust. Such, however, is the odour of a good reputation, that it was whispered Higgins was rich, because the clergy said he deserved to be so; and all the "stout grocers" and "strong merchants" vouchsafed him their daughters to wife. From one of this class he selected a companion; but she soon became the victim of his ill-treatment, and, fortunately for herself, was hurried to a premature grave. With this lady's fortune he purchased the *Freeman's Journal*, and soon after became a person of some consequence.

From Higgins, the *Freeman* came into the hands of Mr. Philip Whitfield Harvey, its late proprietor, who rendered it one of the most (if not the most) popular papers in Dublin. This journal was, from 1806 till 1812 or 1813, what the *Morning Chronicle* was in London during the lifetime of the late Mr. Perry. It was exclusively the Whig organ—moderate in its tone, but firm in its principles. During the viceroyalty of the Duke of Richmond, the sittings of the Catholic Board, and the prosecution of the Catholic delegates under the Convention Act, the *Freeman* was distinguished by the earliest intelligence, the most copious reports, and the most consistent and constitutional articles. Even now it must be admitted that the journal alluded to is the most popular of the Irish morning papers. Although its leading articles display no depth of political research, or disclose no views new to the political economist, yet the absence of all political and religious animosity, its perfect tolerance, and freedom from personality, secure to it the support of all that is moderate among the Catholics and respectable among the Protestants. The *Freeman* is a *mesne* between the *Evening Mail* and the *Morning Register*. It abhors the Protestantism of the one, and rejects the Popery of the other. It is not the journal of

Sir Harcourt Lees, or Mr. O'Connell—but the journal of the public. Its distinguishing features are its moderation and its general decorum.

In the years 1823-24-25, there were some literary and political articles in the *Freeman's Journal* which were highly creditable to the character of the Irish press; but, since the commencement of the present year (1827), its "leaders" have been distinguished by the worst imitation of the worst style of Grattan. The articles of which I speak have all the involution of phrase which so felicitously distinguished that renowned man, without any of the depth of thought or solidity of reasoning which he uniformly disclosed. Besides, they appear written at random, and without any apparent purpose.

The next paper to which I shall draw the attention of the reader is the *Dublin Morning Register*. This is the journal of Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Association. It has not been (I believe) more than three years in existence; yet has its progress to full maturity been completed within so singularly short a period. Much of the success of the *Register* is doubtless owing to the high excitation of political feeling, of the intensity of which its conductors availed themselves; but more of that success may be attributed to its positive merits as the organ of a party. The *Register* was certainly the first, and, for a time, the only paper which made the attempt to introduce the English system of reporting into Ireland—and, I must say, with complete success. In the year 1823, frequent complaints were made by the public of the bald and meagre reports of public meetings, and particularly of the meetings of the Catholic assemblies, which appeared in the Irish journals. Indeed there was one journal (the *Dublin Morning Post*) which excluded all Catholic reports from its columns. To meet this evil, as well as to arouse the country into a participation and concert with the leaders of the Association in town, the *Morning Register* was started; and it has well and truly performed its purpose. Its reports were not less ample than accurate; and if its leading articles were not always strictly in accordance with the most fastidious taste, they were always pregnant with a large cargo of Irish indignation and truly Popish feeling. True, the epithets of "Purple Goulbourn," and "Orange ruffianism," and "Parson Darby Graham," sound somewhat queer in this Christian country; but in Ireland these things are no way amiss; and they had their effect—for there was not a Catholic clergyman, from Doctor Doyle down to Father O'Mulligane, the curate of Shanagolden, who did not take in the paper.

The next of the Irish morning papers to which I shall call the attention of the reader, will be the *Morning Post*. This journal has been in being about twelve or fourteen years, and was originated in consequence of the cessation of what were then called the "day-notes." These day-notes were nothing more nor less than fifty or sixty small slips of paper, on which were printed all the mercantile advertisements for a week to come. This is now the practice in Paris, the *petites affiches* of which city are similar to what the Dublin "day-notes" were. It was discovered, however, at Dublin that the more convenient practice would be to print these notes on one large sheet of paper; and when this undertaking was achieved, it was conceived that some portion of this sheet might be devoted to news. Hence the origin of the *Morning Post*, which, though it has always borne the character of a mercantile paper, and been patronized by the advertisements of the commercial world, has nevertheless, on many occasions, assumed a bold political tone; and, indeed, the leadership of a particular, though not very numerous party in Ireland—I mean the Radicals. The

articles which have appeared in the *Morning Post* have been more distinguished by nerve and brevity than by elegance; and they certainly deserve all the praise and gain which consistency can confer on public writings. On many topics merely local, and in the discussion of which local interests alone were involved, the *Morning Post* has been perhaps the most useful print in Dublin; and we need but refer to its files to find the many vigorous and successful exertions it has made against the abuses of the toll-system, and the grand array of corporate exactions. Of late, however, I believe the *Morning Post* has not been so popular, or had so large a sale, chiefly in consequence of its very determined hostility to a certain popular Catholic leader: but, in truth, I am bound to record that its devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty in the abstract is very apparent; and I do not know whether even now it does not sell as many numbers as any other morning paper.

*Saunders's News Letter* is the last of the Dublin morning papers, and the least worthy of note. In many respects it resembles that very washer-woman-like journal, the London *Morning Herald*. Like the *Herald*, *Saunders* affects to have no political opinions, and to be quite neutral; but, like the *Herald* too, it is always to be found advocating every measure opposed to freedom and liberality; and it is the chosen champion of Orangeism, Protestant ascendancy, and the Dublin corporation. Nevertheless, *Saunders* drives a profitable trade. There never is an original article in his columns; but they abound with advertisements: and there is not a cadet,\* from Connaught to Cape Clear, who does not pay his 5s. 5d. for an *affiche*, containing all the many mental as well as bodily qualifications of the advertiser. These, with the array of horses and carriages to be sold, houses to be let, and matters lost and found, vouchsafe unto the proprietor, in all their various alternations, an abundant quantity of meat, drink, and raiment; and Mr. Potts is, in consequence, "a man well to do in the world."

Among the three-day journals, the *Dublin Evening Post* takes the first rank; and I doubt if there be many journals in the great metropolis better conducted. The *Post* is a paper received with traditionary reverence by the liberal gentry and substantial yeomen throughout Ireland; and it must be confessed that its character for honesty, ability, and devotion to its party remain unquestioned, as indeed they are unquestionable. In the stormiest periods of Irish history, the *Post* was under the direction of Father Taafe, the author of a History of Ireland, a man of unquestioned patriotism, and—what was considered as valuable in those days—"most potent in potting." But, however settled were the political sentiments of Taafe, his religious opinions appear to have been worn loosely; for, whether from necessity or caprice, he abandoned the profession of the Catholic religion, and became a parson, with the appendages of £40 per annum in money, and a sum untold of obloquy and disgrace. The public affection, which had so fondly lingered over even the errors of the priest, became diverted from the apostate; and he was now assailed with as much ignominy as he had been formerly caressed with gross and deluding flattery. The shock was too much to bear. Taafe sought consolation in the fascination of the wine-cup, but found it only in death. The conduct of the *Dublin Evening Post* now devolved on its printer, the celebrated John Magee, of whom so many anecdotes are related in Sir Jonah Barrington's *Memoirs of his Own Times*. Magee was full of shrewdness and eccentricity; and, com-

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\* A cant term for a servant out of place.



ing from Belfast—at this period the focus of republicanism—his political opinions were above suspicion. He was, however, a martyr to his fidelity; for he underwent many prosecutions, instituted by the government; and, what was still worse, he had to meet the devil in his own court;—for John Scott, Lord Clonmel, was at this period Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Many “keen encounters of the tongue” took place between Lord Clonmel and Magee on these occasions, in which the latter was usually the victor. In addressing the court in his own defence, Magee had occasion to allude to some public character, who was better known by a familiar designation. The official gravity of Clonmel was all agog; and he, with bilious asperity, reproved the printer, by saying, “Mr. Magee, we allow no nicknames in this court.”—“Very well, *John Scott!*” was the reply.

After the death of John Magee the elder, the *Evening Post* became the property of John Magee, his son, whose fidelity to his principles and his party were but ill-requited. To the memory of this interesting and amiable young man, who perished prematurely from an illness contracted during a long imprisonment for a libel on the Duke of Richmond, a deep debt of gratitude is due by the Catholics of Ireland. During the sittings of the old Catholic Board—pending the trials of the delegates, when a journalist had nothing to hope from an ill-compacted party, and every thing to fear from a vindictive and incapable government—the *Evening Post* spoke to the sense and passions of the people with an energy and eloquence worthy more durable record than the unpermanent and fleeting columns of the most popular print. But it was not alone by eloquence or passion that its articles were distinguished. There ran through them a strong current of common sense—a depth of thought and profundity of acquirement, relieved by a rich vein of wit and satire, of which latter weapon the author proved himself to have the entire mastery.

I am happy to have it in my power to state, that those talents which, at the period I allude to, secured to the *Evening Post* the greatest circulation of any paper in Ireland, still continue to guide it, without the compromise of any principle, or the forfeiture of a single friend. Even while I write, the editor labours as Mr. Conway in the Catholic Association, and as “Monsieur le Rédacteur” at No. 11, Trinity-street. In both capacities, he has rendered the most eminent services to the Catholic cause; and were I asked to point out a man who knows best the temper of the Irish mind, the resources of the soil, the capability of the population, the grievances of the country, and the remedies to be applied for its salvation, I would unhesitatingly point to Mr. Conway. Let me not be understood, however, as meaning to convey that the knowledge of Mr. Conway is merely local; I am aware it is very various, and not less profound; and he is perhaps the only editor in Ireland who can discuss, with a ready pen and with easy freedom, the complex questions of the currency, the corn laws, and all the details embraced under the head of political economy.

The evening paper the next in circulation to the *Evening Post* is the *Evening Mail*. This journal has only been established about four years; yet has it, from a strange concurrence of circumstances, risen to maturity in a time incredibly short. When Lord Wellesley came to Ireland, and Mr. Plunkett was appointed attorney-general, the Ascendancy-men and the Orange-faction began to take the alarm, and to withdraw their support from the *Patriot*, heretofore the Protestant paper, and now the supporter of Lord Wellesley's government. In order the more successfully to accomplish these designs, the editor of the *Patriot* was spirited away; and,

being a needy person, was induced, by the prospect of greater gain, and a promise of a share in the *Mail*, to undertake the conduct of the new paper. The government was libelled, collectively and individually, in the most gross and shameless fashion—the private history of individuals was set in detail before the public—domestic intercourse invaded—and no tie held sacred which binds man to man, or society together. This was the system patronised by the Orangemen of Ireland and the dignitaries of the church by law established. To the church and the public functionaries, the *Mail* is indebted for success. The poor parson contributed the efforts of his pen, the rector his subscription, and the bishop his patronage. The Customs and Excise, the Ordnance and Castle, the police and constabulary, were all put under contribution; and where the individuals could singly not afford to take the paper, clubs were instituted for the purpose of nourishing discontent against the government, and a salutary hatred of popery, the priests, and the Catholic Association. It is a singular coincidence, however, that almost all the diatribes against the Catholic religion were written by persons of that persuasion, or who had formerly belonged to it; and that the editor of the obnoxious journal was himself a Papist!

Although I differ altogether from the *Mail* in principle, and abhor the practices it has pursued, yet justice obliges me to confess that many of the articles which have appeared in it were written with spirit and gaiety; and it appears very thoroughly to understand the business of dramatic criticism. It is, however, more than hinted at Dublin, that the light articles to which I have made allusion are the productions of a gentleman holding a high official situation, and receiving a salary of £2,000 per annum from the public purse. Persons not ill-informed add further, that the person at the head of the Irish government is well aware of this fact.

The *Patriot*, the organ of the government, is but the wreck of what it once was. Those causes which have contributed to the success of the *Mail*, have tended to the downfall of the *Patriot*. All its Protestant readers ceased to subscribe when it became the organ of Lord Wellesley's sentiments. But, in truth, independently of this, the *Patriot* is a dull paper, and has never recovered the loss which it sustained in the death of Mr. Comerford (a gentleman of the bar), who was formerly the editor.

Mr. Comerford was a person possessed of rare endowments from nature, improved and matured by cultivation. In early life he had been educated in France, and took the highest honours at the *Sorbonne*. But the Revolution, which changed so many other things, operated powerfully to thwart Mr. Comerford's original design of entering the Catholic church. He returned to his native land, and renounced Popery for a wig and gown; for, in these days, a Catholic could not be called to the bar. His success, however, was not commensurate with his expectations, or indeed his deserts; and he was forced to recur to literature for a livelihood. Hence his connexion with the *Patriot*, whose columns had been for years adorned with the graceful effusions of his pen. Yet, although Mr. Comerford was in comparative affluence, he was, notwithstanding, an unhappy man, and entertained a *presentiment*, which threw a shade over the sunshine of his gayest hours—that his end would be unbidden and melancholy. This fancy, alas! was too fatally verified by the fact; and the vulgar and superstitious, who are the most numerous in every country, did not fail to attribute the fulfilment of the unhappy man's prophecy concerning himself to a just judgment for the abandonment of his early faith. I remember to

have seen Comerford the morning before his death—it was a Saturday; and there is a mournful preciousness about the recollection which makes me recur to it with a sigh. His manner was hurried, and there appeared to me something wild and supernatural in his air. “I have had a dream last night,” said he, “of the most extraordinary nature, and the memory of which agitates me even now. I dreamt that I fell into the water, and swam till I reached the bank; when the moon, which hitherto had been hid, was unveiled, and disclosed to my view alongside the bank, on which I was ineffectually clambering, a coffin—on the plate of which my name was writ.” As he concluded these words, I could hardly suppress laughter; but I saw that what I thought a vision had indelibly impressed itself on his mind, and I went my way. The next morning I walked on the Royal Canal, when the first object I beheld was—Comerford a corpse! On the Saturday evening he had dined with Mr. Frederick Edward Jones, the then patentee of the theatre royal, and sat late. The night was dark and rainy; and, in crossing a small bridge over the canal, he slipped his footing and fell in. He must have swam a long way; for his body was found nearly a quarter of a mile lower down, with his fists firmly clutched in the bank, in the act of clambering up; but the edges were steep and slippery, and his struggles were in vain. With him perished a brilliant genius, and a memory of almost incredible retention. He spoke French with the idiom and purity of a native, and could repeat *verbatim* some of the speeches of Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, which he had heard in early youth. With him, too, vanished the literary reputation of the *Patriot*, which now drags out a miserable existence by the aid of proclamation-money and government advertisements.

The *Irishman*, a paper lately established, is conducted on popular principles. Though its reputation for honesty cannot be questioned, yet its style is verbose and declamatory, and reminds one of Cicero’s description of Asiatic eloquence.

The story of the other three-day and weekly papers in Dublin may be briefly told. The *Correspondent* delights in sesquipedalian syllables, and may be read, for aught I know to the contrary, in many lunatic asylums: I know it is read nowhere else. The *Weekly Freeman* and the *Weekly Register* are transcripts of the morning papers whose names they bear; and they have a very extensive circulation in the provinces. Suffice it to despatch the *Warder* by saying, that Sir Harcourt Lees—Parson, Baronet, and Fox-hunter—writes in it sundry articles, which would entitle him to high consideration in Bedlam or Swift’s. Many of the provincial papers are respectable. Among others, I would mention the *Cork Southern Reporter*, the *Leinster Journal*, the *Carlow Post*, the *Connaught Journal*, and the *Northern Whig*: the last mentioned is the organ of the dissenters of the north, and is ably and temperately conducted. The journal of George Faulkener, the friend of Swift, and Dublin alderman, has lately perished.

I have now exceeded my space, and given, I hope, a not unfaithful—I am sure a very unprejudiced—account of the Press of Ireland. Unquestionably it has much improved of late years; but still, when compared with “the brethren of the broad sheet” in this our isle of Britain, there is much room for improvement. But the German proverb tells us, “*Der zeit bringt rosen*,” and why should not time also, the greatest innovator (as Lord Bacon says), bring improvement to the Press of Ireland? I shall next month take a glance at the “*Literature of Ireland*.”



## LAUDES CARBONARIUM,

## OR THE PRAISES OF COALHEAVERS.

It has been an opinion common to the philosophers and moralists of all nations, ancient and modern, and of every age, past and present, that the world is too much guided in forming its notions by the mere appearances of things. Complaints so long continued, and testimonies so invariably concurrent, would be worthy of the highest consideration (especially when the respectability of those who prefer the accusation is considered), even if our own experience did not at once constrain us to admit the truth of the charge: with this farther concession—that, as society moves on in the career of luxury and refinement, the disguises of pretence must still become more numerous, and the artifices of fraud less easy of detection. The amount of benefit conferred on the species by those who have made the aforesaid exposition—followed up, as it has generally been, by their admonitory counsels—it may not be easy to calculate, nor have I now either leisure or inclination to inquire; but I think I may safely assume in brief, that often has the beacon of their advice warned from the quicksands of *fudge*, or the rocks of *humbug*, and thereby prevented the bark of many an honest man's fair fortunes from suffering total shipwreck. Having said enough in the way of generalizing, I now proceed to the illustration which particular examples bring.

"As chaste as the moon" was, till the other day, the very expressed image of purity; but, thanks to my Lord Byron, the saying is now, by his great authority, battered down, and the supposition involved in the comparison scouted by all; the proofs he brought forward to shew that Luna is the most rakish of all planets, having settled that point in every reasonable man's mind for ever. "As gentle as a pigeon"—"as meek as a dove"—"as constant as a turtle"—are household words, and convey so many undisputed propositions: yet, if they are true, or at all applicable to the creature they pretend to describe, then say I, "Abel killed Cain"—so diametrically opposed are they to fact; and the honour has been reserved for me of proclaiming in the face of the world (what seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of every one else), that doves are, of all God's creatures, the most quarrelsome—the most coxcombically vain in their deportment—the most capricious and inconstant in their salacity! Of all the feathered knaves that wing the sky or cleave the air, your pigeon is the most eminent; he is absolutely an unprincipled, good-for-nothing, thievish rake. But the matter I have more immediately at heart to bring forward in judgment against the public, is its continued and unaccountable blindness to the great and manifold merits of COALHEAVERS; and my present essay will, I trust, be found to contain a complete and satisfactory (though succinct) summary of their virtues, as regards *manners*, *habits*, and *deportment*—ending with a touch at their peculiar opinions. Thus will I endeavour "to shame the rogues."

It was on a fine evening in the middle of last summer, that I, an incorrigible *street-walker*, was passing through that region of the city of Westminster that lies between the Adelphi and Whitehall, and had come pretty near to Hungerford Market, when I saw suddenly before me a moving group of rather an unusual aspect. There was a goodly number of people close together, and a man's head and shoulders rising high over all. On a

nearer view, I found they were principally *Coalheavers*, two of whom carried the man aforesaid upon their shoulders, sitting astride a pole. Much ungratified curiosity seemed to be excited in the neighbourhood by the presence of this phenomenon; and, as a matter of course, the "ears of the houses" within view (so Shylock called his casements) were all thrown wide open to catch information. For a moment I supposed that this uneasy exaltation of the chosen individual above his fellows might be the reward of merit, and that "thus was it always done to those whom [Coalheavers] delight to honour." So pursuing this idea, my imagination flew back on rapid pinions to the heroic ages when warriors were wont to exalt and bear on their shields him they chose for chieftain or for king! But, upon inquiry, I found myself quite *out* in this conjecture, and all my fine speculations sent to the dogs.—"This here wagabone," said my kind respondent, "\* \* \* \* \*"—[The gist of what he did say was this—that the pot-girl of the public-house having loved a young comrade "too fondly and too well," had become—as the overseers of the parish thought pot-girls ought not to become.]\*—"And so we're making *un* ride the stake, just to mend his manners *summat*: that's all, Sir."—"Here then," thought I, as the current of my thoughts ran with velocity in another channel—"here is the homage that humble, untaught nature pays to virtue! Till now I had always believed that, in the commerce of the sexes, equity had no place, and rectitude was banished from the earth; that through all ranks, in all situations, man was permitted to exult in the ruin of woman; that the seducer invariably had a triumph awarded him for his iniquity, and that his victim had, in no instance, the poor consolation of knowing that the world censured his fickleness or his falsehood. I lifted up my hands in an ecstasy, and fervently thanked Heaven that I had at last met with men in whose hearts the feelings of natural justice found an abode; men, who could not look tamely on and see, without practical reprobation, the tender blossom fall withered at their feet; or press to their hearts him whose pestilential breath had blighted it in its freshness! Virtue (thought I, in continuation—for I now felt the sentimental *furor* strong upon me)—virtue, driven from the palace of the proud, has indeed taken refuge in the dwellings of the lowly. I will go even now, and make myself acquainted with these unsophisticated men, and refresh all my better feelings by a closer scrutiny of their character."—All this while the penitent sat unmoved, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and seemingly altogether unconscious of the intense interest his appearance had excited in my anxious bosom.

Each member of the procession had in his hand a pot of porter; and as it moved on in slow progression, at intervals the grateful beverage was handed by several to the delinquent, "for grief (they said) was dry." And I could not help remarking herein the operation of that humane and wise principle which all judicious legislators so much recommend, though marvellously seldom able to reduce to practice—*viz.* that mercy should always temper the awards of justice; and that punishment ought to be corrective, but not vindictive. In a word, I followed those sooty objects of my rising esteem, and soon arrived at the public-house called the Northumberland Arms, situate at the bottom of Northumberland-street; which is, I understand, a kind of head-quarters or trysting-place for all

\* I beg pardon of my worthy friend who so kindly let me into the secret, for thus playing the scholiast on his rather licentious text.

those who heave coal. I entered, and following the sound of trampling feet along an unlighted passage, found myself in a large apartment; wherein, having groped my way to a corner, under a large-faced antique clock, there I determined to sit for the remainder of the evening, and make observations.

A London tap-room is, not unfrequently, in one sense, like to the Temple of Knowledge—in that all is dark when you first enter; and it is only by a diligent use of the faculties, and after a lapse of time, that you begin to arrive at discoveries. Being Monday night, a period when the week is yet young, and while the pecuniary stream has not as yet ebbed very low in the pockets of the industrious, the place was quite full; and I had good reason to congratulate myself on the possession of the convenient nook which fortune had taken care to leave unoccupied for my convenience. As soon as the converse became general, it ran most on the example they had just been making; and bets were freely offered and taken on all sides, as to the probabilities of *Ben's* (the culprit) making an honest woman of ruined *Sukey*, the ex-Hebe of the place. *Ben's* looks were much consulted on this head, and many indirect suggestions were pointed his way; but he, to use the expressive language of vulgarity, “cocked his eye,” looked knowing, and smoked a quiet pipe, but said nothing. Much animated conversation ensued, and that not a little miscellaneous. Politics, trade, the corn-laws, with “the cursed dear loaf” in front, were some of the topics handled in a manner wonderously original. Many a piquant observation was sported on these knotty points; but as I have made a vow with myself not to publish any thing that can any way tend to the discredit of my *protégés*, I say no more.

Presently, one man expressed a common sensation by saying he was *very peckish*, and called for a rump-steak with a lordly air. I took particular notice of this individual; for he seemed to be the acknowledged wit of the house; and, certainly, he was a great wag in his way. He experienced much success in his endeavours to raise laughter, and seemed to have as absolute a power of relaxing the jaws of his auditors into the broadest of grins, as the sun has in distending the shells of oysters. But it is with sorrow I say it, that his jokes were too racy, and do not admit of insertion here: tender stomachs must be fed with babes' nurture. There he sat, however, like Apollo, shooting his rays on all sides—between his steak and his pot—turning from the one to the other, as a man passes from his mistress to his friend, the perfect picture of happiness. “Why am I not (thought I, as I looked on, almost ready to burst with envy)—why am I not, ye too partial gods, a Coalheaver?” In the course of the night, I experienced personally that hospitality is a virtue not unknown to this dingy community. “The barbarians”—I beg pardon of the straitlaced for the quotation—“the barbarians,” I say, “shewed me no little kindness.” Their politeness was not the poor sickly plant of drawing-rooms—all leaves and no fruit; but, rooted in the rich soil of a warm heart, threw out its vigorous shoots liberally. Many were the invitations given (for their courtesies went straight to the mark) to “the gentleman in the corner:” but all I wanted of them was to forget me if possible, lest my presence might check their mirth or modify their manners, though the event proved that any anxiety of this kind was needless. One fine fellow early bawled out, in the pride of his heart (and he seemed to speak a general sentiment), “I drink no mixed liquors, to be sure; but I *loves* my girl



and my friend, and I don't care a ——— for no man!" Here I remembered that he held the first godlike *penchant*, in common with the Jupiter of the ancients, to whom libations of wine were always offered *neat*. Nevertheless, the first article of his creed was rather an unhandsome glance at me, who happened to have something of that sort before me just then.

It has been remarked by sages (and I believe them for once in a way), that when a man cannot contain himself for joy, the turbulent jubilation of his heart does naturally break forth in song. A grim associate accordingly soon called out for one: each and all echoed the cry, "a song, a song!" one adding, by way of rider, "and let's have a jolly *coalbox* to it!" Incontinent, a question arose in my mind whether a toper's song be really worth any thing without a chorus. I have often noticed its blissful effects in increasing good humour, and how mightily it favours the honest endeavours of the singer to please his hearers; for who can help applauding a chaunt, in the hubbub of which his own lungs have been so powerfully exerted? But before I could settle the question aye or no, enter the spouse of one of my consociates—an actual *Coalheaveress*—on an errand. Here was an opportunity for display of gallantry, and it was not lost. Their attentions were all on the alert in a moment. One poured out cordial gin for her; another made room, and insisted she should sit down; others filled both her hands with pewters of beer—till she was distracted with choices. She stood for one delicious moment, in pleased bewilderment and happy hesitation—as inactive, for the time, as the ass of the logicians between his two bundles of hay.

This interruption in the flow of affairs once past, "the fun grew fast and furious." The first call was answered by my friend the wag; and his song was something about crossing "the wide ocean for to chase the buffalò." One reason why I have remembered the burden of it possibly is, because I thought at the time the idea expressed somewhat of the least patriotic; but the song that succeeded made an ample *amends*, by its redeeming anti-Gallican qualities. The latter was sung by a thick-set, brawny, husky-voiced, under-sized man, who looked as if he had been newly dug out of the bowels of the earth, and who performed the promise of *Bottom* to the very letter. "I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove." The chorus is all I can recollect; it ran "somehow so:"—

"For no rebel Frenchmen, sans-culottes,  
Or sons of tyrants bold,  
Shall conquer the English, Irish, or Scots,  
Or land upon our co—o—oast,  
Or land upon our coast."

A petty spirit of criticism might point out a slight dissociation of rhyme from reason in this nervous lyric; but as it was given with befitting spirit, this trifling flaw was no ways perceptible at the time. "The harmony"—I use the established erroneous phrase—went on unceasingly; and much, very much hot breath was turned into good melody; insomuch that I began to quake for my character at my lodgings; and as a good name is better than riches, I determined to seize the first opportunity that offered of slipping away unperceived—not knowing but that the ceremony of taking leave here might be as tiresome as an ambassador's at court; and I had, moreover, now seen enough of the real nature of these excellent people to establish favourable ideas of them in my heart of hearts firmly and for ever. I could not miss observing that the landlord of the house was the

common butt for the company to launch their bolts at; but his good humour or his cunning turned off every shaft innocuous. So long as he had plenty of orders for liquor, he seemed to mind their rough jests not a fig. At last, indeed, being vigorously pressed on all sides, his temper did give way for a moment, but he quickly gathering his wits about him again, with the policy of an old campaigner, diverted the attention of the enemy with a story. One man having quoted against him the common reproach of tapsters—that of using grooved chalk, so as to mark a double tale against their customers—"Now you mention chalk," said he, "I'll tell you how I got *done* the other day." And here he treated us to a rigmorolish story about a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood, who having permitted some bricklayers to run up a beer score at his house, the debtor would not pay till he had inspected the original account; and that this last having been set down on the window-shutter of the tap-room, he was unreasonable enough to desire to retain it, that he might fix it on his file along with other *small* matters. "And so, gemmen," concluded the landlord, "I was *reg'larly queered out o' my window-blinkers.*"

A cachinnatory explosion, which convinced me that till now I had never rightly known what the common phrase, *a horse laugh* meant, followed the recital of this abominable lie, under cover of which sly Boniface retreated; and, I thinking it a good chance for me, followed his example. Before I quit this part of my subject, it may be as well to mention (as it involves a point of character, and coupled with other traits, goes to point the fallacy of Burke's assertion about the non-existence of a chivalric spirit among the moderns, at least in so far as regards these knights of the black diamond), that two several quarrels arose in the course of the evening—for, after all, coalheavers are in the main frail men. Yet their differences were only the natural result of the workings of "humours which sometimes have their hour with every man," as Shakspeare very rightly observes: these were settled in the true Old English way; there was no riot, no brawling; the parties, with their seconds, kindly bade the company good bye for a moment, each posited his tobacco-pipe upon the table, so as in some sort to represent his person, *ad interim*; and there were fought two fistic duels in the back-yard, with every circumstance of equity and scrupulous regularity of form. On their return, the visages of the heroes seemed a little worse for the rencounter; but the owners of them the best friends in the world; being fairly beaten into a loving *tenderness* and regard for each other, the general comfort was scarcely disturbed for a moment, and it was evident such things were common.

"So gallant in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Was ever true knight like the brave Coalheaver?"

I now mean to digress a little. It has long been a cherished opinion of mine, that the English character has in our times undergone a total change. The sturdy independence of mind, and straightforwardness of manners, shadowed forth in the image of *John Bull*, are now almost extinct; that gruff, but honest and warm-hearted, personage is now our "virtual" and not our actual representative; in dress and deportment all is changed: all ape the gentleman; and a second and third hand politeness takes place of the ancient English plain dealing. There is at this day (in the metropolis at least) no genuine English people; yet, as most rules have their exceptions, I mean to say that the coalheavers alone have maintained their integrity amid the prevailing degeneracy.

Although in this age of all but universal hypocrisy and make believe, every man has at least two fashions of one countenance; it is in dress principally that most men are most unlike themselves. But the Coal-heaver always sticks close to the attire of his station; he alone wears the consistent and befitting garb of his forefathers; he alone has not discarded "the napless vesture of humility," to follow the always expensive, and often absurd fashions of his superiors. All ungalled of him is each courtier's heel or great man's kibe. Yet, is not even his every day clothing unseemly, or his aspect unprepossessing. He casts as broad and proper a shadow in the sun as any other man. Black he is, indeed, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem. To begin with the hat which he has honoured with a preference—what are your operas or your fire-shovels beside it? they must instantly (on a fair comparison) sink many degrees below zero in the scale of contempt. In a word, I would make bold to assert that it unites in perfection the two grand requisites of a head covering, beauty and comfort. Gentlemen may smile at this if they will, and take exceptions to my taste; but, I ask, does the modern round hat, whatever the insignificant variations of its form, possess either quality? No, not a jot of it. One would think, by our pertinacious adherence to the headach-giving, circular conformation, that we wished to shew our anger at the Almighty for not shaping our caputs like cylinders. In fine, though the parson's and the quaker's hat has each its several merits, commend me to the fan-tailed *shallow*. The flap part attached to the cap seems, at first sight, as to use, superneccessary, although so ornamental withal. It no doubt (as its name, indeed, indicates) had its origin in gallantry, and was invented in the Age of Fans, for the purpose of cooling their mistresses' bosoms, heated—as they would necessarily be—at fair time, by their gravel-grinding walks, under a fervid sun, to the elegant revels of West-end, of Greenwich, or of Tothill-fields. Breeches, rejected by common consent of young and old alike, cling to the legs of the Coal-heaver with an abiding fondness, as to the last place of refuge; and, on gala-days, a dandy might die of envy to mark the splendour of those nether integuments—which he has not soul enough to dare to wear—of brilliant eye-arresting blue, or glowing scarlet plush, glittering in the sun's rays, giving and taking glory! But enough of the dress of these select "True-born Englishmen—for right glad I am to state that there are but *two* Scotch Coalheavers on the whole river, and *no* Irish: I beg leave to return to the more important consideration of their manners.

Most people you meet in your walks in the common thoroughfare of London, glide, shuffle, or crawl onward, as if they conscientiously thought they had no manner of right to tread the earth but on sufferance. Not so our Coalheaver. Mark how erect *he* walks! how firm a keel he presents to the vainly breasting human tide that comes rolling on with a shew of opposition to his onward course! It is he, and he only, who preserves, in his gait and in his air, the self-sustained and conscious dignity of the first-created man. Surrounded by an inferior creation, he gives the wall to none. That pliancy of temper, which is wont to make itself known by the waiving a point or renouncing a principle for others' advantage, in him has no place: he either knows it not, or else considers it a poor, mean-spirited, creeping baseness, altogether unworthy of his imitation, and best befitted with ineffable contempt. He neither dreads the contact of the baker—the Scylla of the metropolitan peripatetic; nor yet shuns the dire



collision of the chimney-sweep—his Charybdis. Try to pass him as he walks leisurely on, making the solid earth ring with his bold tread; and you will experience more difficulties in the attempt than did that famous admiral, Bartholomew Diaz, when he first doubled the Cape of Storms. Or let us suppose, that haply you allow your frail carcass to go full drive against his sturdiness; when lo!—in beautiful illustration of those doctrines in projectiles, that relate to the concussion of moving bodies—you fly off at an angle “right slick” into the middle of the carriage-way; whence a question of some interest presently arises, whether you will please to be run over by a short or a long stage.—But to return. Who hesitates to make way for a Coalheaver? As for their drays—as *consecutive* a species of vehicles as a body can be stopped by—every one knows they make way for themselves.

In conclusion, I would fain say something informing respecting the *religious opinions* of Coalheavers. And as these our modern English *nigri fratres* do, by a rather curious coincidence, abound in the district that owes its name (Blackfriars\*) to rank Papists, its former possessors, it was much to be feared that the mantle of their erroneous belief also might have descended upon the shoulders of those who followed them in possession; yet, so far as my information thereon goes, I can declare with safety that these our much-respected “black brethren” all are good men and true; consequently, undoubting sons of mother church. Your Coalheaver is, in fact, no schismatic: *his* soul at least is as yet untainted with the plague-spot of dissent—that prevailing pest. He plods on quietly, in blissful security of never wandering in the mazy paths of theological deviation—as not well knowing how to set about it.†

To sum up all, I DO REALLY LOVE AND RESPECT COALHEAVERS; and if the judicious acknowledge that I have evinced myself an efficient instrument (though unworthy) of shewing forth their praises, I shall be blest indeed.

CAROLUS COMMA.

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\* The sweet smelling neighbourhood—  
Where loving Fleta finds her long sought Thames,  
And pours her filthy dark contrasting wave;  
So moves an endured blackguard in good company,  
True to himself, in dirty colours shown.

• I one Sunday met a party of my favourites in St. Paul's Cathedral. They seemed to view with becoming respect and even awe that splendid place—the proud fountain head as it were of the hierarchial grandeur of Protestantism; and they listened to and observed, with apparently profound attention, the operation of that rather popish-looking piece of sacred machinery—cathedral service. Yet I must confess my favourable opinion of their grave looks was rather staggered by overhearing afterwards one of them say to his neighbour, casting a look all round the while,—“My eyes, Tom, what lots o' coals this here place would hold.” Perhaps the observation was meant in honour.

## OUR DAILY PATHS.

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.—WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S Beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;  
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,  
Or a cottage-window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear, beneath an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne downwards by the bee;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen-stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,  
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! Beauty dwells in all our paths—but Sorrow too is there;  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright still summer air!  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things  
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;  
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do ev'n thus—to wander as we will—  
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?  
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oft-times bind us fast,  
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts and the violet-dingles back,  
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;  
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time hope and mirth,  
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!  
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,  
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right!

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?  
—Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,  
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,  
By the Beauty and the Grief alike, we are training for the skies!

F. H.

## PUBLIC CHARITIES.

IN our May number we inserted an epitome of the Charities in trust with the Mercers' Company of London; and, in July, those of the Haberdashers. At present, we have not the means of proceeding with the rest of the City Companies. The Commissioners for Inquiry into the State of Public Charities have themselves been guided by no discoverable order; and we follow that of the indefatigable compressor of their reports, to whom we have before acknowledged ourselves so much indebted—an acknowledgment which we feel it incumbent upon us here to repeat.

The Charities of the City of BRISTOL will occupy the present paper; and of these, those which are under the management of the corporation will of course take the precedence. They consist of Landed Estates, Money Legacies, and Loans.

## I. LANDED ESTATES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL—Instituted in 1586, by John Carr, a gentleman of Bristol, for bringing up poor children and orphans of the city, and the manor of Congresbury, in the same manner as the hospital of Christ Church in London. They are clothed like the boys of Christ Church, but are taught only reading, writing, and arithmetic. Considerable estates have since been added by several benevolent individuals, which have brought up the average income to 239*l.* 6*s.* 4½*d.*, independently of occasional falls of timber. There are now thirty-eight boys, for whose support the master is allowed 20*l.* a head, which amounts to 760*l.*; the incidental charges swell to at least as much more; and the remaining sum of 700*l.* or 800*l.* goes, it seems, towards liquidating a debt due to the corporation. This debt—how originating it does not appear—stood, in 1819, at the enormous amount of 46,669*l.* 6*s.* 3½*d.*; from which, however, the Commissioners deducted 15,523*l.* 14*s.*, as illegally charged for compound interest. The incumbrance, therefore, now stands at 28,970*l.* 8*s.* 6½*d.* The Commissioners speak favourably of the management; but, whatever it may be now, with such ample funds it must, at some time or other, have been bad enough. An income of 239*l.* in effect supports only thirty-eight boys, at 20*l.* a head.

The FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL,—which owes its origin to Robert Thorne, who, in 1532, left 1000*l.* to be employed by his executors “as might seem best for his soul,” without specifically directing the establishment of a grammar-school; but, in consequence of this bequest, the corporation, by letters patent of Henry VIII., were empowered to establish a grammar-school, and receive for its support the houses and lands appertaining to the dissolved hospital of St. Bartholomew; that is, the corporation, for this 1,000*l.*, purchased the hospital lands of Henry. By the foundation-deed, the school was stated to be for the better education and bringing up of children and others, who will resort thither to the honour of God and the advancement of the city. School education, in those days, meant Greek and Latin, doubtless; but, in this case, there was no specification of Greek and Latin; and, therefore, the governors are surely at liberty to interpret the words in favour of whatever instruction shall seem most serviceable to the “advancement of the city,” which, though it be not Greek and Latin, may be equally to the “glory of God,” and, it may be hoped, equally for the “good of the founder's soul.” Now, what is the state of



things with this foundation? The endowments consist of 590 acres of arable meadow, pasture, and wood, besides messuages. By some strange oversight, the value is not recorded by the Commissioners; but the rents of lands—some of them in the very heart of Bristol—must be something considerable. The number of boys actually educated is FOUR or FIVE—not more than ten for many years; and each of these, too, pay to the master 5*l.* 10*s.* per annum. What becomes of the income then? The master and the usher have each 80*l.*; but what becomes of the rest? No answer. But how is it, in so populous a place as Bristol, there are not more than four or five scholars? The master's reply to the Commissioners is—"I must teach nothing but Greek and Latin; and the Bristolians will have nothing to do with either." Then why do not the corporation bestir themselves, and open a school to teach what they wish and will learn? The corporation prefer, we suppose, pocketing the rents. The blame is wholly with them: the masters—as all masters will—get as much as they can, and work as little as they may.

**RED MAIDS' SCHOOL, 1627.**—Alderman John Whitson instituted this school for the maintenance of a matron and forty girls, to be taught to read and sew, and do such work as the mayor's wife and matron approve. The girls, now forty-one, are apprenticed to the matron for eight or ten years, who receives 12*l.* a year each with them for board and clothing, except some few articles furnished by the trustees, and the children's earnings, amounting usually to 100*l.* The girls are clothed in red cloth. The same Alderman John Whitson appropriated other sums:—20*s.* for twenty poor married women lying in child-bed, and 20*s.* for the distributor—no person to have the benefit of this gift more than three times; 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* and three bushels and a half of wheat for the master of Redcliff school; 12*l.* for the poor of Newland and Clowenholl, in Gloucestershire; 20*s.* for the poor of Burnett, in Somersetshire; 10*l.* to the schoolmaster of Newland; 2*l.* for repairs of St. Nicholas' Church, and 1*l.* for two sermons; and 500*l.* for loans to the freemen of the city. With the exception of the last, all these donations are yearly payments, charged on the real estate of the alderman. Two-thirds of the residue were to be applied to such good uses in the city as the mayor and aldermen should approve; the other third to be given to his relations. The portion left to the disposal of the corporation is chiefly appropriated to the augmentation of the charities of the testator. The estate produces 1,828*l.* 15*s.* 3½*d.* The average payments amount to 1,368*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a balance of 461*l.* 11*s.* 2½*d.* not consumed on these charities. The kind-hearted man—for such he must have been—directed that the surplus profits should be employed in *portioning* the girls brought up in the Red Maids' School; but the careful Malthusians of Bristol have, in their wisdom, thought proper utterly to disregard the founder's wishes in this respect. What becomes of the surplus? Is it better disposed of?

**COLSTON'S FREE-SCHOOL.**—In 1798, Edward Colston, of London, by indenture granted certain manors, lands, and messuages for the support of a school established by him in St. Augustin's Back. The nomination to vacancies was given to the company of merchant adventurers and his executors; and, after the death of his executors, half to the merchants, and half to persons named by himself. This circumstance seemed to the cautious Commissioners to take the case out of their hands. The establishment is a very important one, and apparently well conducted. What the revenue may

be is of course unknown. One hundred boys are boarded, clothed, and educated. Chatterton was brought up in this school. It is classed by the Commissioners under the corporation trusts; but it does not appear that they have any thing to do with it.

**TEMPLE STREET SCHOOL.**—The same munificent Edward Colston left the only funds by which this drooping school is supported. Till 1711 it was maintained solely by voluntary subscription, when Mr. Colston erected the present school and dwelling-house, and endowed it with an annuity of 80*l.*, charged on the manor of Toomer, in the parish of Hensbridge, in Somersetshire. This sum was then found sufficient for clothing and educating forty boys; and even now thirty are clothed and instructed, with a balance of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* still remaining. Let the efforts of the City grammar-school be compared with this. There, with an endowment of 590 acres of land, four boys, sometimes five, are educated, at least with the additional payment, on the part of the parents, of 5*l.* 10*s.* each: here thirty boys are educated and also clothed for less than 80*l.* Surely the corporation might turn over some of the enormous surplus to the Temple-street school, and at least keep up Mr. Colston's number of forty.

**TEMPLE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**—This school was instituted about a century ago, and was supported by voluntary contributions till 1798, when the ample amount of the funds, from donations and legacies, rendered farther subscriptions unnecessary. By subsequent gifts, the funds have been increased to 1,750*l.*, five per cents.; and a legacy of 100*l.* still remained to be paid. In 1797, an old house and a piece of freehold ground were purchased. The house was pulled down, and the present school built on the site of it. Forty girls are entirely clothed and educated.

**TRINITY HOSPITAL.**—This is a very ancient institution, the origin of which is involved in obscurity. The corporation are in possession of a charter believed to be of Henry V.; but the words are too much obliterated to determine which Henry. It appears to recite a previous grant by the predecessor of the reigning sovereign, to one John Barnstaple, empowering him to erect, in the suburbs of Bristol, a perpetual hospital, and the grantees to take the profits of lands and other possessions to them and their successors for ever. A regular series of conveyances brings the property to the corporation. Considerable additions have been made to the funds; the total income of which now amounts to 789*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* Ten men and thirty-six women receive each five shillings a week, making 598*l.*: the average expenditure is 647*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* The hospital consists of two buildings on the north and south side of the old market place.

**FOSTER'S ALMSHOUSE, founded 1492.**—John Foster, a merchant of Bristol, directed his executor to find a priest daily to sing in the chapel of his almshouse in Stepe-street, for twelve years, for his soul and the souls of his family; and distribute 2*s.* 2*d.* for forty years after his decease among the poor of the said almshouse. The lands vested in feoffees for the endowment consist of several houses in the city, the rent of which, together with some fee-farm rents, now amount to 333*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* The almshouse consists of fourteen apartments, each of which, we suppose, is occupied; and each occupant has 4*s.* a week, and half a ton of coals at Christmas, with 4*s.* extra at Christmas, and 5*s.* at Easter and Whitsuntide, divided among them. The bailiff of the corporation inspects the institution, and has fifty guineas per annum—nearly one-sixth of the whole establishment.

**TEMPLE HOSPITAL**,—founded in 1613 by Thomas White, doctor of divinity, and incorporated under the name of the Ancient Brothers and Sisters of the Temple Hospital of Bristowe. The property left for the support of the charity consists of houses in London and Bristol, the annual rent of which is now 609*l.* 18*s.* The building has forty-eight apartments; each person has two. The sum allowed each person is not specified; but between 400*l.* and 500*l.* is stated to be expended on the hospital; leaving a considerable balance, and one that will be very much augmented, when the new rents come in, in favour of the foundation.

The same Dr. White left in trust to the corporation four houses in Gray's-inn-lane, London, then held at a rent of 40*l.*, for the following annual payments:—40*s.* to the poorest persons in the gaol of Newgate, Bristol; 20*s.* for a sermon on the festival of St. John the Baptist, at the Cross in the parish of Temple: 10*l.* for four sermons by the minister of St. Warborough's; the same by the minister of All Saints; 5*l.* for one sermon by the minister of Temple church; 6*l.* to the poor of Temple Hospital, for the increase of their alms; 40*s.* towards the expense of the annual dinners of the governors, "whereby the diet of the poor people there that day might be amended;" and the remaining 4*l.* for any necessary expenses of the said hospital. The rent of the premises has increased, and the disposal of the surplus is now under consideration.

**SION COLLEGE, LONDON**.—The same Dr. White, in 1622, left 3000*l.* "for the buying of a fair house and backside, fit to make a college for a corporation for all the ministers, parsons, vicars, lecturers, and curates within London and the suburbs;" also for an **ALMSHOUSE** adjoining, subject to the same regulations as the Temple Hospital of Bristol, for ten men and ten women; the governors of which almshouse are to be the president, the two deans, and four senior ministers of the college. For the support of the college and almshouse, Dr. White left 160*l.* out of his real estate—120*l.* for the almshouse. The occupants were to be taken, six out of St. Dunstan's in the West, two out of St. Gregory, four out of Bristol, and the rest out of the company of Merchant Tailors, London. The corporation of Bristol accordingly appoint four, who are allowed by the governors of Sion College to be out-pensioners. At present they all receive 8*l.* a year each: the sum varies with the funds of Sion College, an account of which will hereafter be given.

The same Dr. White left 100*l.* a year for the repair of the highways within five miles of Bristol, and for the highways most used leading to Bath and Oxford; and in case this expenditure should become unnecessary, 30*l.* were to be lent for two years to each of two poor tradesmen; and 10*l.* given to each of four poor maidens of honest fame, as marriage portions. This 100*l.* a year was provided for by the Bradley and Hockley estate in Essex, the rents of which were so divided between Sion College and the corporation of Bristol as to give the latter seven-tenths; two-sevenths of which were appropriated to Temple Hospital. The produce of the road estate has been, upon an average of some years (to 1821), 479*l.* 2*s.*; and as the turnpike-acts rendered the appropriation of the money to the roads unnecessary, a surplus accumulated to the amount of 3,395*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, which, by the Chancery, was directed to be expended chiefly in building additional almshouses. The future disposal of this 479*l.* 2*s.* is to be, for repairing roads (notwithstanding the turnpike-acts!), 100*l.*; for loans and gifts, 100*l.*; for eight additional almsfolk, 162*l.*, for an additional shilling



a week to the whole thirty-two—leaving thus a surplus of 33*l.* 18*s.*; and not one thought for the poor maidens of honest fame and their marriage portions. This is the second instance of a disposition on the part of the Bristol corporation to repress matrimony—among the poor.

**CHARITY to Twenty-four Corporations in England.**—This was the singular gift of 2,000*l.*, by Sir Thomas White, to the corporation of Bristol, to be laid out in land, on condition of lending 50*l.* each to two persons for ten years—of employing 200*l.* in the purchase and sale of corn to poor people, without profit—and of paying, from the year 1577, 104*l.* to twenty-four corporations, in rotation, annually for ever. The rental in 1821 amounted to 197*l.* 3*s.* 3½*d.*; and attempts have been made by the corporations to force an augmentation, but the Chancery decided against them. These corporations were directed, by Sir Thomas White, to lend 25*l.* to each of four persons for ten years, and take the remaining 4*l.* for their trouble. The corporations are York, Canterbury, Reading, Merchant Tailors' Company, Gloucester, Worcester, Exeter, Salisbury, West Chester, Norwich, Southampton, Lincoln, Winchester, Oxford, Hereford East, Cambridge, Shrewsbury, Lynn, Bath, Derby, Ipswich, Colchester, Newcastle. *Canterbury* received it in 1821. Whether these corporations fulfil the intention of the donor, falls not within the Commissioners' jurisdiction, because the College of St. John, Oxford (of which Sir Thomas White was the founder), and the corporation of Bristol, each does or should nominate an honest and discreet person to ride to and view the said corporations, and inquire into the execution of the trusts confided to them—who are, therefore, *Special Visitors*.

**KITCHEN'S CHARITIES, 1594.**—Alderman Robert Kitchen left, by will, his house in Small-street, Bristol, and a part of his personalty, for the relief of the poor of Bristol, and of the town of Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland. 1000*l.* was in consequence paid to the corporation by the executors; they stipulating for a rent-charge of 32*l.* on the city lands, in lieu of 600*l.* out of the 1,000*l.* Of this 32*l.*, was to be given 26*l.* in weekly payments of 10*s.* to a poor householder of one of the seventeen parishes in rotation for ever, and the remaining six to poor kindred of the testator. The other 400*l.* was to be lent gratis to freemen in small sums, which will come among the Loan-money Charities of the corporation. The houses now standing on the site of the alderman's premises (called New Market Estate) produce 50*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, of which 40*l.* 15*s.* is stated to be distributed in charity. Considerable irregularity appears to have taken place with respect to this property; but the Commissioners are of opinion the corporation have, one way or other, more than fulfilled the charitable purposes of the donor. They recommend, however, the corporation to carry the rents and profits of the New Market Estate in future to the account of Alderman Kitchen's Charities—that is, to observe the directions of the giver.

**OLD MARKET and TEMPLE ALMSHOUSES, 1679.**—Alderman Steevens left lands and houses in Breachyate, Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, for the building and support of two almshouses. One has sixteen rooms, the other twelve, now given wholly to women. The rents, in 1821, amounted to 731*l.* 2*s.* The 28 occupants of the rooms have each 6*s.* a week, and occasionally coals; and the same sum is given to thirteen out-pensioners. The funds are wholly spent on the purposes of the institution. The expenditure, in 1821, was 696*l.*, including 60*l.* for repairs.

**WHITE'S CHARITIES.**—Thomas White, in the reign of Henry VIII. left certain lands, tenements, and rents for the payment of 4*s.* a month to each of five hospitals: 20*s.* annually towards the maintenance of the convicts of St. John's and Allhallows; 1*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* to the prisoners in Newgate; and 6*s.* 8*d.* to St. Ewan's parish: these together came to 11*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* The income from the property—on a part of which stands the county house of correction, and for which compensation was made to the charity—now amounts to 42*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* No account is given of the disposal of the balance.

**SPENCER'S MESSAGE.**—William Spencer, in 1494, left a message in Bristol, then let at 4*l.* a year, for "pious uses;" namely, sermons, ringing church-bell, and spreading Redcliff church with rushes. 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* is still paid for the sermons and rushes at Whitsuntide; but no account is given of the present value of the property. There are too many hiatuses of this kind in the reports.

**BROWN'S GIFT, 1629.**—Humphry Brown left his estate, in the parish of Filton, in Gloucestershire, to provide for four sermons in St. Warborough's church on the days in which he came into this "vale of misery" and quitted it, and those of his baptism and marriage; for a lecture every Sunday in the same church or St. Nicholas's; for a sermon in each of the churches of Westbury-upon-Trim, and Acton; and 40*s.* to the poor of each of these latter parishes on the day of the sermon. The sermons and lectures are still preached, and the money distributed to the poor of Acton and Westbury. But, again, the Commissioners have forgotten to state the value of the Filton estate, nor do they tell what sums are paid. They might as well, almost, have left the thing alone.

**LADY ROGERS** gave 20*l.* to the corporation, to provide a sermon at St. Thomas's, for which 20*s.* is annually paid.

**WILLIAM GIBBS** likewise, in 1602, left 10*l.* for a sermon at the Church of the Gaunts. This is now called the Mayor's Chapel, and the whole expense of providing church-service is defrayed by the corporation.

**CHESTER ESTATE.**—This was a grant in the reign of Elizabeth, by Alderman Chester, of certain premises in the parish of St. James, on condition of the corporation paying 7*l.* 16*s.* to the poor of St. John; 4*s.* to the almsfolk of St. James's Back; and 40*s.* for the maintenance of the House of Correction. The corporation are in possession of two houses let on a lease for ninety-nine years, determinable upon their lives, at a reserved rent of 6*l.* They have also a fee-farm rent of 20*s.*

**BAGOD'S CHARITY.**—In the 9th of Henry VII., John Bagod granted the corporation four messages in Grope-lane, on condition of their distributing 3*s.* 4*d.* in bread to the poor prisoners in Newgate. The corporation hold many houses on this spot, now called Nelson-street; but they are unable to distinguish Bagod's property. They expend not less than 1000*l.* a year for the benefit of the prisoners in Newgate; and the bread-bills alone amount to 400*l.* for some years past. Bagod's is mixed up with the rest.

## II. We come now to the MONEY LEGACIES.

**JACKSON'S CHARITY, 1658.**—There is some doubt whether the original bequest was one or three hundred pounds. The sum of ten guineas, however, is paid to the overseers of five parishes in Bristol—for the relief of the poor, we hope, and not of the poor-rates.

**PRISON CHARITIES.**—Peter Matthew left 100*l.*; Sir John Young, 20*l.*;

and Mrs. M. Brown, 10*l.*, for employing the prisoners in Bridewell. This prison is wholly supported by the corporation, at an expense of not less than 500*l.* Thomas Finnes also left 100*l.* for setting the poor to work—whether in prison or not, does not appear.

**MERLOTT'S CHARITY for BLIND PERSONS.**—Alderman Merlott, in 1784, left 3,000*l.* on the death of his wife, which happened in 1800, to be vested in government securities, and the income to be applied, as far as it would go, to the relief of blind persons, in sums of 10*l.* each, subject to the same regulations as a similar charity instituted in London by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington. To this sum was added 4,000*l.*, by a Miss Elizabeth Merlott, probably the daughter of the founder; and 3,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* three per cents. by Richard Reynolds. The whole amount of stock belonging to the charity in 1821 was 15,152*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, producing a dividend of 454*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* Forty-three blind people receive 10*l.* each. Persons in any part of England are eligible: preference is given to the most aged.

**Mrs. MARY ANN PELOQUIN'S CHARITY.**—This lady, in 1778, left 19,000*l.* to be vested in government securities, or in the chamber of Bristol, under the security of the city seal, at *not less* than three per cent., on condition that the corporation should pay the interest of 300*l.*—to the rector of St. Stephen, 5*l.*; the curate, 2*l.*; and the remainder, be it what it might, to the clerk and sexton for attendance on St. Stephen's Day; the interest of 15,200*l.* to thirty-eight men and thirty-eight women, all free of the city, housekeepers, and not receiving parochial relief—that is, 6*l.* each, while the interest is three per cent.; the interest of 2,500*l.* to poor lying-in women, wives of freemen, 30*s.* each; and the interest of the remaining 1,000*l.*, in equal shares, to twenty single or widowed women and ten men of St. Stephen's, not receiving parish relief. The corporation expend 570*l.* in the manner directed; but they have at no time, since 1778, be the general rate of interest what it might, ever dreamt of giving more than three per cent. We shall presently find the Commissioners recommending another company, in a similar case, to allow four instead of three per cent.; and they might have done the same here.

Miss ELIZABETH LUDLOW also, in 1812, left 1,000*l.*, three per cents., the dividends to be distributed among five poor widows, who had been the wives or were the daughters of freemen, on the nomination of the mayor and aldermen. This also is done.

Mr. SAMUEL GIST, in 1815, left 10,000*l.* three per cents., to be applied to the support of six men and six women,—to pay 5*l.* to each of them on St. Thomas's Day,—to maintain six boys and six girls in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital,—and to provide apprentice-fees of 10*l.* for the boys. No girls it seems could be received in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital; and application was accordingly made to the Chancery, where poor Mr. Gist's wishes were treated with very little ceremony. The Chancellor finally directed, that *three* boys should be placed in the hospital at 30*l.* each,—*three* girls in the Red Maids' School at 24*l.*,—that *three* poor men should receive 6*s.* a week, and *three* poor women 5*s.* These sums together amount to 253*l.* 16*s.* We should like to know why 30*l.* is paid for the boys at Queen Elizabeth's, while 20*l.* only is paid for the rest; and why 24*l.* is thought necessary for the girls, when the other Red Maids require only 12*l.*?

Mrs. THURSTIN, in 1778, left 300*l.* in trust, the interest of which was to be paid to lying-in women, 20*s.* each. This produces 12*l.*, and is duly distributed according to the directions of the donor.



**THOMAS HOBBS**, in 1619, left 100*l.* on condition that 4*l.* 10*s.* be paid to the poor of St. Thomas on St. Thomas's Day; and 10*s.* for a sermon on the same day. 5*l.* is accordingly paid to the churchwardens.

**NEWGATE CHARITY**.—Matthew Havyland, alderman of Bristol, left 80*l.*, the interest of which to be paid for the preaching of twelve sermons in Newgate. His executor also gave 20*l.*, the interest of which was to be distributed among the prisoners. George White left 100*l.* in like manner, for their relief.

**GEORGE HARRINGTON**, in 1637, covenanted with the corporation, in consideration of 540*l.*, to pay to himself 37*l.* for life; and after his death 26*l.* to a poor householder, being a freeman, and 20*s.* to the clerk for his trouble.

**THOMASINE HARRINGTON**, the widow of George Harrington, gave 52*l.*, to pay to the churchwardens of Redcliff one shilling a week, for bread to be brought to Redcliff Church, and there distributed;—52*l.* on the same condition, for the poor of St. Michael;—and double that sum for St. James's.

**ALDERMAN LONG**, in 1739, gave 100*l.*, and the corporation pay 5*l.* a year, to the parish of St. Stephen.

**JOHN PEARCE**, in 1663, left 20*l.* for a sermon on the 5th of November, in St. James's Church. The sermon is still preached, and 20*s.* paid for it.

**EDWARD COX**, in 1622, left 200*l.*, the interest to be employed in "apprenticing poor boys, and relieving decayed handicraft men, and such like uses"—the parish of St. Philip to be mainly respected. Accordingly 8*l.* are paid annually to the churchwardens of St. Philip, and 1*l.* each to St. James's and Redcliff.

Among several almshouses are distributed 30*s.* as the gift of "one **PARSON POWELL**;" and 16*s.*, in like manner, on account of the gift of — **SILK**. The commencement of these gifts appears not to be known.

**DR. CHARLES SLOPER**, chancellor of the diocese of Bristol, left, in 1727, a house in the College Green, which was sold by the corporation, and the proceeds afterwards invested in a rent-charge, to which a small allowance has since been added by the corporation, making the whole 20*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* This annuity accumulates for three years, and is then laid out in the purchase of large bibles for the poor.

**Alderman HUMPHREY HOOK** gave the sum of 680*l.*, on condition that 4*s.* for coals, and 4*s.* for bread, be paid weekly to the poor of St. Stephen's; and the remainder of the interest to go to Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. 20*l.* 6*s.* is annually paid to the churchwardens; but nothing is said in the reports of any surplus for the hospital.

**III.** In addition to these land and money charities, no less than fourteen individuals, at different periods, some very remote, have bequeathed different sums for **LOANS**—a considerable part without, and the rest at a low interest. The corporation consider themselves liable for 5,567*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* Of this large sum, 1,888*l.* is outstanding in **LOANS**; 155*l.* invested in the three per cents. for a reserve against losses; 1,412*l.* is in the chamberlain's hands unapplied, and always to be had by proper applicants; and for the remainder the corporation have executed bonds under the city-seal. Nobody it seems cares about sums of 10*l.* 20*l.* &c.; but for sums of 50*l.* and upwards there would be great demand. An application to Chancery is talked of for discretionary powers.

Numerous as are the charities we have already particularized, belonging

to the corporation of the city of Bristol, there are many others under the management of other public bodies. The principal of these is the Society of Merchant Adventurers.

**MERCHANTS' ALMSHOUSE**, in King Street—formerly called St. Clement's Almshouse,—which seems to have been founded in the reign of Edward VI. Lands and money have been granted by several individuals, particularly Mr. Colston, down to Mrs. Mary Ann Peloquin, whose liberal bequests we have already commemorated. The buildings consist at present of thirty-one rooms, which are occupied by nineteen men and twelve women—each receiving 3s. a week, except the chief brother, who has 5s., and all some articles of clothing. The expenditure, exclusively of repairs, on an average of nine years is 310*l.*; but the permanent income appears to be only 188*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* The deficiency is made up by the society's general funds. Connected with this institution, there are also eighteen other rooms, called 'perquisite' rooms, at present occupied by twelve men and six women, to whom small, very small, payments are occasionally made.

**COLSTON'S ALMSHOUSE**, instituted in 1696, for twelve men and twelve women, by Edward Colston, founder of the free-school, and a most munificent benefactor to the city. In addition to the lands and rents with which Mr. Colston endowed his institution, the late Mr. Hart Davis gave a piece of land in Westbury-upon-Trim, now a nursery-ground, which brings up the whole annual income to 297*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The expenditure, however, in 1820, was 415*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*;—the deficiency is supplied from the surplus income arising from Mr. Colston's gift for specific purposes to the Merchants' Almshouse. Of the almsfolk, twenty-three receive each 4*s.* a week, and the chief brother 7*s.* They must all be free of the city, and members of the Church of England. 40*l.* is paid to a chaplain for reading prayers.

**MERCHANTS' HALL SCHOOL**, King Street.—This school appears to have been instituted for the purpose of teaching ten boys the art of navigation. Some time in the last century, the funds, amounting to 460*l.*, were made over to the Merchants' Society, on condition that they should find a person, well skilled in navigation, capable of instructing twenty boys, and pay him 20*l.* a year. The school now consists of forty, and the master has 80*l.* All above 20*l.*, which the society covenanted to pay, is to be considered a contribution of their own, and entirely voluntary. The master is not bound to teach navigation to more than ten, nor do the society supply instruments, charts, and navigation books for more than that number. There is no restriction as to the age of admission.

**BRIDGE ON THE AVON**.—Mr. William Vicks, in 1753, left 1,000*l.*, to accumulate till it amounted to 10,000*l.*, for the building of a bridge on the Avon—he having understood a bridge might be built for less than that sum. The merchants accepted the trust, and allowed three per cent. In October 1821, the principal and interest of this sum amounted to 4,139*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* The society, however, having from the year 1782 actually been paying four per cent. for money borrowed, the Commissioners considered them as taking an unfair advantage, and recommended an advance of interest at least from the year 1782. They, in consequence, reconsidered the case, and finally agreed to credit the trust with the sum of 6,074*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*—calculating at four per cent. The Commissioners are thus doing some good, besides the communication of facts. When the accumulations reach the sum of 10,000*l.*, if a bridge

be thought undesirable (as it will undoubtedly prove to be impracticable—building, and particularly bridges, is one thing in our days, and was another in Mr. Vicks's), the donor directs 4,000*l.* to be employed in loans, and 6,000*l.* for the founding of an hospital for *illegitimate* children.

ELEANOR HAMMOND, in 1774, left to the society 200*l.* for shoes to the women of St James's parish, and also 400*l.* to be given to twenty-four widows of the same parish—reckoning the interest at three per cent. These charities are distributed on All Saints' Day.

ALICE COLE left in the hands of trustees, for charitable uses, the two rectories of Worle and Kewstoke, in Somersetshire. The last conveyance was made in 1787 to three persons, one of whom is dead, the second in a state of incapacity, and the third has never acted, and seems not discoverable. The property is therefore in danger of being lost. The tithes are let at 124*l.*, and the holders hesitate to pay. There are 2,350*l.* in the three per cents.; and two houses, purchased from savings, in St. James's Back—making the whole income 216*l.* 10*s.* Of this income, 4*l.* are paid to each of four hospitals; 12*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, a fee farm rent, to the crown; a chief rent of 2*l.* 17*s.* to the chamber of Bristol; and the secretary takes 3*l.* 3*s.* No one apparently has authority to act but the secretary, and his authority must be very questionable. The trustees some years ago contemplated a school, and actually built a house for a man and woman to teach children in, on a piece of ground given them by the city. Somebody should stir in this; it seems a very fit occasion for the corporation to do so. The Commissioners class this charity among those which are under the management of the merchants; but how they are connected with it does not at all appear.

#### *Charities in the Parish of St. Mary Redcliff.*

FRY'S MERCY HOUSE, situated in Colston's Parade—for the maintenance of eight poor women. The present value of the endowment is 49*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* Expenditure 51*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* The women have 2*s.* 6*d.* a week. But, by a recent bequest, another sixpence is added to the allowance.

PILE STREET SCHOOL, for clothing and educating forty boys of this parish and St. Thomas's. The income of the charity is 173*l.*; about 110*l.* of which depends on annual subscriptions. The expenditure is 55*l.* for the master; about 65*l.* for clothing, and 23*l.* for coals, books, &c., which, with repairs, bring it up to 150*l.* or 160*l.* It is under the control of the vicar and twelve parishioners, and sixteen of St. Thomas's.

ALMSHOUSE OF REDCLIFFE HILL.—A very ancient institution originating with William Cannyng, in 1448, who founded two chantries in Redcliff Church, for two priests to sing at the altar,—for two annual obits,—and moreover to distribute certain monies yearly for ever to the relief of the poor. The lands belonging to the chantries were of the annual value of 31*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, out of which 26*l.* 8*s.* was given to the poor—probably to the alms-people. Upon the seizure of the chantries this payment of course ceased. There are still fourteen alms-people occupying the rooms as paupers; the whole surviving funds appear to be 16*l.* paid by the corporation to the vestry of Redcliff. They participate slightly in the general charities of the parish. The same imperfect account must be given of the TEMPLE-GATE Alms-house, which consists of eleven rooms, occupied by the same number of paupers, and no better endowed than the other.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FREE GRAMMAR AND WRITING SCHOOL, was



instituted in the thirteenth of her reign, under the management of twelve governors, with power to choose their successors, and have a common seal. Annuities of 21*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and accumulations to the amount of 89*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* constitute the present funds. There are no scholars at all. The Commissioners are at a loss to account for this, because the school was destined for writing as well as grammar, and English has been superadded. It must be, in their opinion, for want of being sufficiently promulgated. There are doubtless better reasons. What has become of the governors and their common seal?

To this parish belong miscellaneous bequests from forty or fifty individuals, amounting to 2,337*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, the income of which is 93*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*—to particularize is impracticable—to which must be added rent-charges of about 30*l.* Of these sums 75*l.* 10*s.* is distributed in money at Christmas; 36*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* in bread; 8*l.* in clothing; 2*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* to the minister; 20*s.* to ringers; and 12*s.* 7*d.* to the sexton—generally according to the will of the donors.

To these funds must still be added what are called the Church and Pipe Lands, for the reparation of the church—declared to be “one of the most famous, absolute fairest, and goodliest parish churches in England”—and the public pipe or conduit. The average value is as much as 1,031*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; and the whole is actually expended in repairs—in the church service, on the pipe, in some gifts to the poor, and now and then a little feasting; but all is moderate, compared with London doings. In 1820, nearly 2,000*l.* was expended on the church, and a considerable sum wasted in mourning decorations on royal funerals. The entire control of these large estates is in the minister and the vestry.

#### *Parish of St. Thomas.*

BURTON'S ALMSHOUSE, said to have been founded in 1292; and certainly in Elizabeth's reign it is spoken of as having existed beyond the memory of man. The income is derived from the benefactions of individuals, some of a very ancient date—and amounts at present to 48*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The alms-people are sixteen old women of the parish.

THE MARKET.—This was granted by Elizabeth to aid the parish in supporting the almshouse and aqueduct. The markets have long been let, and produce an income of 170*l.*, which is blended with the general funds of the parish, from which the repairs of Burton's almshouse are defrayed, and the weekly allowance of 8*s.* supplied. The feoffees are expressly restrained from letting the markets; but interest tramples down all scruples.

CHURCH LANDS.—The origin of these lands is no longer traceable; but, by a trust-deed, dated in the 44th of Elizabeth, it appears certain lands, messuages, and premises, were granted to the vicar and fourteen others of the parish, for the maintenance of God's divine service, repairing the church, &c. The present rents and average fines amount to 300*l.* The expenditure for the last ten years (1821) has averaged 420*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*

MISCELLANEOUS CHARITIES.—The total of money-legacies received by the vestry of this parish from 1567 to 1805 is 1,519*l.*; and rent-charges and annuities chiefly payable out of houses in the city are 50*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* This is spent mainly in distributions of bread—at least 105*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* out of 112*l.* 8*s.*

#### *Parish of Temple.*

Here are nearly fifty small benefactions, some few in land, some in rent-charges, but the greater part in money, producing together to the

parish an income of upwards of 150*l.*, destined for the most part to be expended in bread, sometimes on sermons, and sometimes in distributions of small sums on certain days. Generally the sums are fixed; and are disposed of according to the directions of the donors. Here and there those directions are neglected, but in no important instances; and in two or three cases, where the Commissioners have observed deviations, they have made representations, and promises have been given of stricter observance. But there are two others, of more importance, which require specification.

**ST. PAUL'S FAIR.**—This is held, by charter, in this parish on the first of March and seven succeeding days. Tolls are taken, and the profits, after 20*s.* paid to the corporation, go to the maintenance of the poor, and the repair of the conduits. The average profits for ten years are 70*l.* 15*s.* 5½*d.*; and the average expenditure on the conduits 63*l.* 14*s.* 5½*d.*; the balance does not merge in the poor rates, but is distributed on the recommendation of the vestry.

**CHURCH LANDS.**—The oldest deed of feoffment is of the reign of Edward IV. The lands were given for the maintenance and repairing of the parish church, the relief of the poor, and other good uses within the parish, with the consent of the vestrymen, or the most of them, and not otherwise. The rent of these estates amounts to 557*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* The expenses of the churchwardens for some years past considerably exceed the funds; but the deficiencies will by and by be met by fines, &c. The following is the average annual expenditure for ten years to Easter 1820 of all the rents and revenues under the controul of the vestry:—

	£.	s.	d.
In charities, including allowance in bread, money, gifts for sermons, &c.....	132	4	0
On account of the income of St. Paul's Fair, for rent and repair of water pipes, gifts to poor, and ROYALTY EXPENSES.....	103	7	0
Repairs of church and church-yard .....	325	12	3½
Service of church, viz. vicar for prayers, organist, clerk, sexton, ringers, and incidental expences .....	172	6	6
MAKING RATES, surveying, law expenses, printing, receiver of rents, &c. ....	52	14	3
Sundry expences, including church-clerk's account, sealing, DINNER EXPENSES of perambulations, DRESSING THE CHURCH IN MOURNING, WATERLOO subscription, and incidental expences .....	75	6	7
	£861	10	7½

In this statement we have marked by large letters certain expenses for which we cannot conceive the trustees have an atom of authority, and some of which rather outstep the bounds of decency, so long as there is one miserable object within their reach. From the profits of the fair and the church lands, it will be observed, surely with some surprise, how very little the poor are benefited.

Bristol is rich in charitable endowments—we have still some to enumerate, particularly

**OLD BACHELORS AND MAIDS' ALMSHOUSE**, instituted by Mrs. Sarah Ridley, 1726, for five old bachelors and five old maids, “who are not, nor ever have been Roman Catholics, or inclinable to be such, and never received alms.” This lady left 2,200*l.*; and subsequent benefactions by others, particularly one of 1000*l.* by John Joacham, in 1768, have augmented the funds. The stock is vested in Bank and South Sea Annu-

ties; and the dividends amount to 155*l*. To the ten maids and bachelors 4*s*. 6*d*. a week each is given, which comes to 117*l*.; the elder brother receives 25*s*. a year more than the rest; and 14*l*. is distributed at Christmas among the poor—leaving thus about 22*l*. for repairs, &c.

**ALMSHOUSE IN MILK STREET.**—Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard also left six houses for this endowment in favour of three old maids of the baptist meeting, now held in King Street, and two from the country. The deacons of the chapel act as trustees, though no regular appointment was ever made. The annual income is now 95*l*. Five women reside in the almshouse, and one at Sodbury, receiving each 2*s*. 6*d*. a week, and the five in the almshouse 10*s* 6*d*. each at Christmas. The expenditure amounts to 44*l*.; but the houses have lately undergone thorough repair, and one rebuilt, which will exhaust a balance of 200*l*. in hand, and the surplus income for some time.

**SCHOOL AND ALMSHOUSE BELONGING TO PROTESTANT DISSENTERS, in Lewin's Mead**—The school and almshouse consist of a large stone building fronting the street called Stoke's-croft, instituted in 1726. Four thousand pounds, though not all paid, were subscribed originally for the building and endowment. The funds were, however, from time to time augmented, and now produce a dividend of 283*l*. 17*s*. 4*d*. The school and almshouse accounts are separately kept. In the almshouse there are eleven women and one man, each receiving 12*s*. 11*d*. a month—the man something more. In the school, thirty boys are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic—books and stationery found by the trustees. The master has 120*l*. Prayers morning and evening. In 1794, Dr. John Wright left 700*l*. three per cents., for different purposes connected with the interests of the congregation—all carried into effect according to the donor's wishes.

**THE INFIRMARY.**—The income of this institution arising from voluntary subscription, exceeding that which results from the permanent property—precluded the Commissioners from entering into any inquiry as to the management.

**ELBRIDGE'S SCHOOL.**—This school was instituted, in 1738, by John Elbridge, who left 3,000*l*. for its maintenance. It is in the parish of St. Michael's, and the rector has the entire management. It is now confined to girls, and twenty-four are clothed and educated. The income, arising from South Sea Annuities, amounts to 78*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*. The property has manifestly not been well taken care of—and money has been lost for want of due control.

**REYNOLDS'S CHARITY, 1809.**—Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, left lands in Wales, now producing 240*l*. a year, for the benefit of all, or one, or more of seven institutions supported by voluntary subscriptions—the Bristol Infirmary—Bristol Samaritan Society—Strangers' Friend Society—Asylum for Orphan Girls—Society for discharging Small Debts—Bristol Dispensary—and Bristol Female Misericordia. The property, and the disposal of it, are placed under eleven trustees—the donor expressly excluding the clergy, lawyers, and medical men, and any president, treasurer, or person holding office of profit in the institutions to be benefited by his property. These institutions are well supported by voluntary subscription—and therefore Mr. Reynolds's charity is considered to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the Commissioners.

**WESLEYAN GIRLS' SCHOOL**, for the benefit of the members assembling at Ebenezer Chapel, Old King Street.—The founder left 700*l*., but con-



ceased his name. Thirty girls are clothed and educated. Contrast this with Elbridge's school in the parish of St. Michael's.

**CORPORATION OF THE POOR.**—The poor of Bristol, by several Acts of Parliament, are entrusted to the management of a select body. To this body divers gifts and bequests have been made in general terms for the use of the poor—but some for specific purposes. 25*l.* by Samuel Wallis, for a sermon on the day on which the officers are elected;—an estate by John Knight, producing, in 1809, 130*l.* a year, for the employment of boys and girls at the Mint Workhouse, thereby qualifying them for obtaining a living when they attain maturity; 50*l.* by the Bishop of Bristol (1708) for bibles, to be given to children when apprenticed; and 50*l.* to the infirmary, which is supported out of the general funds of the corporation.

**ALMSHOUSE BELONGING TO THE MERCHANT TAILORS SOCIETY OF BRISTOL.**—The charter of this society is of the reign of Richard II. The tailors of Bristol successfully resisted some claims of privilege about fifty years ago, and since that period, to be a member of the society has ceased to be an object of interest or of ambition. The consequence of which is, that one Isaac Amos has come to be the only survivor—himself the sole and whole corporation. The estates belonging to the society,—if *society* it can be called—are considerable; the reserved rents amounting to 55*l.*, and most of them on leases of ninety-nine years; and from other sources there is an income of about 15*l.* The almshouse is a very handsome and capacious building; and 66*l.* 18*s.* was, in 1821, paid to the poor then residing in it. Legally, perhaps, the property has already escheated, or certainly will do so, on the death of Mr. Isaac Amos. The account of this property given by the Commissioners is very meagre and unsatisfactory. Nor have they entirely completed their reports for the city and county of Bristol.

#### MIDNIGHT.

WAKE, my love! the moon is up;  
Wake, my love, and speed away;  
Now the monk doth leave his cup,  
Lingering through his cloisters gray:  
While the solemn, silver knell,  
Rolling from the chapel-tower,  
Singeth "Midnight" in its swell.—  
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

"'Tis the Midnight!" sighs the wind;  
"'Tis the Midnight!" shines the moon;  
"'Tis the Midnight!" owlet blind  
From the tree doth wake his tune:  
Every star in yonder skies  
Striketh "Midnight" from his tower;  
"Midnight!" every blossom sighs.—  
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

Lady, art thou to be sought  
By the Christian warrior's fame?

In the land of lands I've fought,

Through the flood and through the flame;

Stood by lion Richard's side;

Bore with him the iron shower,

Till the sands in blood were dyed.—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

Lady, can thy heart be won

By the song and by the string?

From the Danube to the Rhone,

I have played to prince and king;

Raised the lids of many an eye

Beaming on the Troubadour;

Won from queenly lips the sigh.—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

By thy window stands a steed,

Never nobler felt the rein;

Never Turkman shot the reed

Swifter o'er the desert plain:

On his brow a bridal band,

On his back a bridal dower,

Waiting for my lady's hand.—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

O'er the hills our way we'll wind,

Down beside the valley tree,

In best true love's chains entwined,

Still the freest of the free:

Free to rove through hill and glen,

Where no sullen kinsmen lour,

What have we to do with men?—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

What to love on lordly halls,

Covered with the weeds of care,

Where the foot on velvet falls,

Where the bosom throbs despair?

What are all the gilded things

Round the sleepless couch of power,

To one wave of Love's white wings?—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

When the storm is on the sky,

We will scorn it in our dell;

When the tempest-cloud doth fly,

We will bid it sweet farewell;

Gazing from our mountain-brow,

As on valley, stream, and bower,

Spans the purple-tinted bow.—

Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE HASSAN:  
AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE Island of Savages resounded with shouts of joy ; and the frightful rocks with which it is surrounded re-echoed the noise of the warlike instruments and cries of these barbarians. The sea, which broke with violence against the rocks, mingled its roarings with these strange noises, and augmented the horrors of the scene. These monsters, who took delight in murdering all the unfortunate wretches who were cast on their coast by the fury of the elements, were now assembled to choose a king. Already streams of human blood had flowed around the altars of their gods ; the shore was wet with it ; and the bodies of these unfortunate victims were heaped up on a pile, ready to be reduced to ashes ;—already had the savages began to dance around the pile—when they perceived the wreck of a vessel. Broken masts, sails, and cordage were all driving about at the mercy of the waves. They perceived also at a distance several unfortunate creatures, who were endeavouring by swimming to gain the island. The hope of deliverance reanimated their efforts, already nearly exhausted by long struggling. Alas ! they sought their fate in landing on this unfriendly shore : and their lot, which appeared to snatch them from the waves in safety, only prepared for them on this fatal shore a death a thousand times more dreadful.

No sooner had they gained a landing than they were seized by the savages, who bound them, and dragged them to the altars of their deities. There they were put to death ; and their foaming blood was caught in cups, which these barbarians drank in honour of their gods. They only spared one of these strangers, whose beauty, gracefulness, and youth would have moved to pity any but this savage race, nourished upon blood and carnage. His figure, above the common height, was noble and commanding ; long flaxen locks of great beauty hung in large ringlets over his shoulders ; his face shining with a soft majesty ; his eyes were black, and sparkling with fire ; and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, more seducing even than beauty, rendered him the most amiable of mortals. He was destined by these barbarians to serve as a feast for the king whose lot it would fall to be chosen.

Their manner of electing a king was not less cruel than the rest of their customs. They chose six of the most considerable and renowned for their cruelty ; and the one of these six who pierced with an arrow the heart of the widow or nearest relation of the departed king, was elected as his successor. Already they had bound their queen to a rock, and five of these savages had struck their arrows in various parts of her body ; when the sixth, advancing to the barrier, drew his bow. The arrow flew through the air, and pierced the heart of this unfortunate princess. The air was rent with acclamations. All the people prostrated themselves at the feet of the new king, and they bore him triumphant round the island. The women and their daughters, their hair dishevelled, and a poniard in their hands, marched the first : their chaunt resembled the cries of furious Bacchanals. The old men, bending under the weight of their crimes, as much as from years, followed with a more leisurely step ; and the king, surrounded by the youth of the island, closed the procession. The stranger who had been respited, seized with horror, followed with his eyes this horrid solemnity. Two savages held him chained, and led him along like a young victim that is brought to the altar.

After having made the circuit of the island, these people at length made



a stop in the midst of a grove, which was the place appropriated for their festivities. Thousands of savages were stretched on the turf, and large bowls full of blood were ranged at equal distances: the most exquisite wines, even nectar itself, was not so delicious to them as this beverage. The newly-elected king was placed on a throne covered with lions' skins; and, to commence the feast, he had seized the young stranger, and with a dagger he was prepared to pierce his throat—when, all on a sudden, the dagger fell from his hand, and the king fell dead at his feet. The people, surprised, turned their eyes with astonishment on the unknown; but all the barbarians experienced the same fate, and fell weltering in the blood which flowed from the vases which they had overturned in expiring.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of the young man, at the sight of a whole people, whom an invisible hand had exterminated in a moment. These barbarians were extended on the earth, with all the horrors of death depicted on their countenances: their eyes, turned towards heaven, seemed to accuse the gods of their deaths; their open mouths seemed to blaspheme them; and their arms, that the coldness of death had stiffened and held stretched out, seemed yet to menace them.

The unknown then, quickly arming himself from the spoils of the king, and passing through the midst of the dead bodies, plunged into the forest. He gained a rock, from whence issued a spring of water, which, falling from rock to rock, augmented by its noise the horrors of this desert. There the stranger, reflecting on his misfortunes, abandoned himself to despair. He could not reflect without shuddering on all he had suffered since he had departed from the Isle of Brilliants, where his father reigned as sovereign. Rocks of crystals and emeralds formed the boundaries; the hills were sprinkled with precious stones; the trees were loaded with fruit, the colour of rubies; and the superb towers of diamonds which formed the gates of the capital city, dazzled the eyes. It was an entire year since he had quitted it, and had been wandering on the seas. All that had befallen him appeared before him at that moment. He could not refrain from tears when he reflected that he was for ever separated from the king his father.

He recollected at length that the king, at parting, had given him a little box, which he charged him not to open till a year after his departure. The time having now expired, the prince opened it, and found a paper, which he read with eagerness. It was in the handwriting of the king; and it was in these terms that the unfortunate father informed him of the cause of his misfortunes:—

“ I wish in vain, my dear son, to hide from you the evils that threaten you. The gods are my witnesses of all that I have done to assuage their wrath; but the fairy Noirjabarbe, enemy of this island, destined you to the most cruel trials from your birth. Why did she not deprive you of life? I should then have been more easy, and it would have been a lesser pain to me! That cruel fairy arrived in my kingdom at a time when the other fairies came to bestow on you all the gifts necessary to you an accomplished prince. They wished by these presents to prevent the fairy Noirjabarbe from hurting you. But what will not cruelty and barbarity imagine to be revenged. The fairy, not being able to deprive you of the gifts the others had bestowed, wished to render you the horror of the universe, and condemned you to kill on the spot all those who looked at you after you had attained the age of twenty years.

“Judge of my grief when she pronounced these terrible words! I did all in my power to prevent it; but it was of no avail: she even forbade me to mention it to any person but yourself, and that not before your twentieth year; hoping that myself and all my subjects would become victims, and that you would become our executioner. Alas! I offered her my own life: she was insensible to my tears, and vanished in the midst of a black whirlwind of flame, bitumen, and pitch. You know the cares I have taken in your infancy; you know the tears you have cost me—fatal price of my tenderness! I shall never see you more; and already you have made a fatal trial of the ills to which the fairy Noirjabarbe has condemned you! Seek out a desert, my son, where you can spare the lives of mortals, by hiding yourself for ever from their eyes; and ever remember your unhappy father.”

Hardly had the young prince (who was named Prince Hassan) finished reading, when his eyes were full of tears. “Ah, ye gods!” cried he, “how have I merited so cruel a fate! what place, sufficiently desert, shall I find on the face of the earth to hide me from the eyes of mortal men! Happy yet in my griefs, that my lot has placed me on this barbarous shore, and that these monsters have been the first victims that I have immolated.” This unfortunate prince now arose, and left the forest. He found himself at one of the gates of the city of these savages, built in a valley surrounded by high mountains covered with wood. A torrent which precipitated itself from the top of the rocks with a horrible noise, separated the city into two parts. The houses were low, all stained with blood, and almost covered with dead bodies and limbs: the air of this island had the property of preserving the bodies, so that they never corrupted. The prince was shocked at so horrible a spectacle. He left the place, and consoled himself under his misfortunes, that he had purged nature of such cruel monsters. He resolved to remain on the island, and to live on the fruits that the earth produced. He chose for his retreat a cave hollowed out of a rock, from whence he could behold the sea. The horror of finding himself quite alone on these unknown shores was a little alleviated by the necessity he was placed in of living away from the human race. The cruel fate which the fairy Noirjabarbe had destined him from his birth, had banished him for ever from the commerce of men. He had already made a sorrowful experiment; and his solitude was the less afflicting, when he thought that at least his sight was fatal to no one.

He was consoled in his griefs by the pleasure of a quiet and tranquil life, if Love had not aided the cruel fairy to distress him—but he loved. Devoured in secret by an increasing flame, he sighed night and day; and, to add to his sorrow, he did not even know the name of the person he loved: he only possessed her portrait. Occupied without ceasing with the pleasure of gazing on it, it augmented every moment his passion and his regret. “I love,” said he. “Love has inflicted on me his most violent displeasure. I do not know whom I love; and I can never hope to see her whom my sight would deprive of life. My sight, so fatal to all mortals, would destroy her whom I adore! Oh, ye gods! to what a cruel punishment have you condemned me!” Such were the reflections of this unhappy prince.

Very often he went to walk in an island planted with oranges, which nearly joined the one he inhabited. One day he fell asleep there, and

was awakened by the awful claps of a thunder-storm. Already the sea was rising; a land-wind was dashing it against the shores, and every thing announced an approaching storm. Prince Hassan thought, nevertheless, he should be enabled to regain his island. He got into his canoe, and had nearly landed, when a violent gust of wind drove him out to sea. The tempest increased every minute; and his canoe, which was only the trunk of a tree hollowed out, was soon driven far away. He waited for death with tranquillity, not expecting to escape it—when his vessel struck against a rock and overset. He swam for a long while; but night coming on, new dangers arose. He knew not which way he was going, and feared he might be leaving the shore, instead of nearing it. He still kept swimming, and was almost exhausted, when he perceived an iron ring, which was fastened to a tower: he seized hold of it, and held by it, resolved to wait till day broke, that he might make for the nearest shore. He was complaining of his destiny, which persecuted him with such cruelty, when he heard a voice which said to him, "Unhappy stranger, that the sea and winds have thrown on these shores, cease to lament your lot! Alas! why cannot you end my woes, as I can your sorrows, in saving your life? Take hold of this cord; the gods have not yet ordained you to die." The prince hesitated for some time. He reproached himself with risking the life of the person who saved his; but his strength was so overcome that he could not remain where he was without risk of perishing. The darkness emboldened him: he seized hold of the cord, and ascended the tower, when he found himself in a chamber; but the darkness was such that he could distinguish nothing. He resolved to throw himself into the sea as soon as dawn appeared, and to make for the nearest island—not wishing to deprive of life a person who had extricated him from such imminent peril, "What do I not owe you?" said he to his deliverer; "and how can I make you any recompence for your goodness? But what can an unhappy prince, whom the destinies persecute, do? Your pity in saving my life may subject me to new perils, which death would have freed me from. Let me not, however, remain ignorant of the name of the place where the waves and wind have driven me."—"It is near the Island of Night, where my father is king," replied the unknown voice. "This tower is called the Tower of Darkness; it was built by the hands of a fairy. Never do the rays of the sun, or the pale beams of the moon, enlighten it: an eternal obscurity surrounds it, and the nearest objects cannot be distinguished." This discourse consoled Prince Hassan. He no longer feared that his sight would cause the death of this princess, as death was only occasioned by seeing him. The profound and eternal darkness which surrounded this tower reassured him. "But to what climate do you owe your birth?" continued the princess; "and how happens it that the tempest has cast you on this shore? Do not refuse me the recital of your adventures." After several sighs, occasioned by the recollection of his misfortunes, the prince commenced his history in the following terms:—

"I was born on the Island of Brilliants; and my father, who had reigned there for a long time, beheld with grief the sterility of the queen, my mother. At length she became pregnant. Several fairies assisted at my birth, and presented me with all the virtues that a prince could desire. My father, to pay them proper respect, had prepared for them a magnificent repast in the saloon of the palace. Already the feast had commenced—



when, on a sudden, the air was obscured; a black vapour spread itself around the saloon, and my father perceived himself lifted up by an invisible hand. All the fairies immediately knew that it must be the fairy *Noirjabarbe* who had played this prank; but they had no power over her: they only feared for my father, knowing the cruelty of that fairy. He returned some time afterwards, but so afflicted and so sad, that he was not like the same person. The fairies were very anxious to know what *Noirjabarbe* had said to him: he dared not or could not reply to them; grief had taken possession of him; he shed a torrent of tears. The fairy *Noirjabarbe* had forbidden him, under pain of the most terrible punishment, to relate to any other than to me, what she had said to him.

"My father had me educated with all possible care; but that which is a pleasure to other parents increased his grief. He beheld with sorrow my advancing years. The more I improved by the education he gave me, the more he lamented, and the more I cost him in tears. At length I was now arrived in my nineteenth year, when one day he led me to the sea-side. He kept a profound silence; I followed him trembling: he had never before appeared to me so overcome. He stopped by the side of a wood, and embraced me tenderly. 'Fly, my son!' he said; 'fly this unhappy land, to which you owe your birth! The time is come when we must separate. I have concealed your departure from my people: it would have been opposed, and they would perhaps have perished in wishing to save you. Go, then, my son! You will find, on the other side of this wood, a vessel which I have equipped expressly. I must not appear before the crew who are to accompany you; my grief would probably make them suspect something. Hasten your departure, and go where the winds may conduct you. Above all things, my son,' continued he, 'do not open this box till an entire year after you have quitted this unhappy shore.' He said all this, still holding me in his embrace, and bathing me with his tears. I was so overcome that I had scarce power left to throw myself on his neck, and say, 'What have I to fear? Can it cost me more than life? No, no, my father! if I must die, let me at least die in your embraces.'—'Fly!' said he; 'and, obedient to the prayers of your father, hasten from this place!' He forced himself away from me, and buried himself in the woods. I remained immovable, and was unable to move a step to follow him. I soon came to myself; but I searched in vain for him in the wood; I never saw him more. I found the vessel which had been prepared for me. They only waited for me: they had been informed that I was going to the *Fortunate Islands*, which are not very far distant from the *Isle of Brilliants*.

"I now embarked, after having prayed the gods to preserve my father's life. We steered for those islands; when, on a sudden, the wind changed, and drove us towards an island, where we were obliged to anchor. We landed to repair our vessel which the storm had damaged. I walked into the interior of the island, which appeared an enchanting retreat. No rocks defended the coast; it presented an even surface, where you breathed an air soft and agreeable. Alleys of orange-trees, planted in all directions, conducted to the city, which you perceived from the shore. Fine corals were in the centre of each walk; and borders of anemones, ranunculuses, jonquils, and tulips were planted on each bank.

"I kept advancing, when I perceived a man at a distance, who was coming towards me, whose dress much surprised me. I joined him. A long robe, open before, and reaching to the ground, covered a vest of the

richest manufacture: the sleeves were very full. His head was covered with a cap ornamented with precious stones. He carried a book in one hand, and in the other a golden wand. He stopped on seeing me, and, after having regarded me for some time, he thus spoke:—'Young stranger, whom the tempest has driven on our coast, follow me, and profit by the short time you will remain on this island.' I perceived myself, at these words, drawn on, as it were, in spite of myself. I followed him. He proceeded to that side of the city which was seen at the end of the alley. During our walk, he acquainted me with their customs and manner of living. 'This island,' said he, 'where every thing the most rare in nature is collected, is the Island of White Magic. The number of the inhabitants is fixed. There is no jealousy among us: our power is equal. We live together as friends, as neither envy nor interest can trouble us. We are all of the same age, and we all die on the same day. We do not keep here our wives, and we never have but one son. At the age of twenty-five, we marry such of the princesses of the earth as we most desire. Genii, whom we have at our service, bring us their portraits, and we each make choice of one. They lie-in on the same day of a son, whom they bring up with them till the age of twenty-five—for then we are fifty; and as that age is no longer proper for pleasure, it is at that period we all die. We summon our wives and sons to this island, and, after giving to the latter our books and wands, we are enclosed in our tombs, together with our wives, whose affection for us carries them with us to the Black Empire. It is to-day that we must die. Soon this heaven, that sun, will disappear from my eyes; I shall be plunged into eternal night, and shall cease to exist.'

"We had arrived at the city when he ceased speaking; it was all built of marble, and of most magnificent architecture. He shewed me every part of it, and afterwards led me to an eminence, from whence I had a view of the whole island. There, after having embraced me, 'I wish,' said he, 'to shew you, by means of my art, a part of what will befall you. Happy if that may preserve you from the dangers that threaten you!' He then made a circle with his wand, and placed me in the middle. He opened his book, and waved his wand three times. At the third time I perceived a black vapour arise all around me. As it increased, I could not see: the heavens were hidden from my eyes—the earth disappeared; and when this vapour vanished, I was surprised to see nothing of the magician who accompanied me, nor the hill upon which I was standing, nor the island; in short, nothing I had before observed. I found myself in a vessel which was tossed about by a tempest; and after having been struck several times by the sea, it was driven on some rocks. I was swallowed up by the waves. Here I beheld horrible monsters, who disappeared from my sight, leaving in my arms a princess of unequalled beauty. Fear had deprived her countenance of its beautiful bloom, and her eyes hardly bore the light; but her colour returned when she saw me. I have never seen any thing so beautiful. It seemed to me as if she thanked me for having restored her to life; but she was torn away from me at that moment by a monster of most terrible figure. I tried to snatch her from his claws—when again every thing vanished from my eyes. The vapour, which had hitherto surrounded me, disappeared gradually. I perceived myself standing on the hill, by the side of the magician. I regretted that I was not for a longer space under such a delusion. The

delightful recollection of so charming a princess occupied me entirely: I would have wished the enchantment to have endured for ever. Love had already taken possession of my heart. I still cherish those features which, since that time, have caused my greatest sorrows. I remained immovable. I endeavoured to retrace those charming features which had just disappeared. Alas! love had already painted them on my soul. I demanded of the magician, as a favour, to tell me if this charming princess was only an illusion; or if it were possible that the gods themselves had created a mortal who would deprive them of the honours which are only due to the divinity. He replied to me in these terms:—‘The object who has raised such a flame in your heart, at the mere sight of her portrait, reigns on the borders of the seas; but you are not fated to behold her, except at the foot of your tomb.’—‘Will the gods prolong for many years my life?’ cried I. ‘Why will they not shorten it, that my shade may enjoy the pleasure of seeing so charming an object? Of what value to me is life, if I retain it only on condition of never beholding her I adore?’ This growing passion so confused me, that I had not perceived the magician quit me, and advance towards a grove, whither I followed him. It was a forest of myrtles, whose sweet perfume was diffused to the skies. All the alleys were of the same width, and were in every respect similar. Between each myrtle was a tomb of black marble, ornamented with magnificent statues of white marble. ‘This,’ said the magician, ‘is the sepulchre of my ancestors. There are as many tombs in each alley as there are persons; therefore each generation reckons by alleys and ranges of tombs.’ I traversed the alleys where had been interred the first magicians. The profound silence which reigned in these groves—these myrtles, which were never agitated by the slightest breeze—these tombs, ranged at equal distances—inspired me with a holy fear. We arrived at an alley where the tombs were uncovered. I demanded of the magician the reason. He informed me that they were intended for him and his friends, and that, in a short time, I should see the island repeopled.

“At that moment I heard a terrible noise. The heavens were darkened—the thunders rattled in the air—the earth shook under my feet; but all these signs gradually subsided, and daylight returned by degrees. I beheld the air filled with an infinite number of cars, which descended in the alley where I was standing. From each of these cars alighted a princess, holding a young man by the hand. They all advanced towards the magicians, who were seated by the side of their tombs. They embraced, and after having delivered their books and their wands to their sons (for these princesses were their spouses), each one entered his tomb, accompanied by his wife; and instantly all the tombs closed over them. The son of the magician who had taken me under his protection advanced to me, and said, that I could remain no longer in the island—that profane eyes could not behold the mysteries which they were about to celebrate to the shades of their fathers—and I must therefore depart. He embraced me, and gave me, at parting, the portrait of the princess that I had seen at the bottom of the sea. I recognized the features which I had there beheld, and my wound re-opened at this fatal sight. Charmed with a gift so precious, I returned to the coast, my eyes still fixed on the portrait. I embarked. Ever occupied in admiring it, I could do nothing but adore it. I kissed it a thousand times a day; and I resolved to search the universe over to discover the original. We had departed eight days, when a



new tempest drove us from our course. Our vessel, broken by the waves, sunk; and we endeavoured to save our lives by swimming towards an island we perceived at a distance. But oh, ye gods! rather a thousand times we had all been swallowed up, than to land on that fatal shore! All my companions were butchered by the savages who inhabit that shore. I saw their blood caught in bowls, to serve as a repast for these barbarians: myself they reserved as a feast for their king. Already were all the people assembled in a grove destined for their festivities; already their king, with his arm raised, a poniard in his hand, was about to stab me, when suddenly he fell dead at my feet. The savages regarded this prodigy with astonishment; but they all experienced the same fate: I saw them all expire on the spot. I armed myself with speed, fearing I might be pursued by others, and hid myself in the forest. There, reflecting on my misfortunes, I recollected a box which my father had charged me not to open till a year after my departure. I reckoned the time, and finding that the year had that day expired, I opened it."

The princess of the Island of Night, hearing the noise of drums, fifes, and trumpets, interrupted Prince Hassan. "Sensible of your misfortunes," said she, "I wait with impatience the end of your tale. But the king, my father, whose barge I hear dashing through the waves, obliges me to postpone it for the present. Enter, prince, into this cabinet; and allow me to flatter myself that, as soon as the king shall depart, you will not refuse me the detail of a fate I feel so inclined to pity." The princess advanced on the esplanade of the Dark Tower to her father. "Come, my daughter," said he, "your misfortunes are ended. The gods, whom I consult daily, have at length declared that there is nothing farther to fear. Come, and embrace a father, who has wished for this moment so long."

The princess descended into the barge to her father: they tenderly embraced, but without seeing each other; for an eternal darkness reigned around the tower. They then proceeded towards the island, to the noise of instruments, and acclamations of the people, who lined the shore, and made the air resound with their songs and rejoicing. The princess would rather have remained a little longer, to hear the rest of the adventures of Prince Hassan: but there were no means of discovering it to her father—for the oracle had threatened the most terrible punishment if ever she received any one in the tower. She landed on the Island of Night. Her eyes, for the first time, beheld the light. Large and magnificent vases of bronze, filled with a liquid that burned for ever without being consumed, lighted up the shores of this island: they were placed upon lofty columns of marble, at equal distances, and quite round the island. Without these fires, an eternal obscurity reigned. The princess was conducted to the city by an avenue of pines, whose branches were hung with the same kind of lamps, which never were extinguished. She arrived at the gate, which was lighted up in the same manner, and entered her father's palace, which was of the finest architecture in the world. Large vases of fire were placed on the roof of the palace, which entirely illuminated it: the same with respect to the gardens, where they burned continually. They led the princess up a terrace which was near the palace, from whence you might behold the whole island. The art of the fairy Protectrice of this kingdom had, by these lamps, corrected the defects of nature, which had refused the gift of the sun to this island.

The princess was astonished to behold so grand a city, and one built so magnificently. The walls were distinguished, by which it was surrounded, by the lamps. Every tree in the country was lighted up the same: the hills and groves appeared like brilliant stars, whose soft light did not offend the eyes. This sight astonished the princess; but her heart was not at ease. The idea of Prince Hassan was continually before her; she was quite distressed not to have heard the end of his adventures. Although she had not seen him, she could not but be interested for him. She imagined that a prince, on whom the fairies had bestowed such gifts, must be amiable: she wished much to see him. Alas! doubtless, that desire would have been diminished, had she been aware of the risk she ran, and that the sight of him would have cost her dear. She did not know how to break it to her father, in order that she might return to the Dark Tower. And then of what use would have been this voyage, as it was absolutely forbidden to take a light outside the island?

Walking one day in a grove which was at the bottom of her father's garden, she was reflecting on what Prince Hassan had related, and how she had been destined by a fairy to pass her solitary life in the Dark Tower, until a terrible monster, whose aspect killed whoever looked at it, should come to her deliverance. She could not but think that the prince was her liberator. Her father, who consulted the destinies every day, to know the time when his daughter's perils should be at an end, did not understand, more than herself, what the fairy meant by a monster who killed all that looked at it; but, notwithstanding, the oracle had proclaimed that the time had arrived. It was this which alarmed her so much. "What!" said she, "is this prince—whom I figure to myself as so amiable—is he the monster I am threatened with? Why do I wish to see him? Can I doubt the fact, since the oracle has said so?" It was thus she tormented herself; and she had almost given up the wish to return to the Dark Tower, when she found herself at the entrance of a temple: it was dedicated to Morpheus. A magnificent portico conducted to a vestibule of marble and porphyry: from thence you entered the temple. The most delicious perfumes were for ever burning before the statue of the god, who appeared at the upper end, seated, and resting on one arm. Banks of turf, intermingled with beautiful flowers, invited repose. Poppies, the only gifts offered to this deity, covered a table which was in the middle of the temple. It was only necessary to offer them up, when you perceived a soft languor creep over you, which it was impossible to resist. You yielded insensibly to sleep, which closed your eyelids; and then whatever you most wished to know appeared in a dream. The princess presented the poppies; and, at the instant, perceiving her knees to tremble under her, she lay down on a bed of turf-sprinkled with violets, and fell asleep, hoping to behold Prince Hassan.

Scarcely had the god of sleep closed her eyes, when the prince appeared before her. Her surprise to see him so different from a monster was so great, that she awoke.—"Oh, ye gods!" cried she, "can a mortal appear so amiable?" She wished to sleep again, and offered anew poppies to Morpheus. But in vain; that favour is granted but only once: it was useless. Morpheus, insensible to her intreaties, dozed even at hearing them. She left the temple, burning with a desire to see the prince.

Love had now entered her breast; she was no longer mistress of herself; she thought of nothing but the prince; she followed no certain path, but

wandered at hazard. She found herself, without thinking, on the sea-shore, and at the very spot where she left the bark which had brought her from the Dark Tower. Her first movement was to embark, and go to invite the prince to come to the court of the king her father. She entered the boat, and following a cable, which was fastened from the shore to the tower, she soon arrived at it. She then heard the voice of the prince, who was complaining aloud of what he had suffered for love. "What injury has love done you?" replied the princess. "I am come to hear the rest of your adventures. Relate them, I pray you. The winds and sea are calm and still; as if, like me, they listened to your misfortunes."

The prince was charmed at her return; for the idea had struck him that she might be the same princess the magician had shewn him. He thus continued his story:—"I was seated on a rock, when, with trembling hands, I opened the box my father had given me. I there found a paper, where I read these cruel words which my father had written."—[The prince then repeated to her what was written in the letter. He informed her of the cruel penalty that the fairy Noirjabarbe, to be revenged on his father, had imposed on him, and that he was fated to kill all who regarded him.]—"I cannot express my ideas on reading this paper. My first impulse was to precipitate myself from the rock, where I was sitting, into the waves. But, alas! to add to my woes, an invisible hand retained me, and I perceived that I was constrained to live. I was no longer astonished that the savages had fallen victims on beholding me: I even thanked the gods for having made me the instrument of purging the earth of such inhuman monsters. I wandered all over the island, which I found full of horrors. I chose for my abode a grotto, formed out of a rock; there I lived on the wild beasts I killed in the chase, and the fish I caught. I rambled along the shore. The only moments of pleasure I enjoyed were in contemplating the portrait, which I admired more every time I looked at it. I frequently passed over to a neighbouring island, planted with oranges. I lay down one day to sleep there: a tempest arose during my slumbers. I had the imprudence to endeavour to gain the other island. The wind, which increased every moment, blew me away out to sea; and I was cast against this tower, where you saved my life."

"Ah, prince!" cried the princess, "I can then never behold you without its costing me my life!"—"I would willingly resign mine, for the privilege of seeing you for a moment," replied the prince. "The charming remembrance of her whom I beheld at the bottom of the sea is graven on my heart too deeply ever to be effaced by time. I love her, and a certain presentiment assures me that you are that lovely personage. Oh! ye gods, to what punishment am I condemned? I love, and I cannot see her whom I love, without depriving her of life!"—"You are not the only one to complain in this world," said the princess; "and not to know whom you love is not so tormenting as to know, and to love, without being able to see the object." These words were an enigma to the prince: he could not penetrate the thoughts of the princess; and the words which had escaped her appeared to him to have been spoken at random. He entreated her to inform him the reason why she had passed her life in that tower. The princess told him that a fairy, the Protectrice of her father's island, had been summoned at her birth; and, having predicted that she was menaced by some dreadful misfortune, she had ordered her to dwell in that tower, until the monster, who killed all on beholding him, should come



to deliver her. The princess did not confess her curiosity, which caused her to go to the temple of Morpheus; and, fearing to betray her secrets, she quitted the island.

The princess explained to her father what the fairy meant by a monster who killed by being looked on, and related to him the history of Prince Hassan. The king, affected by the misfortunes of that unfortunate prince, caused to be taken to the Dark Tower every thing that he could require to make life agreeable. He frequently went there to entertain him, accompanied by his daughter; and they both endeavoured to alleviate the rigours of his prison. But, alas! in endeavouring to contribute to his ease, she lost her own. She loved with a violence that she could not restrain; she hid herself in the depths of the forests, to tell it to the echoes. Her words were broken, and, at times, were without meaning; her eyes had lost their brilliancy; her complexion had lost its fine transparency; her beauty was nearly effaced: scarcely could they trace in her the likeness of her former self. She could no longer resist: it was absolutely necessary that she must confess her love to her conqueror.

She embarked for the Dark Tower: her heart beat violently as she approached it. She had no sooner arrived than she called on Prince Hassan. That prince, who had always replied to the slightest signal, now appeared not. The princess trembled. She called him several times, but in vain. As the tower could not be ascended without a ladder, she returned to her island, and sent one of her slaves to fetch one. She went back to the tower, and ascended herself, as she knew every part of it. Alas! she did not search long. Scarce was she mounted on the balcony, when she struck something with her feet. She felt it, and found it was a body without motion, and colder than marble. She doubted not it was the prince.—“Oh, ye gods, my love is dead!” screamed she. A torrent of tears came to her relief, and her sighs deprived her of words. It at length became necessary to tear herself away from the corpse, which she caused to be brought away by her slaves, and erected a magnificent tomb, in the midst of a grove of cypresses, on the sea-side. Then she caused a funeral pile of cedar-wood to be made, where the body was consumed. She herself collected the ashes, which she put into an urn made out of a single emerald. This urn was inclosed in the tomb. The tomb was of black marble—four bronze statues ornamented the four corners—and on the front was engraven these words:

“Here lies the unfortunate Prince Hassan!”

It was at the foot of this tomb that the princess passed every moment that she could steal away from court. She no longer feared to avow her love for Prince Hassan; she made the echoes resound with it; she told it to the brooks and fountains; her sighs and lamentations broke the silence of the groves; she thought he was no more. Useless tears! superfluous sighs! The prince still lived. Some pirates, who had heard that the king of the Island of Night had shut up his daughter in a tower built in the middle of the sea, attracted by the hopes of a considerable ransom, had come to carry her off; but, instead of the princess, they had found Prince Hassan, who, in spite of his resistance, had been compelled to yield to the efforts and numbers of these barbarians. He had strangled the first who had attacked him; but, having all closed on him, they seized him, and bound him to the mast of their vessel, and made sail. It was thus he was constrained to

quit a place where he had so often enjoyed the conversation of the princess.

These pirates did not go long unpunished for their villainy ; for scarcely had they passed the dark zone which surrounded the Island of Night, but, at the first rays of light, they fell dead at the sight of Prince Hassan. That prince was much to be pitied. He was bound to the ship's mast, and in danger of perishing of hunger, it not being possible for him to be rescued by any mortal ; for whoever saw him must die immediately. The winds and waves drove the ship at their pleasure. At length it struck on a bank of sand, and stuck fast. He then expected nothing but death. The thoughts of the princess still occupied him, notwithstanding the impending fate which he perceived approaching. Already was he so oppressed with languor, that his sight failed him, his weakness increased, and he remained motionless. This swoon lasted for a long time. At length he came to himself ; but what was his surprise, on his revival, to find himself in a meadow ! He was yet so feeble that he had not strength to rise. He was endeavouring in vain to make out by what means he had been conveyed thither, when he perceived a female approaching him, carrying a basket of fruit. She came near him, and thus addressed him :—" Endeavour, unfortunate prince, to prolong your days, which the gods protect, in spite of the cruelty of the fairy Noirjabarbe." At that hated name, Prince Hassan thought he should have relapsed into his former state of weakness : but the unknown continued her discourse.—" I am a fairy," said she ; " and I dwell on a rock near where your vessel ran ashore. I saw you from the top of the rock, where I was walking that day, and, having pitied the state in which you were, I released you, and brought you here. My art has acquainted me with all your trouble : I know your most secret thoughts ; I know you love a princess, whom the fates forbid you seeing, for fear of depriving her of life : but I also know that a day will arrive when your griefs will have an end." This hope reanimated the strength of Prince Hassan. He arose, and threw himself at the feet of his benefactress.—" Rise, prince," said she ; " you cannot remain here longer than one day." The fairy then conducted him to the rock, near which his vessel had run aground.—" I cannot," said she, " free you from the charm which the fairy Noirjabarbe has imposed on you ; but this wand, which I will give you, will free you from many evils you would endure without it. It has the power of putting to sleep those on whom you wish it to operate. You have but to turn it three times, and sleep will immediately close the eyes of those you wish to affect ; and turning it back again, they will awaken as quickly. By this means your appearance, so fatal to all mortals, will cease to be so, when you wish it—as they only perish who see you. But this is not all. This vessel, in which you have been wrecked, obedient to your orders, will conduct you to any place you wish to go to. Go, prince ! faithful to your vows, remember that the god of love will never abandon those who are truly attached to his service."

As Prince Hassan thought of nothing but the princess of the Island of Night, he ordered his vessel to bear him to the Dark Tower, where, in spite of the eternal darkness which surrounded it, he would at least have the pleasure of conversing with the princess. He landed at the tower, and, casting himself into the sea, swam to a grove which was on the sea-shore of the Island of Night. He wandered from thicket to thicket, till he came to a place where he perceived a tomb, on which he read the following inscription :

"Here lies the unfortunate Prince Hassan!"

He did not know what to think of this, and was in a profound reverie, when he heard a noise, which made him conceal himself where he could not be seen. The noise increased, till he saw the car, wherein was the princess, approaching. He recognized her as the same person represented in his picture. She alighted, and approaching the tomb, she embraced it, and bathed it with her tears. The prince attributed to his absence the idea she had formed of his death. Hid from all view, his joy was extreme to find so exact a resemblance in her to his picture. He recollected what the magician had told him—that he should never see the princess but at the foot of his tomb. Not only did he see her, but he was persuaded she loved him. He never felt so severely the penalty the fairy had inflicted on him; he would willingly have thrown himself at her feet, if the peril to which he would have exposed her had not prevented him; he scarce dared breathe; he feared the least noise would cause her to look round. What a situation for a lover!—to see her he loved—to see what he had so long sought—and to tremble for fear of being observed—what a trial! He knew not how to announce to her his return. Her grief increased his own. He saw her drowned in tears, and not able to tear herself from the tomb. At length he recollected the enchanted wand the fairy had given him: he profited by the opportunity of putting the princess to sleep, and then wrote the following line on the tomb:

"Go to the Dark Tower, and you will there find an end to your griefs!"

The prince was charmed with such an opportunity of contemplating the beauty of the princess; but he trembled, as he had not yet made a trial of the virtue of his wand. He, therefore, quitted her, after having put an end to her enchantment; and, regaining the shore, he returned to the tower, agitated with the most lively sensations.

Hardly had Aurora began to enlighten the rest of the universe, when the princess left her palace, and returned to the tomb of the prince. She there read what he had written. Her heart expanded with joy when she found herself so near a termination of her sorrows. She flew to the seaside, embarked, and arrived at the foot of the Dark Tower. Prince Hassan heard with joy the dashing of the waves against her boat, as it approached nearer and nearer. They had a most tender meeting. She avowed her passion, and expressed to him the grief she felt at supposing him dead. On his part, he told her how he had been carried away by the pirates, being obliged to yield to numbers, after having killed the first who attacked him, and whom she had honoured with so splendid a funeral. He recounted the risk he ran of perishing with hunger while he was bound to the mast, and how a fairy had extricated him from so perilous a situation. This recital rendered him still more dear to the princess. It was on her account he had run such risks. Could she repay him otherwise than by all the tenderness of which her heart was capable? They swore an eternal fidelity, and separated. The princess tore herself away at this period, and returned to her palace, rejoiced at having regained her lover.

Not a day passed that she did not go to the Dark Tower. They were as happy in each other's society as possible; they loved with an equal tenderness; they passed the whole day in conversing. The hopes that the fairy had given the prince, that his troubles would have an end some day, lessened, in some degree, the cruel chagrin of not being able to see each



other: but fate, jealous of the happiness of mankind, will not let them remain long so, and they had to experience greater evils.

Not far from the Island of Night was another island, where reigned the son of the fairy Noirjabarbe: he was a thousand times more wicked than his mother; he was a monster; he was a dwarf, with a hump before, and another behind, which rendered him still more deformed. His eyes were small, sunken, and bordered with red; his nose was flat; his red hair covered his forehead, which was full of pimples; his large mouth discovered his black teeth; his legs were crooked; and his heart was a thousand times more frightful than his person. One day, passing through the air, in a car drawn by dragons, he beheld the princess of the Isle of Night, as she was walking in the palace gardens. He was struck with her beauty, and instantly demanded her hand in marriage. Her unhappy father, dreading the fury and anger of so wicked a prince, sacrificed his daughter to the interest of his people. He knew the power of the fairy Noirjabarbe's son; and he was aware that he would have destroyed the whole island, if he had refused him his daughter.

This unfortunate princess was, therefore, delivered up to the monster, who carried her off to his palace. Never was a princess so much to be pitied. She had not even time to acquaint her lover. It is not possible to express her despair. The inquietude of Prince Hassan was not less. He could not suspect her of inconstancy, but did not know what to think of her long absence. Death would have been more welcome than the state of suspense he was in; but how much more would he have suffered if he had known the real state of the case.

The princess was confined under a hundred locks, and guarded night and day by her husband, in a palace, the walls of which were of brass. This monster never quitted her but to go into a cabinet, which was near the chamber where she was confined. It was either in this cabinet, or with the princess, that he passed night and day. There were no windows in this palace. It was lighted up by a single lamp, to which the prince fairy had given the power to traverse the air, and to light up whatever place he commanded. The princess passed the nights and days in tears; and, as Prince Hassan possessed her heart, she could not but feel for his anxiety at her long absence. But what could she do to put an end to it? Her cruel husband never quitted her. One night, when he appeared to sleep sounder than usual, curiosity induced the princess to enter the cabinet where her husband passed so much of his time, and to see what it contained. For that purpose, she took the key from his side; and, rising without noise, ordered the lamp to shew her light. She quitted the chamber, opened the door of the cabinet, where she saw nothing but a table, on which was a book, and all round it an infinite number of phials. She took up one to read the label: it contained a liquid, one drop of which applied to the eyes caused sleep for a hundred years. She took this phial, and stepping on tiptoe, and holding her breath, she approached her husband's bed. The time was too precious to think of drawing the cork: she broke the bottle over his face, and put him to sleep, not only for a hundred years, but a hundred millions. Being now mistress in the palace, she returned to the cabinet: she opened the book, and there read that these phials contained the spells which the fairy Noirjabarbe and her wicked son had cast over the greater part of the princes and princesses in the universe; and so long as they were not broken, the charm remained. She searched for that of her lover, and found it; and, charmed at the idea of releasing

him she loved, she quitted the palace, after having broken all the phials in the cabinet except one, which contained a liquid that restored life, but, at the same time, with gentle and tractable manners. She gained the seashore, and from thence proceeded to the Dark Tower. She dared not return to the king her father, for she feared his anger. Her love attracted her towards her lover.

How great was the joy of this unhappy prince when he heard her voice! She made him descend into her bark. After having told him all that had happened, she broke the phial which contained the spell that had been cast over him; and, letting the boat drive at random, they were soon far away from the Dark Tower. Already they perceived the rays of the sun; and, charmed at the pleasure of seeing each other, they let their bark drive without any attempt at directing it, till it struck on a rock, and went to pieces. The prince took hold of the princess, and swimming with one hand, and supporting her with the other, he gained the coast, which he recollected as the Isle of Savages, where he had been before wrecked by a storm. They found it deserted. He shewed the princess the inhabitants who had perished on looking at him. He took pity on them, and proposed to the princess to restore them to life by means of the liquid which she had in the phial, and which had that power. She consented. They then applied it to all the dead bodies, and reanimated them; but they had lost all their former ferocity, and received the prince and princess unanimously as their sovereigns. From that time this island, which had been an island of horrors, became at once civilized, and was named ever after the Fortunate Island.

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#### THE TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.

"Baked be ye pies to coals! Burn, roast meat, burn!  
Boil o'er, ye pots: ye spits, forget to turn!  
Cinderella's death!" &c. M. LEWIS.

THE late author of "The Traveller's Oracle" was our valued friend. When he lived, his claret and his conversation oftentimes contributed to our happiness;—his pen, on more than one occasion, to our Miscellany. But he is dead; and his jokes and his cutlets—and both were *à la minute*—shall delight us no more. It is thus, as we advance in life, that our intimates drop—as an over-roasted fowl may drop from the spit—off beside us; but cannot—like the fresh fowl that succeeds that over-roasted fowl upon the spit—be replaced! A void is in our heart—as well as in our stomach—since the author of the work before us died; and, regularly as we miss the once regularly recurring invitation for—"Five minutes before five on Wednesday"—we sigh, and say—to the looking-glass and the card-racks—"Where is our friend!" He had the pleasantest humour—he whom we loved—at squeezing a lemon; the most mathematical candour in dividing the fins of a turbot! The most dexterous master of legerdemain could not have outdone him in snuffing a candle; and we never recollect to have seen him angry but once in our lives—and that was when a monster, at a tavern-dinner, cut a haunch of venison the wrong way! But he is gone! Dead! *Mort!* as the French say—which, as George Colman

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\* The Traveller's Oracle: or, Maxims for Locomotion. By the late W. Kitchiner, M.D. 2 vols. Colburn.

observes, means "no more!" He who was never *late* in all his life, is now "the *late*" Dr. Kitchiner! It may be asked—with these feelings present to our minds—"whether it is possible for us fairly to review our late friend's book?"—"Most possible!" is our answer. Criticism—as he himself said, over and over again, at his own table—"Criticism, Sir, is not a pastime: it is a verdict on oath: the man who does it is (morally) sworn to perform his duty! There is but one character on earth, Sir," he would add, "that I detest; and that is the man who praises, indiscriminately, every dish that is set before him. Once I find a fellow do that at my table, and, if he were my brother, I never ask him to dinner again!" Therefore it is with the confidence that his very ghost—(we see it now—shrouded in a damask table-cloth!)—will rejoice in our impartiality, that we sit down to comment upon the posthumous counsels of our whilom associate;—counsels which his modesty has designated only as "Maxims for Locomotion," but which, in truth, are pandects for man's guidance almost in every emergency to which nature can be subject. Fortunately, as the chance falls with us, in the midst of his eccentricity, the good sense of the doctor has left us sufficient to laud; while very little, indeed, presents itself which we can differ from, and nothing at all to discommend.

In discussing a book dedicated to the use of travellers, it may well be expected that our first notice will touch some point connected with a journey; and, in fact, Dr. Kitchiner sets out in his work—beginning, as an instructor should do, *ab initio*—with a list of the *matériel*, or "necessaries," with which the voyager, by land or sea, should be provided. We shall ourselves, however, pass over this list, not because it is not excellent, but because it will be obvious that its utility or inapplicability must depend almost entirely upon the means and circumstances of the party who is to proceed with it; and begin our notice with some portion of those directions which will be available to all classes;—as, for example, the argument instructing us—"How to eat and drink upon a Journey:"—

"People are apt to imagine, that they may indulge a little more in high Living when on a Journey:—Travelling itself acts as a stimulus; therefore, less Nourishment is required than in a state of Rest: what you might not consider Intemperance at home, may occasion violent Irritation, fatal Inflammations, &c. in situations where you are least able to obtain Medical Assistance.

"During a Journey, endeavour to have your Meals at the hours you have been accustomed,—a change in the *Time* of taking Food, is as likely to affront your Stomach, as a change in the *Quality* or the *Quantity* of what is taken.

"Innkeepers generally ask their Guests, "what they would please to have for Dinner?" The best Answer you can make to this, is the Question, "What have you got in your Larder?" to which, beg leave to pay a visit.

"Be cautious how you order *Sea Fish* in an Inland town; and there is a silly custom prevails of keeping Fresh water Fish, such as Carp, Eels, and other Fresh water Fish, in Tubs and Cisterns, till they are very unfit for the Mouth."

"Choose such Foods as you have found that your Stomach can digest easily—Nutritive, but not of a Heating nature, and so plainly dressed, that they cannot be adulterated: the *Safest Foods* are Eggs, plain boiled or roasted Meat, and Fruit:—touch not any of those Queer Compounds commonly ycleped *Ragouts*, *Made Dishes*, *Puddings*, *Pies*, &c.

"Above all, be on your guard against *Soup* and *Wine*.—Instead of Wine, it will often be better to drink water, with the addition of one-eighth part of Brandy, which Travellers may carry with them.—"The Oracle" declares, that if "a Man is not a very fastidious Epicure, he need never fear Hunger or Languor, when he can get good Bread and Water—i. e. provided he carry with him a Brunswick Sausage and a Bottle of Brandy."



"Never give any Order for Wine to Waiters,—go to the Master or Mistress of the Inn, and request them to oblige you with the best Wine, &c. that they have; and beg of them to recommend whether it shall be Sherry, Madeira, &c.—telling them that you are perfunctory about the *Name* and the *Age* of the Wine, and particular only about the *QUALITY* of it.

"There are many particulars as to Meat, Drink, Exercise, Sleep, Cold, Heat, &c. which people soon find out from their own Observations, which they will generally find their best Guide. "There is perhaps no article of our usual Diet, however Insignificant, or however Important, which has not been at one time highly extolled, and at another extremely abused, by those who have published *Books on Diet*, who, wedded to their own whimsies, and estimating the Strength of other Men's Stomachs by the Weakness of their Own, have, as the fit took 'em, attributed "all the Evils flesh is heir to," to eating either too much or too little—Salt,—Sugar,—Spice,—Bread,—Butter,—Pastry,—Poultry,—Pork,—Veal,—Beef,—Lamb, and indeed all Meats, excepting Mutton, have been alternately prescribed and proscribed. A prudent Traveller will cautiously abstain from every thing that his own Experience has taught him is apt to produce Indigestion."

The whole matter delivered here is orthodox; especially the advice as to considering "what you are likely to *get*," when you arrive at a strange inn, rather than "what you would like to *have*." There can be no doubt that the best order—whenever you do not feel quite confident of your ground—is—(delivered to the master of the house in person)—"Send me up what you can *recommend*." No man can be expected to acknowledge that any thing that he has to sell is *bad*; but he may be disposed to treat you fairly if you relieve him from the dilemma of such a confession; which you do—and compliment him into the bargain—by desiring that he will send you up what he pleases. For wine—at an inn of respectability—you must call for it; but recollect that *there* the obligation ceases. "Live, and let live," should be every liberal man's motto: therefore, according to the *dictum* of a writer of great experience in these matters, "Let your hosts live by ordering the liquor, and live yourself by forbearing to drink it."—N. B. If you are economically disposed, you may as well, on such an occasion, order the *cheaper* description of wine; as the name will make no difference in the bin that it comes from, and it makes some difference in the bill. If you are a wine *drinker*, and must perforce—no matter at what hazards—swallow something for your comfort,—recollect that port wine may be rendered drinkable by *mulling*, which, in its raw state, would have been impracticable altogether.

The next chapter is—"Of a Traveller's Appearance;" and the author sets out with the following sentence:—

"Wear a plain Dress;—upon no account display any Ring, Watch, Trinkets, &c. nor assume any *Airs of Consequence*."

Here we don't quite agree with our excellent friend. He does not mean, by this caution, as to assumption of "consequence"—"Don't make an ass of yourself;" or, "give yourself the airs of a lord, or a swindler;" but—"Be retiring, and quiet generally in your demands and your deportment." Now we are not quite sure that, in a strange vicinity, this policy—though excellent where a man is *resident*—may not be carried too far. He who makes himself of no importance, will be apt sometimes to be made of no importance by other people. We should say—"Exact calmly, but most rigidly, every respect and attention which is your due: he who passes over a *mistake* to-day will infallibly have to make some arrangement or other with a *negligence* to-morrow." That which immediately follows this passage, however, is worthy of the strictest attention:—

“Be Liberal.—The advantages of a Reputation for Generosity which a person easily acquires, and the many petty annoyances he entirely avoids, by the annual disbursement of Five pounds worth of Shillings and Half Crowns, will produce him five times as much Satisfaction as he can obtain by spending that sum in any other way—it does not depend so much upon a man's general Expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all—he who gives *Two Shillings* is called Mean, while he who gives *Half a Crown* is considered Generous; so that the difference of these two opposite characters depends upon *Sixpence*.”

“He shall not be accused of Prodigality, in whose accounts not a more extravagant charge appears than such a sum set down annually for “Good Humour.”

“Those who Travel for Pleasure must not disquiet their minds with the cares of too great Economy, or, instead of the Pleasure, they will find nothing but Vexation. To Travel agreeably, one must spend freely: 'tis the way to be respected by every Body, and to gain Admittance Everywhere. Since 'tis but once in your Life that you undertake such a Thing, 'tis not worth while to be anxious about saving a few Pounds.”

Where you are to sleep on the road—

“The Earlier you arrive, and the Earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance you have of getting a Good Bed: this done, order your *Luggage* to your Room:—A Travelling Bag, or a “*Sac de nuit*,” in addition to your Trunk, is very necessary—it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of Linen—a Night Shirt—Shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth, and hair brushes. If you travel by Diligence, some of which stop during the Night, the Travelling Bag is a great luxury, as it is not always convenient to be continually unpacking a Portmanteau. Take care to see your Sheets are well aired, and that you can fasten your Room at Night:—in the morning, when you are to set off again, see your Luggage stowed safely as before.

“In Lonesome places, where an accident may oblige you to rest, if you carry Fire Arms, it may be well to let the Landlord see (as it were accidentally) that you are well Armed. “*Mr. La Combe*, in his Picture of London, advises those who do not wish to be robbed, to carry a Brace of Blunderbusses, and to put the muzzle of one out of each Window, so as to be seen by the Robbers!!!”

“However well made your Pistols, however carefully you have chosen your Flint, and however dry your Powder, look to their Priming and touch-hole every Night:—if you have reason to think that they may be required for actual service, fire them off, clean them out, and reload them; but never use these deathful Instruments merely to save a little Money, and no prudent Traveller will carry much:—if your Pistol takes effect you may preserve your property, but it is a melancholy price you pay for it, if it costs the Life of a fellow Creature; and if it misses fire, you will most likely not only be Robbed, but Murdered!”

It will be advisable also for the traveller, “as well as the priming,” to examine, from time to time, the “loading” of his pistols, and make sure that it is safe. A friend of our's, riding alone on the frontiers of Spain, was stopped, in open day, once by three robbers; at one of whom he fired in a manner to *bruler le cerveau*, according to the French idiom—the pistol being within three feet of the enemy's head. To his great surprise, the man stood un hurt! And—the fleetness of his horse extricating him (with a bullet through the cape of his cloak) from the scrape—during a two hours' ride to his quarters, he came to the conclusion—for to miss his aim at such a distance appeared impossible—that his servant must have put powder into his pistols only in loading them, and been privy to the attack. On reaching home, however, fortunately the suspected domestic was absent; and our friend proceeded to put up and attend to his horse himself; when, as he took off the saddle, and turned it up on the ground (“crutches not being, in that part of the world, invented), the ball that had missed the head of the robber fell out of the holster-pipe!

“Never stir without *Paper, Pen, and Ink*, and a Note Book in your Pocket—Notes made with Pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of Travelling.

“Commit to Paper whatever you See, Hear, or Read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it;—do this upon the Spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes; at all events, do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity.”

This is a very admirable rule; and, by attending to it, a traveller may bring home a tour with him—or, what amounts to the same thing, the heads of chapters which should fill it—without ever feeling the trouble of composition as he goes along. Short notes are sufficient; and, indeed, perhaps the best; because, if you lose your pocket-book, the contents are then (according to the formula of advertisement in such cases) “of no use to any but the owner.” We recollect seeing a chapter of twenty pages upon the town of Chelmsford once written, in the course of a “tour,” by a traveller; for which the only words taken in his note-book had been—“Fleas”—“a cheating landlady”—and “a large church.”

Beds:—

“As Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the Beds before them, were not afflicted with some *contagious Disease*, whenever they can, they should carry their own sheets with them.”

The same caution is said to be necessary with respect to shaving-tackle; as the doctor assures us—and “doctors” should know—that “a man might get his *death* by being cut with a razor which had shaved a diseased person!”

“The safety of your Bed Room Door should always be carefully examined; and in case of Bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the Room, by putting a Table and Chair upon it against the Door; such precautions are, however, less necessary in England than they are on the Continent, where it is advisable to choose a Room with Two Beds, and to let your Servant sleep in the Room, and to burn a light all Night:—when you enter the room to go to rest, take a peep behind and under the Beds, Closets, &c. and all places where concealment is possible.

“I read the above to an old Traveller, who told me, that when travelling in Italy, about thirty-five years ago, he always adopted this plan; and that on one occasion, at a poor solitary Inn, he could not obtain a double Bedded Room, and was told that his attendant must sleep in another part of the House—observing that there was no fastening to the Bed Room Door, and apprehending some bad intention, he placed a Bureau against it, and thereon set a Basin and Ewer, in such a position as to easily rattle, so that on being shook they instantly became “*molto agitato*,” and seemed to say, “*Don't ye—Don't ye—I'll tell if You do.*”

In proceeding from town to town, we are cautioned that—

“Trunks, &c. should not be fastened behind Carriages, unless with Chains; except Servants ride behind and attend to them.”

Perhaps it would be an improvement to this suggestion, in the last case, if the *servants* were to be *chained* too.

In the chapter upon “General Travelling,” the author differs entirely from Shenstone, Johnson, and various other authorities, who have pronounced “a tavern chair to be the throne of earthly felicity.” The “welcome” at an inn none can dispute; but as to the felicity, we are disposed to be of the same opinion with our friend. “Felicity” is a word necessarily of comparison or reference; and we suspect that those persons who are violently delighted with inns will commonly be found to be in that station of life which admits of but little luxury—and perhaps not of very perfect convenience—in their own dwellings. There are not ten inns



throughout England in which a man of moderate fortune will find himself served as he may be in his own house. In fact, it can hardly be otherwise. Some people are accustomed to complain of tavern charges; but the cost of doing things really well (where a trader looks to realize a competent interest upon his capital) would be enormous. Say that a man who kept a fine inn was entitled to gain twenty per cent. on his capital,—and thirty is not at all too much, looking to his risk,—what price ought wine to be sold at, which has been lying five years (for age and improvement) in his cellar?

“Never ask another person the motive of his travelling, the time he intends to continue in a place, &c.

“When you go out of an Inn, ride slow for half a Mile, and then you will perceive if any one passes you; and if he eyes you too much, be assured he's not right; then either go back or stay for less suspected Company; but it is your Business to be cautious of them too. Ride at some little Distance, if a single Man forces himself into your Company, notwithstanding the above-mentioned Cautions, tell him you heard of a Hue and Cry after a Highwayman in the last Town you came through; observe his Countenance.”

This chastisement to gossips may be beneficially considered by other persons besides travellers. There is not so offensive a rogue on earth as he who cannot be alone; and, even when he jumps out of bed in a morning, runs into his neighbour's room before he can put on his breeches. The only chance is to affront such people at once—and have it over; a course painful to the benevolent mind, but necessary.

The several chapters of the work dedicated to the management of horses and carriages, do great credit to the sagacity and knowledge of the author, both as regards the rules which he lays down for the purchase and pecuniary arrangement, and those which concern the guidance and bodily management of such properties. The suggestions addressed to the keepers of horses, touching “large stalls,”—“easy fitting harness” (this should especially be attended to in those parts of the furniture connected with the head), and the necessity for keeping the padding of saddles dry upon a journey, and the stable always clear from every kind of litter and impurity, are worthy of a veterinary surgeon of dragoons. Stables at new inns in the country will almost always be found built with stalls so wretchedly narrow, that a horse accustomed to better residence refuses to lie down in them. There is always a serious danger, too, that your horse may injure himself—perhaps irreparably—in having “his head brought round,” as the grooms call it, in such miserable cribs. For carriage keeping—as well for the horses as the vehicle—our author patronizes “jobbing.” Men, however, who can afford to be particular about their cattle, and are fond of personally attending to such details, will reject this system. A man who is disposed to treat his horse kindly, too, generally likes him to be *his own*. The doctor, however, shall speak for himself upon the subject; for he does speak on it at much length, and “scholarly and wisely:”—

“It is a very frequent, and a very just complaint, that *the Expense of a Carriage* is not so much its *First Cost*, as the charge of *Keeping it in Repair*. Many are deterred from indulging themselves therewith, from a consciousness that they are so utterly unacquainted with the management thereof, they are apprehensive the uncertainty of the Expense, and the trouble of attending it, will produce *Anxiety*, which will more than counterbalance the comfort to be derived from it.

“Few machines vary more in quality than Carriages, the charge for them varies as much;—the best advice that can be offered to the Reader is, to “Deal with a Tradesman of Fair Character, and established circumstances.—Such a person has every inducement to charge reasonably, and has too much at stake, to forfeit,

by any silly Imposition, the Credit that he has been years in establishing by careful integrity.

"Of Chariots, that appear to be equally handsome to a common Eye, which has not been taught to look minutely into the several parts of their machinery; One may be *cheap* at 250*l.*, and Another may be *dear* at 200*l.*: notwithstanding, the Vender of the latter may get more Profit than the Builder of the former.

"*The faculty of Counting*, too frequently, masters all the other Faculties, and is the grand source of deception which Speculating Shopkeepers are ever ready to take advantage of; for catching the majority of Customers, *Cheapness* is the surest bait in the world,—how many more people can count the difference between 20 and 25, than can judge of the *Quality* of the article they are about to buy?

"Be not so perfunctory as to permit your Coachman to order what he pleases. If you send a Carriage to be repaired, with the usual Message, "To do any little jobs that are wanted," you will most likely not have a little to pay.

"When any Repair is required, desire your Coachman to tell you; examine it with your own Eyes, and with your own hand write the order to the Coachmaker, &c. for every thing that is wanted; and warn him you will not pay for any Jobs, &c. not so ordered, and desire him to keep such Orders, and return them to you when he brings his Bill, that you may see it tallies therewith, and you may keep a little Book yourself, into which you may copy such Orders.

"Persons who order Carriages, are frequently disappointed in the convenience and appearance of them, from not giving Directions in terms sufficiently explicit;—when those who buy Carriages make any such a mistake, it is said, that those who sell are not always remarkably anxious to rectify it, unless at the expense of the proprietor.

"An Acquaintance of the Editor's, ordered that the interior of a New Chariot should be arranged exactly like his former Carriage:—when it was finished, he found that there were several very disorderly deviations from the old plan, which were extremely disagreeable to him:—the Builder said, civilly enough, that he was exceedingly sorry, and would soon set it all right—which he did; but presented a Bill of Ten pounds for mending these mistakes, which having arisen entirely from his own Inattention to the fitting up of the Old Carriage, his Customer successfully resisted the payment of, having been prudent enough to have the Agreement for building the Carriage, worded, "That it should be finished in all respects to his entire satisfaction, by a certain Time, for a certain Sum."

Tables follow, given at considerable length, of the cost at which all descriptions of carriages can be built and maintained (or jobbed); with calculations as to the expense of keeping horses; their wear and tear, with wages of servants, &c. &c.,—well suited to shew a man who has made a stroke in the stocks how he should go about to commence gentleman; and all done with an evident personal knowledge of the matter on which the writer treats.

Of the purchase of horses, as well as carriages, the author speaks like a man who has kept them:—

"I would not recommend a Carriage Horse to be less than Seven years old, especially if to be driven in *Crowded Streets*;—Horses that have not been taught how to behave in such situations, are extremely awkward and unmanageable, and often occasion Accidents.

"If you keep Horses for useful purposes, you must not be too nice about either their Colour, or the condition of their Coats.

"The ordinary Town Carriage Work can be done just as well by a Pair of Horses, which may be had for 70*l.* or 80*l.* as with those that cost three times that Sum; indeed it will most likely be done better. If you have Horses worth an hundred pounds a piece, you will be afraid of using them when you most want them, *i. e.* in Cold and Wet Weather, for fear of their catching Cold and breaking their Coats, &c. Moreover, the *Elegance of an Equipage*, in the Eyes of most people, depends more upon the Carriage, Harness, and Liveries, than

upon the Horses:—all can judge of the former, but few of the latter; and, provided they are the same Size and of the same Colour, the Million will be satisfied.”

As times go, they must be small horses, and not very strong ones, which can be bought for 80%. a pair; but horses at 120% will be good enough for ordinary purposes. In a large establishment, however, it is often economy to keep perhaps a greater number of horses than are absolutely wanted; so that you can have a certain number for show occasions, and a number also for rough duties.

“Horses in Pairs are sometimes worth double what they are singly—and Horse-dealers do not like to buy any but of the most common Colours, *i. e.* Bays and Browns; because of the ease in matching them. Horses of extraordinary Colours may be purchased at a proportionably cheap rate, unless they are in Pairs, and happen to be an extraordinary good match, when they will sometimes bring an extravagant price.

“An Ancient Equestrian gives the following advice:—

“If you have occasion to match your Horse, do not let the Dealer know you are seeking for a Match Horse, or he will demand a higher price; nor do not send your servant to select for you.”

“If you will be contented with the useful Qualities of your Horses, *i. e.* their Strength and Speed, and are not too nice about their matching in Colour, you may be provided with capital horses, at half the cost of those who are particular about their Colour; and moreover, you may easily choose such as will do double the service.”

On this subject of colour, it may be recommended to those who want horses for hard work, and in uncertain weather, always to choose greys. Grey horses—especially the dark grey—if their figures are bold, and their condition good, look excellently well, although their coats are not glossy. Brown, and still more especially black, look shabby, unless they are very fine indeed. There are no journey-horses—for appearance—equal to greys; and don't have them trimmed too close about the heels: they look none the better for it, and work the worse.

“To Job Horses, is particularly recommended to persons who are ambitious of having an elegant Equipage;—a pair of fine Horses that match exactly are always expensive to purchase; and if one of them dies, it is sometimes, to a private Gentleman, extremely difficult to find a fellow to it.

“Horses cannot work equally, nor at ease to themselves, if they are not nearly of the same Size, of the same Temper, and have the same Strength, and have the same Pace, and Step well together.

“A Hackneyman or Horsedealer, who is in an extensive way of business, has so many opportunities of seeing Horses, that he can match a Horse with much less Expense, and more exactly, than any Gentleman or any Groom may hope to do: therefore, those who are particular about the match of their Horses, will find it not merely more expensive, but much more troublesome, to Buy than it is to Job.

“Job Masters, in general, Sell, as well as Let Horses;—therefore, stipulate in your Agreement, that you shall be supplied with various Horses till you are suited to your satisfaction; and then, that neither of them shall be changed without your consent:—for this, a Hackneyman may demand, and deserves, a little larger price; but it is Money paid for the purchase of Comfort,—is the only way to be well served, and prevents all disputes. If you do not make such an Agreement, and your Hackneyman happens to be offered a good price for one of your Horses, he may take it; and Your's, like many other Carriages in London, will be little better than a Break:—nothing is more disagreeable, nay, dangerous, than to be continually drawn by strange Horses.”



There is no much better method of buying carriage or gig horses than to have them on a job for a time first. It may cost a little more money; but it is a cheap expense in the end: you lose more by having to resell one horse, after having bought him, than it would cost you, by jobbing, to try half a dozen. The ordinary horse-dealers' "trial"—a trial of a few hours, or even of a day—is worth nothing: you can neither judge of the temper of a horse, of his bottom, nor—of what is of still more consequence—his feeding and his health. It is no pleasant thing to have paid a hundred guineas for a horse who behaved excellently well on trial in Hyde Park, and, the first time that you drive him forty miles on end, see him smell to his corn, and turn away from it, at the end of the journey.

The chapter upon the Construction of a Carriage, with the dangers of trying such appliances second-hand, ought to be read by every man who keeps even a buggy; but its length compels us to refer our readers for it entirely to the volume. The travellers in stage-coaches, however, as well as those who use their own vehicles, are held worthy of our author's care; and rules are given, with great care and consideration, for their guidance.

"Secure a Place a Day or two before you set off; in which case, if you are at the Inn at the Time appointed, and the Coachman is gone *before*, you may take a Post Chaise and go *after* him, and the Proprietors must pay the Expense of your Ride.

"It is necessary to be at the place in due Time; for, as the saying is, "Time and Tide," and it may be added, "Stage Coaches, stay for no man."—As Clocks vary, you will do wisely to *be there full Five minutes before what you believe to be true Time.*

"If the Coach sets off very early, order the Watchman to call at your house half an hour before you wish to have your breakfast:—if you wish to ride to the Inn the evening before, give the Waterman at the Coach Stand next your House a Shilling for his trouble, and desire him to provide you a Hackney Coach, which order to come half-an-hour before the time you wish to start, that in case of a Coach not coming, you may have time to walk there.

"On your arrival at the Coach Office, give your Trunks, &c. in charge to the Coachman, and see them placed safely where they may not be rubbed, &c.—In long Journeys, the Horses are not only changed, but the Coach also, when the wary traveller will see his Luggage taken out of the one, and safely stowed in the other Coach.

"Persons have their choice of Places in the order that they get into the Coach first, a Place so taken remaining with the Possessor the whole of the Journey.

"People are generally anxious to secure *Front Places*, either because they cannot ride backwards; but if they travel at Night, the Wind and Rain, while sitting in front, will beat into their faces, the only remedy for which is to draw up the Glasses (a privilege vested by travelling etiquette in the occupiers of those places), and thus must they sit the remainder of the Night in an Atmosphere too impure for any Gentleman who has not previously served an apprenticeship in the exhausted receiver of an Air Pump.

"When persons travel in a Stage Coach, Time is often idly wasted: and just when the Passengers are set down to enjoy a comfortable repast, Notice is given that the Coach is going to start. To prevent this evil, previously inquire of the Guard or Coachman how Long the Coach is allowed to stop, and regulate matters accordingly.

"If the Driver of a Stage Coach quit his Horses or the Box until a proper person can be procured to hold them, or permit any other person, without consent of the Proprietor, or against the consent of the Passengers, to Drive the same, he is subject to a penalty of not less than 10s. nor more than £3."

"By stat. 50 Geo. III. c. 48. § 12. in case the driver or guard of any such Coach or other Carriage shall use abusive or insulting language to any passengers, or shall insist on or exact more than the sum to which he is legally entitled, then and in every such case the driver or guard (as the case may be) so offending, and

being convicted thereof by his own confession, or the oath or oaths of one or more credible witness or witnesses, before any justice, &c. shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than 5s. nor more than 40s. for every such offence."

It would not be at all a bad plan, it strikes us, for a man to have these penal acts *copied out* (the doctor gives a great many more of them in other parts of the work), and so carry them about with him, to be shewn always to guards and coachmen at the commencement of every journey.

The arts of hiring and managing servants are treated of with the author's usual particularity and good sense; as well as the advantage of having your stables attached to your house; so that you can, at all times, enter them when you are least expected. It will be very well, too, we may add, to make use—habitually—of this power. Servants, in many cases, do not like it: no matter; there are abundance abroad:—get those who do. Never permit yourself to be regarded as an intruder in any part of your own domains; and accustom your domestics to pursue their avocations under your eye: those who don't like this are not such as you need be much distressed at losing.

In the circumstance of livery, our author's taste is grave:—

"Costly thy Habit as thy Purse  
Can buy, but not expressed in fancy,  
Rich not gaudy: for the Apparel oft proclaims  
The Man."  
*Shakspeare.*

"We recommend a Blue, Brown, Drab, or Green Livery, the whole of the same Colour. To have a Coat of one Colour, and lined with another, a Waist-coat of another, and the other Clothes of another Colour, claims the Poet's censure—it is "Gaudy"—unless for a full Dress Livery on a Gala Day."

We are not quite sure about this; a good share of the "outward and visible sign" of servitude rather tends perhaps sometimes to keep the bearer in proper remembrance of his condition. We have known very judicious persons who have thought that a footman should always look as much like a jack-pudding as possible. If you are a humourist, there is a comicality in giving a man a livery that does not fit him.

In many passages, servants are schooled and instructed as to their duties. Not in the usual ironical and contradictory style—as, "always to lean as light as possible when they rub a table, and as hard when they clean a window"—"never to wake in a morning without being called: if their masters cannot wake, how should they?" &c. &c.—but always with a due effect of gravity and good sense. As for example—touching the shutting of a coach door:—

"Never permit officious Strangers to shut your Carriage Door; in order to save their own time and trouble, and to accomplish this at once, some idle and ignorant people will bang it so furiously, one almost fancies that they are trying to upset the Carriage, the pannels of which are frequently injured by such rude violence; therefore, desire your Coachman to be on the watch, and the moment he sees any one prepare to touch your Door, to say loudly and imperatively 'Don't meddle with the Door!'"

A well-trained coach-dog, by the way, might be taught to seize any person whom he saw meditating such an act as this.

Page 82, the author notices a peculiar grievance to which those who have equipages are subject, and shews the means of remedying it:—

"Do not permit Strangers to place themselves behind your Carriage at any time, or under any pretence whatever. There are innumerable instances of Carriages having been disabled from proceeding, and Travellers robbed and finished, by

allowing such accommodation. The Collectors of Check Braces, and Footmen's Holders, assume all kind of Characters, and are so expert, that they will take these articles off in half the time that your Coachman can put them on; and will rob you of what you cannot replace for a Pound, though they cannot sell them for a Shilling.

"Therefore, Spikes are indispensable when you have not a Footman; otherwise, you will be perpetually loaded with idle people, *i. e.* unless you think that two or three outside passengers are ornamental or convenient, or you like to have your Carriage continually surrounded by Crowds of Children, incessantly screaming, 'Cut! Cut behind!'"

An excellent mode to abate this nuisance, when you go to a race, a fight, or other place of public diversion, is to have your hind standards fresh painted about ten minutes before you set out. If it be a hackney coach, use coal-tar.

To intruders, however, upon his peace, of whatever character, the doctor shews no mercy; and, in particular, chastises that most indefensible custom of carpenters, masons, and others getting up to work at six o'clock in the morning. One of the most beneficial acts of the legislature, he affirms, would be to abolish by law, that—

"*Vulgar and Barbarous Custom* which prevails among common Workmen, when they first come to work in the Morning, to make as much Noise as they possibly can; thus, if you live near any Manufactory, &c., or if a house is building or repairing near you—from Six in the Morning till half-past, they will raise such a horrible din of Hammering, &c., that all within Ear shot of them are presently awake; and indeed they seem to do it for that sole purpose; for the following hours they are often quiet enough."

It appears, too, that there is a double villainy premeditated in this practice:—

"Those who are so outrageously active so early in the day are technically termed *Powters*, *i. e.* such extraordinary industry being very often a mere manoeuvre to deceive their Neighbours, which they artfully affect to gain Credit, and which, like setting up a shewy Shop Front, is one of the usual tokens of approaching Bankruptcy."

The animals who are given to early rising come, as well as their masters, within the scope of our author's malediction:—

"Fowls, Parrots, Dogs, or any other of those Beasts or Birds, which (because they make most Noise) are vulgarly called *Dumb Animals*, bleating, barking, bellowing, in the Front Area or back Garden of a House, &c., are an offence against the Public Peace—are an Indictable Nuisance; and on the complaint of a Neighbouring Housekeeper, are as cognizable by Constables, Street Keepers, Watchmen, &c. surely as justly as the Owners of such Animals would be, were they to hoot and bellow there,—for which they would, in the first instance, be taken to a Watchhouse, and in the second Indicted and fined or sent to the Tread Mill."

"Qx. What difference does it make whether the Peace is broken, and Sleep destroyed, by an *Animal plumis, vel implumis et b pes,*" *i. e.* whether it wears ready-made Clothes, or employs a Tailor? Surely it will not be allowed in this Age of Refinement, that the former is entitled to more consideration than the latter.

"They manage these things better in France. All Dogs, Fowls, &c. found in the Streets of Paris, are finished forthwith by the *Gens d'Armes.*"

The above were to have been part of the provisions of a "Sleep Act," of which Dr. Kitchiner's premature death has unfortunately deprived us. The principle, however, upon which it was to have proceeded is preserved in the present book—to wit, "That nothing of any value was ever done after eleven o'clock at night!"



The treatise on "Lending your Carriage," is obviously from the pen of a man hackneyed in the ways of the world:—

"As soon as you set up a Carriage, lots of Idle and Impertinent People, and all the various branches of 'the *Skin-Flints*,' and 'the *Save-Alls*,' are up early on the alert, setting all kinds of Traps to ride at your cost.

"Caution those Friends to whom you may give such accommodation, not to mention it: if they trot about, telling every one that they and you know, that 'Mr. *Benevolus* was so good as to lend us his Carriage, and we had such a nice ride all round here and there, and, &c.'

"If any of the numerous members of the '*Free and Easy*,' or 'the *Save-All*' families, who happen to have the slightest acquaintance with you, hear that you have given this accommodation to some very old and excellent Friend, who may have honestly earned every attention that you can possibly offer:—I should not wonder, if they were to Whisper to one another, 'Oh, oh! is it so?—well,—I have really a vast respect for Mr. B.—hav'nt you? And if he is so exceedingly fond of Lending his Leathern convenience, don't you think that we ought to do him the favour to Borrow it?—it will be so exceedingly convenient when we go to our Uncle *Makefeasts*—for we can't hire a Glass Coach to take us Ten miles and back under *Thirty Shillings*, you know!'

"If you have any regard for *Punctuality*, take care who you carry with you, especially when going out to Dinner!

"If you undertake to carry people to one place, some unreasonable selfish beings are, not seldom, so pleased at an opportunity of shewing off '*en carrosse*,' that they will plague you with perpetual solicitations to stop at almost every Door they pass;—Aye, and act as if they fancied that they were jumping in '*an Errand Cart*.' Tell such Free and Easy folks very plainly, that *you must be at a certain Place at a certain Time*, and have not a moment to spare.

"If you have any Mercy for your Horses, lend them not to others, unless you limit the *Time* they are to be out, and the *Distance and Pace* they are to go; say not exceeding ten Miles."

On the whole, our readers, we think, will find it safer never to lend at all.

As you do not lend your carriage yourself, it is not worth while to allow your coachman to lend it for you. And there are a set of impudent people about town who would hire a gentleman's carriage at night in the street—if they met with it—as soon as a hackney-coach. If ever you detect a gentleman in such a situation as this, it will become your duty to give him in charge to a watchman immediately. It will also be no moral sin if you make his head (for a limited time) the pillow of your cudgel. For your coachman, send him about his business next morning; and—whenever you find it necessary to discharge a servant—let the one who succeeds him know the crime for which he suffered.

"Desire your Coachman never to dispute with, or return any uncivil language to any Coachman, Carman, &c.: if your Carriage is obstructed or offended by any disorderly persons, take out your Pocket Book, and let them see you are setting down their Number, and then coolly tell them you will summon them if they do not immediately clear the way.

"By the 1st Geo. I. c. 57, 'Drivers of Hackney Coaches are to give way to Gentlemen's Carriages, under a penalty of 10s.'"

We pray Heaven this act be not repealed!

Again:—

"If curious Children ask 'Whose Carriage is this?' tell your Coachman to Stare full in their face, and Say Nothing: if they have the Impudence to repeat the Question, he may reply, 'it belongs to Mr. PRY.' If equivocation be ever allowable, it is to such Impertinents."

Or he may call out to the footman—"Tom! has Towzer been fed this morning?"

**Tom.**—"No."

**Coachman.**—"Then bring him here, and let him breakfast upon these children!"

The presence of a large dog keeps off intrusion a good deal: and, if he won't bite, have him muzzled, that he may look as if he would.

Moreover, it must be taken care that those do not offend themselves who are to reprehend offence in others:—

"If any of your Coachman's own acquaintance speak to him while he is either driving or waiting for You, he must answer them only by a civil movement of his Head or Whip hand. Nothing is more disrespectful and disorderly than Gossiping while on Duty."

We might go on into far greater length—for the whole matter of the book is eccentric and interesting; but our limits warn us to draw to a conclusion. The work before us, we may repeat, is one which does credit both to the heart and to the head of the writer; for, with abundant perception of that which is economical, and a becoming aversion to being imposed upon, there is nothing like an oppressive or parsimonious spirit displayed in any page of it, from the beginning to the end. On the whole, it is a book which will be generally read, and deserves to be so; no less for the whim and eccentricity with which it is written, than for the knowledge of almost innumerable things in which many men are interested, with which it abounds. As a code for our guidance in the little affairs and details of life, it becomes, perhaps, the fairest and truest index to what was the state of the author's own opinion and feeling upon such subjects. And the result (as regards that point) which we should deduce is—that he possessed penetration enough to detect the little faults which every man must have to allege against his fellow-creatures, in this world; with sufficient prudence, as well as *bon-homme*, to induce him to pardon or make the best of them.

#### TO A LADY.

"Sing thou of me!" Sweet lady, dare  
I listen to that dangerous prayer?

Can I of thee sing coldly?  
My tongue's root very near, indeed,  
Is to my heart, and it will plead  
That poor heart's cause too boldly.

"Sing thou of me!" Apelles' doom  
Will sure be mine, who dared presume  
Campaspe to pourtray;  
The form to which he task'd his art  
Stole from his tablet to his heart,  
And reft his peace away.

"Sing thou of me!" Yes; I must bow  
To thy decrees as fate's—yet thou  
Wear not Ithuriel's frown,  
If, while my obedient lips essay  
A theme so soul-entrancing, they  
Should come too near thy own.

H. N.

## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE political arrangements, of the last month, are important rather in that which they are likely to lead to, than from any results which have yet arisen out of them. The new government is completely formed; and a strong earnest of its stability is, that some of its most vehement opponents, find so little chance of overturning it as *Whig*, that they have turned round and are assuring the world that it is *Tory*! This is whimsical; but if such a reading gratifies the feelings of any party, there can be no objection to its being adopted. The fact is, that the government is composed of the moderate men of both sides; and whether it be called "*Whig*" or "*Tory*," will make little difference, so long as it acts upon that policy which those of the late ministers who were esteemed *Tories* by preference, resisted. As the list stands—except that it wants shining talent—it stands well; and shining talent (combined with political knowledge and fitness) is not to be found on either side the House. The Marquis of Lansdown, as Home Secretary, is pledged to the support of Catholic Emancipation; a measure, the success of which *alone*, we take to be of the most *vital* importance to this country. Mr. Huskisson will not forget that he was the founder of the system of *open trade*; although his immediate office is that of Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Herries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is said to hold rather strait-laced opinions; but his place is not one of patronage; and, without any offence to his pretensions, his political consequence is not at present enough to make his opinions a matter of much importance. And the Duke of Wellington is again commander in-chief; which—no matter what his political opinions are—we rejoice to see him, and he well deserves to be. It will be a circumstance of some regret in the country, that to the names above-mentioned (joined to that of Lord Goderich), Mr. Peel's name cannot be added. We do not despair, however, of seeing it in that position yet. Mr. Peel wants but a very short step to acquiescence in the principles, upon which the present Ministry (as it is understood) are to proceed; and that step, we are inclined to hope, reflection and increasing experience will induce him before long to take. He must feel, that, whatever difference may exist upon some peculiar questions, he possesses in the main (independent of all "*party*," in a very eminent degree, the confidence of the country; and that it is his duty, if he can do so without an absolute compromise of principle, to give that country the benefit of his services. His steady temper and consideration will also find no difficulty in discriminating between those wild innovations, which a few talking people may have vapoured about, but which no influential party can ever have thought to realize, and those more gradual changes which an altering condition of society, in every country, must from time to time demand; and which in England, up to a certain (and not to a very limited) point, no man than himself has been more forward in promoting. The secondary appointments of Government have been given chiefly to people at present very little known; and might, we think, in one or two instances, have been bestowed more advantageously. If the object in such nominations be to initiate men of talent and station into the duties of office, it seems to be a very great mistake, that Lord Althorpe should be suffered to remain without employment—if he would accept it. Mr. Brougham has as yet received nothing; it is said, because (with very excellent taste and judgment) he will take no appointment that is not connected with his profession.



The learned gentleman evinces as much sound sense in this resolution, as he is in the habit, on all occasions, of displaying shining talent: with his faculties—which make the highest grades of honourable success certain—it would be ill calculation for him to take up the *trade* (always questionable), of a politician. Sir James Scarlett will probably have the first vacant judgeship, and make way for Mr. Brougham in his present post of attorney-general.

One of the first contemplated measures of the new ministry, is said to be a plan, by Lord Lansdown, for reforming our metropolitan police. This, at least, is the report; whether founded in fact, or born of commercial indignation for the burglaries lately committed in Bread-street, we do not pretend to determine. Whichever way the fact may be, however, attempts at improvement can do no mischief, and can scarcely avoid producing, in detail, some advantage; but we are not disposed to be sanguine as to any very material change, so far as the abatement of crime is concerned, to be effected by the noble Marquis's exertions. There are but two courses, in the way of police arrangement or criminal legislation, which we can take to check the quantity of crime currently existing in the country; and it is hardly possible to take a step in either of them without doing that which is open to objection. An increased severity in punishing offence cannot be the remedy which is proposed: that course would be no less in the teeth of the spirit of the new government, than contrary to the general opinions of society. And for the system of prevention—the advantage of that engine has long been understood; but it is impossible to take any material steps in the employment of it, without trespassing to exactly the same extent upon the liberties of the subject: the freedom which we lose is of more value than the security which we gain. The fact is, that the very constitution of society in a country like England, leads inevitably to the creation of offences against property—and those are the only offences which increase with us—in a very wide and extended degree. Independently of those crimes which arise out of the want of employment or of food, the very abundance of riches that exists in the country, and the absolutely vital necessity which is felt (and inculcated) for possessing them, must have the effect of making some men knaves, while it renders so many productively stirring and industrious. "*Affaires, embarras, servitudes, projets,*" says a French writer; "*tout cela se lit sur tous les visages.*" *Dans une société de vingt personnes, DIX-HUIT s'occupent des moyens d'avoir de l'argent, et QUINZE N'EN TROUVERONT POINT!*" This is but a fair description of the state of society in England; and where so many men are bent upon gaining one object, there will always be a proportion who will attempt to gain it in an illegal way.

The *Times* of the 25th ultimo—it is going rather far back for a notice, but we want to say a word upon the subject—throws out a hint to the "nepotism" of English bishops, in an account of church employments held by one family only—a father and two sons—no fewer than *eight* appointments—to the annual amount of 26,000*l.*! The paragraph concludes with an intimation, that "the clergy in general of the country are deeply disgusted at these arrangements." What cause the "clergy" may have for disgust, we shall not stop to inquire; because a fact of more extended importance is most certain—that the *public* has deep cause for disgust at the *general disposition* of church property in this country. It is not enough that the most extravagantly enormous revenues are raised every year from the people, to support a list of superior church dignitaries—

who actually perform no duty for these sums, even in the way of their calling; but the persons whom these well-paid sinecurists hire to execute their sacred office, are so wretchedly remunerated for their work, that they are compelled literally to become beggars for private bounty, and *cap* for a *douceur* at the end of their task, like postilions or mail coachmen. We have nothing to do here with the abstract question of the degradation or non-degradation of poverty; an immense sum is levied, for the maintenance of a certain class of public functionaries; and the least that we are entitled to expect is to see those functionaries credit the country by presenting the style and habits of respectability. Men whose livelihood is gained by the daily soliciting of gratuities (according to the opinions and feelings that prevail in England) do not do so. It is offensive—we might almost say disgusting—to see in a wealthy and populous London parish—a parish which pays perhaps to its resident clergy an income of four or five thousand pounds a-year—the officiating minister of that parish, after delivering a solemn exhortation from the pulpit to fifteen hundred, or two thousand persons, lay his sacred garments (and tone) briskly aside, and bow, as he receives the church dues after the performance of a wedding or a christening—"For so much"—(whatever are the regular fees)—"I am accountable to Dr. (So-and-So) the rector: *any thing* you please to give me *over* that sum, I am allowed to keep for myself!" It has been said, that a religion—like every other institution in which mortals have concern—has but its day and its termination: and perhaps the condition of any system must be something advanced, under which such advertisements as that in a Gloucestershire paper that lies before us at this moment—"To be sold, the next presentation to a living of 800*l.* a-year; in a good sporting neighbourhood"—may be found twice a week in half the newspapers in England. But this practice of clergymen *asking alms* in the church is too disgraceful, where a liberal and large allowance (as far as the public is concerned) is already made. We have no intention, by these remarks, to wound the feelings of individuals. On the contrary, we entertain no doubt that the parties whose conduct we complain of, are the sufferers under a bad system, rather than the offenders. But still the system is disgraceful, and ought to be altered. It may be difficult for any church establishment to secure the consistent private conduct of all its members; but it is scandalous that a church, endowed as that of England is, should leave them without the means (in public) of maintaining a deportment of independence and respectability.

Letters from Cheltenham state, that "Mr. Terry (late of Covent Garden) who is the manager of the theatre there, takes his benefit this evening. Colonel Berkeley performs on the occasion, and is to wear a dress which has cost *seven hundred guineas*. The character which the noble amateur enacts is his favourite one of "Richard *Cœur de Lion*"!!

*Fowling Extraordinary!*—"The Duke of St. Albans," an Evening Paper says, "intends to commence the shooting season in good earnest. His Grace has ordered *fifty canisters* of gunpowder; *sixteen bags* of shot; and two double-barrelled guns, with *gold touch-holes*, and *armorial bearings*!" *Devant tant de belles choses, les pardrix se prosternent!*—or ought to do. But we are surprised it has never occurred to his Grace, since his marriage, or to other persons of his rank, to shoot with *gold shot*!

"It is said that Sir James Mackintosh has sold his *History of England*

(now finished) to Messrs. Longman, for six thousand guineas!"—*Globe*. It may be said: and, if it were sworn, we would not believe it.

The wretched egg-shell style of building houses, which modern foppery and parsimony has introduced among us of late years, in London, is extending itself, it appears, to America. In the course of the last week (at home), a large portion of new brick work, belonging to some of the rascally edifices that are running up about Spa Fields, came down upon the labourers who were building it! the case not having gone on to the proper time for crushing future hirers, or inhabitants: and the *New York Advertiser* describes the falling down, in that city, of "one of those miserable shells which modern meanness has substituted for substantial edifices," just as the workmen were putting the last touch to it,—“finishing slating the roof!” One man was killed on this occasion, and five seriously injured. A considerable crowd, however, collected, who looked sharp for the speculator; and it is supposed that (although they did not find him) the “demonstration” exhibited will not be without its general effect. The American Paper very justly (as it seems to us) observes, that the safety of all classes of the community, calls for a *penal law* upon this subject; and that persons employed upon such houses are exposed even to more danger than those who become resident in them. “Our firemen,” the Editor says, in particular, “who are daring enough upon firm and well built edifices, will be justified if they leave such traps as these to their fate.”

The indifference, however, to personal danger which is displayed by labourers of almost every class (unless it be some danger that *certainly* and *presently* exhibits itself), would be matter of surprise, were its manifestation less incessant. It is scarcely three months past since all the science of London and Paris was rampant about the new “Disinfecting Agents” discovered—the *liqueurs Labarraque*; the operation of which was so rapid and powerful, that accidents from putridity or unwholesome air were to be considered at an end: the most poisonous common sewer, or vault, or drain, was cured instantaneously by their exhibition! The experiments made on some of the Paris “*Egouts*” surprised all Europe; and it was under calculation how much it would cost to keep the streets of Edinburgh sweet by the year—beginning at five o'clock in the morning; as well as whether it might not be possible (now they have got a “Constitutional” government) to do something for Lisbon. Now the use to which we turn discoveries like this, is curiously exemplified by the papers of to-day (August 5th). The *Globe* quotes from a weekly paper, the *Gazette of Health*, a recipe for a cheaper “disinfecting liquor” than those “advertised for purchase” (those of Labarraque)—a mixture of oxymuriatic acid, with nitric acid and water, instead of the choluret of soda, or choluret of lime: so that it appears the advantage of employing these safeguards is not at all lost sight of or forgotten. We then come to the Morning Journals, which contain, first, a notice, headed—“Dreadful Accident from Foul Air,” taken from the *Journal des Débats*; from which it appears that seven persons have just been destroyed in emptying a sewer under the House of Correction at Riom: this is in the country where the discovery originally came from. And, secondly, an account, that at the soap manufactory of Messrs. Crossfield and Fell, in Warrington,—“Three men who were engaged in stirring a boiler, into which vitriol had been poured to bleach the soap, fell down in consequence of the emitted stench; and, before assistance could be had, the contents



of the copper boiled over upon them," by which horrible death, *two* died: this is in the country where twenty pamphlets upon the discovery have been written.

*Royal Bon Mot*.—"During the time that his late Majesty George the Third was indisposed at Windsor, it was frequently his custom to play a game at cards. On one occasion, while playing with Dr. —, one of his physicians, at picquet, the doctor was about to lay down his hand, saying, as he wanted but twelve of being out, he had won the game; for (added he), "I have a quatorze of tens." The King bid him keep his cards. "Tens" were good for nothing just then. "For," said his Majesty, looking significantly at Dr. —, and laying down four *Knaves*—"here are my four physicians!"—*Examiner*. The late King—rest his soul!—was a heavy joker; but surely he never could have volunteered a *niadserie* like this! The *Examiner* does not like kings, and must have invented it.

The *Théâtre Odeon* has opened, with its English company, at Paris, during the last month; and the opinions of the French critics upon the merits of our actors and drama, recal to us a theory which we took the liberty to hazard, a short time since, touching the entire incompetency of the people of one country ever to judge (with real accuracy) upon the dramatic representations of another. The English performers who have most delighted the Parisians, are those whom we either never hear of, or consider perfectly detestable, in London. A Miss Smithson, who used to play minor characters, at Drury Lane Theatre, is ravishing all Paris, in *Ophelia*, and *Juliet*. Mr. Power, who (though an extremely good actor in low Irish characters) is literally horrible when he attempts any thing in the way of a gentleman, the French journals pronounce to have been admirable, in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*,—"an actor, possessing great intelligence, with remarkable correctness!" while Liston is described in *Acres*, as "a mannerist, whose voice is sluggish, and whose jerking pronunciation too often degenerates into huskiness—these defects being the more to be regretted, as he appears to have passed the age when they might be remedied!" Eventually the writer admits that Liston is "amusing, and likely to be a useful member of the company;" but he evidently rates him low; for the tone changes directly he comes to discuss the merits of Mr. Abbott—who is said to have "a noble appearance, and to wear the military costume with great advantage!" Poor Mr. Abbott! A "Mr. Chippendale" too—who he is we have not an idea—is mixed up with the grandees—"Liston, Abbott, Chippendale, and Power"—as one of the *genuine* stars from the London boards, who have already appeared at the *Odeon*; and great commendation is bestowed upon a "Mrs. Vaughan," for her performance of—the *Queen*, in *Hamlet*! As for Miss Smithson, the journalist, if we recollect right, draws a parallel between her and Mademoiselle Mars!"

The fact is, as we some time back asserted, that there can be very little perception, in any country, of the merits of a foreign performance. Humorous, or what is called "broad" comedy, must, nineteen twentieths of it, be local; and the nicer circumstances which go to the composition of accomplished acting, even in genteel comedy, and in tragedy, have quite as much reference to an ideal standard of manners, &c. maintained in the country to which the performer belongs, as to any principles existing in nature. It is true that we can make a rough estimate; an English actor totally destitute of manner and deportment, who attempted to act the heroes of Congreve and Farquhar, would be detected, perhaps, in Paris:

but such a degree of vulgarity and destitution of those qualities as would hopelessly shut out an actor from that caste of characters in a London theatre, a French audience would not be in the slightest degree sensible of. In fact, the native of any country, who looks at a foreign actor, stands—giving him every allowance for qualification—in the position of a man not conversant with painting, who looks at a picture: he finds out the *excellencies*, if there are any, but he passes over all the blots. Nine times in ten there is a great deal that such a spectator feels he does not quite understand; he has never a very entire confidence in any portion of his judgment, and the more ability he has, the more afraid he is of making a mistake; and a whole crowd of faults will pass over unquestioned, under the single shade of some supposed taste or habit “peculiar to the country to which the actor belongs”—to his being “out of his element before a foreign audience”—entitled to “allowance under such circumstances,” &c. &c.

The value of this last admission, in dramatic affairs, is prodigious: actors are constantly applauded very highly—and by discerning persons—at Minor theatres (where this “consideration” is extended), who fail entirely when they come to the ordeal of a full audience in a national theatre. The great mass of people, however, who attend (and up to a certain point must decide upon) the merit of *foreign* performances in every country, by no means possess the most elementary qualifications for criticism in such a situation. The English who attend the theatres in France, and who frequent the little French theatre, in London, do not, one in ten of them—even those who read French, and even speak it intelligibly—understand one word in six that they hear uttered! and the French confess, without hesitation, that they are in the same difficulty with respect to us. We always hear the “*Mon Dieu!*” and they always catch the “*God damn!*” but of every sentence, amounting in length to thirty words, the last two and twenty (even where the speaker means to be particularly intelligible) are invariably lost. The French *Globe*, which contains the most sensible notice of our Anglo Parisian exhibitions, describes Mr. Abbott, as being “*what the English call a nice gentleman.*”

The non-payment of the Dividend upon the “*Mexican Bonds*,” this 1st of October, of which due notice has been given on the Stock Exchange, and at which Cobbett last week (Saturday the 22d Sept.) is quite rampant with delight, falls rather unluckily as to time, for a “*Letter upon the Affairs of Greece*,” that has appeared in most of the daily papers, in which the unhappy position of that interesting country is very ably described, and a sort of suggestion thrown out, that something in the way of a “*further loan*” from England might be very sovereign in the removal of its difficulties. The argument used (for Greece) on this occasion, is ingenious; it amounts shortly to this—that England having already lent a great deal of money to Greece, which (as matters stand) is in a fair way of being lost, the best thing that we can do will be to lend a little more. But still—though no doubt there is a great deal in this—it has not entirely the effect of satisfying our scruples. We fully agree that all the money which has been sent to Greece—(we beg pardon, we should say, all that has been *paid by individuals* in England, *on account of the Greek loan*)—is irrecoverably gone; but we are rather afraid that the most prudent course will still be—to let it go, and say no more about it. Our *loss* being made the measure by which we are to *lend*, is pleasant as a hypothesis; but, as there can hardly be a doubt that every fresh loan would, under such circum-

stances, increase the expediency of our farther advancing, there is no saying—as long as we have a penny left in the country—where such a principle might stop. To speak seriously, with every wish for the success of Greece, and even for the interests of those whose views are to be advanced by her success, we cannot recommend to our countrymen to advance that object by the loan of another *siapence*. Were they inclined to give any thing, it may be another matter: because then we know what we are about. Though even then a difficulty might arise in the manner of bestowing the bounty; for the wants, throughout Greece, seem to be so general, that there is considerable danger that the first Greek who got hold of the money, would—as charity begins at home—conceive he could not better fulfil the donors' intention than by letting it end there, and applying that which had fallen in his way to the relief of himself. At all events, however, we take it to be a matter beyond doubt, that a further Greek loan would be a project too desperate—even for the jobbers of the Stock Market. The intrinsic value of the securities already existing, is not—with any reference to the chance of payment by Greece—five pounds in the hundred; we should say scarcely as many shillings. Besides, the people of England have not so soon forgotten the transactions connected with the *last* loan: at least we hope they have not. If they have, let them look to the papers and periodicals of six months back, and refresh their memories. “Greece” is coming again rather too soon.

*A View to Essentials—*

“No Venus of stone, but of good flesh and bone.”—*Old Song*.

The Place of St. Mark at Venice, which is the great focus of gaiety and luxury (the *Palais Royal*) of the city, was, prior to the overthrow of the French regime under Bonaparte, a good deal inhabited, as well as promenaded, &c., by females of a doubtful reputation. On the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, the Austrian government becoming ascendant, found this state of things objectionable; and in a general reform of the police of Venice, purified the Place of St. Mark, by turning out all the ladies. The inhabitants, however—as it is dangerous attacking men upon their foibles—were highly indignant at this interference; and the purification was not pardoned, although, under the same authority, the famous Horses of Lysippus, the pride of the city, were restored. The horses came in, and the ladies were sent out (by way of soothing the feelings of the lower orders), on the same day: but this device did not at all satisfy any class of the Venetians; who walked about, murmuring—*Bella cosa! Guardate i suoi cavalli, e ci lasciate le nostre vacche!*—*French Globe*.

*Perverseness of Foreigners.*—“What a rum language they talk in this place!” said an English sailor the other day to his companion, who arrived a few days later than the speaker himself had done at Rochefort—“Why, they call a cabbage, a *shoe* (choux)?” “They are a d—d set!” was the reply, “why can’t they call it a cabbage?”

The *Globe* (English) of yesterday evening, in its leading article, attacks the system of “holding parties to bail” for slight or ordinary offences at Police Offices; and complains that the effect of this practice—as great numbers of persons *cannot find bail*—is frequently to inflict an imprisonment of six weeks upon a man *before* trial, whose sentence by the Court will not exceed a trifling fine, or an imprisonment of a few days, after it, or who may possibly be acquitted. The writer goes on by suggesting the superior advantage of allowing persons under such accusations to go at



large; inasmuch as the greater part of them would probably come forward at the time of trial; and if any failed, it would be a slighter evil to incur the trouble of apprehending such again, than it is at present to retain numbers of persons needlessly and unjustifiably in confinement. We should have no objection to the enforcement of such a prison regulation as should ensure the separation of all offenders committed for civil misdemeanours, from those in custody for larceny or felony; but we certainly cannot agree with the *Globe* that the practice of holding to bail, or committing in default of bail, for such offences, should be abandoned. We think that the practice does a great deal of good; and modified as it is by the magistrates to circumstances, very little, if any, mischief. The chief parties concerned in the question are the poorer classes; and the bail which is demanded in their cases is very low. The sureties (unless in atrocious cases, where "notice" is directed to be given,) are never very closely examined; the amount seldom exceeds £20.; and, in trifling or vexatious charges, the magistrate takes the recognizance of the party accused, which costs him half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence. Now, decidedly, it seems to us that a vast deal of mischief is *prevented* by this simple process. If six Jews happen to quarrel (which does happen about five times a week), because they live in one house, or in one court, in Petticoat-lane, if it were not for the power of the magistrate to confine the original offender, or demand sureties from him, such a contest might continue, either until one half of the disputants were killed, or the first day of the Quarter Sessions came—there would be no natural or official termination to it. The imprisonment, or holding to sureties, of a man who has been guilty of rioting, or of assaulting his neighbours, *abates the nuisance*: it either puts the offender under restraint, or removes him from the scene of action. If such a man be liberated without conditions, he returns to the place, and to the parties, in which or against whom his offence has been committed; and in a temper which almost certainly leads to its repetition. Sheen, the murderer, was no sooner discharged from custody, in consequence of the error in his indictment, than he conducted himself in such a manner in the house where he resided, that a proceeding, the effect of which was (almost illegally) to deprive him of his liberty, was found necessary, and resorted to.

In fact, the abandonment of this custom would render the appeal to a Police Office—which now terminates a dispute effectively—of no force or value whatever. It may occasionally happen that a man, after suffering imprisonment for three weeks or a month, is *acquitted* of the offence charged against him; but this is a casualty to which the law—not as regards misdemeanours only, but transportable or capital crimes also—is subject; men are very often *acquitted* on charges of felony, after having been several months in prison: but no one believes, therefore, that it would be right to allow murderers and burglars to go at large, upon their *parole*, from the time of their apprehension to the day of trial! The necessity under which the *protégés* of the *Globe* labour, of being sent to prison, or of finding bail for a misdemeanor, that journal seems to forget is a part of the *punishment* imposed for their offence! just as completely in practice, and universal understanding, a part of their punishment, though not yet sanctioned by the sentence of any court, as the being locked up all night in the watch-house (although discharged, perhaps, with merely a reprimand by the magistrates, next morning), is a known and understood part of the penalty of a man's being found intoxi-

cated and riotous in the street. And the extent of the sentence pronounced upon their conviction very often in words refers to, and is regulated by, that very fact—"The Court takes into its consideration the time that the prisoner has already been confined, and orders"—so and so. Whether it be worth while to *diminish* the penalty which attaches to the commission of the kind of offences under discussion—and which, even with the consequences at present known to follow upon them, occupy two-thirds of the time of our police magistrates—may possibly be a question (though we do not well see how) for consideration. But certainly, if any species of penalty is to be inflicted, that punishment should seem to be the most useful and effective, which at once *stops the continuance* of the offence—by either laying under securities—or separating—the contending parties. In the greater number of instances, however, as the law stands, the bail demanded, after a short delay, is found. And this changes the lesson given into a fine, instead of a certain number of days' imprisonment. The expense of the recognizances, in one shape or other to the party accused, being ten or a dozen shillings; and the bail itself, in almost all cases among the lower classes, (at a fixed per centage on the amount) *paid for*.

"The following pithy placard" (the *Courier* says) "has lately been twice stuck up at Madrid, where it has created a considerable sensation from the crowds assembled to read it."—"The French in the Ebro; the English in the Tagus; the Liberals at the devil; and down with the King!" The writer, whoever he may be, certainly seems to be on very charitable terms with all parties.

The winter theatres are both about to commence their season; and have advertised, against each other, the dramatic force that they set out with. Covent Garden is very strong indeed in actors; Kean, Charles Kemble, and Young, are engaged in tragedy; and Wrench is to supply the place of Jones, in comedy. We should very much like to see Coleridge's tragedy—*Remorse*, revived, with the aid of this company, at Covent Garden. The acting of Rae and Elliston gave the play no chance of even reasonable success, when it was produced; and it would hardly be possible to find a tragedy containing two characters at the same time, so equal and so well suited to the powers of Young and Kean, as the two brothers in *Remorse*—*Don Alcar*, and *Don Ordonio*. Drury Lane puts its trust rather in opera and farce; and brings forth the strong attraction (combined) of Braham and Miss Paton, Liston, Jones, and Mathews. Madame Vestris, however, who is the best actress in England, is engaged at Covent Garden. Mr. Macready is the tragedian. A son of Mr. Kean's, is also to appear: about whom, by the way, no more such very direct *puffs*, as one or two that we could point out, should appear, or the young man's fair chance of reception will be weakened. Considering the great practice that people have, puffing really is not near so well done as it ought to be. It strikes us, we must do a little in that way—just to set an example to those who manage it so clumsily—ourselves. It will be a singular occurrence, rather, if Kean's son should prove a considerable actor; for the talent of the stage has seldom been hereditary. The children of many obscure performers have become eminent: but there are very few instances in which the descendant of a considerable actor or actress has been distinguished. To take instances within recent recollection, or of the present day, for example—Mr. Elliston has a son upon the stage: with none of the striking talent of the father. Mr.

Henry Siddons, the son of Mrs. Siddons, was a very bad actor indeed. Lewis had two sons upon the stage; neither of them of any value. Mr. Dowton has two sons (or had) in the same situation. And Mrs. Glover's two daughters will never rise above low mediocrity. On the other hand, Mr. Macready and Mr. Wallack, are both the sons of very low actors; and the late John Bannister and Mr. Tokely were similarly descended. Almost the only modern instance of the immediate descendant of a valuable performer turning out well, was in the case of Mrs. Jordan's daughter, Mrs. Alsop; who was very nearly as good an actress as her mother. Mr. Kean, junior, is stated to be very young: this is not in favour of his present excellence. We doubt if there is an instance on record of a very young man being a considerable actor. Both houses, however, advertise strong companies—whether they can afford to bring them into play, is another matter.

*Navigation in the Air.*—We noticed a short time since in the scientific department of our Magazine, the project of a gentleman of the name of Pocock, a schoolmaster of Bristol, for propelling a species of wheel carriage by means of the power of *kites*. An experiment made with this *char-volant*, some months back, near Windsor, in which it overtook and outstripped the carriage of the Duke of Gloucester (his Highness chancing to be travelling the same way) was noticed, at the time, by several London and provincial papers; and Mr. Pocock has now published a quarto book in explanation of his invention, interspersed with plates—some exhibiting men flying in the air at the tails of kites—others, ships at sea and stranded, sending messengers to shore by them—others still, carriages drawn over hill and dale by them, which horsemen riding *ventre à terre*, as the French describe it, are unable to overtake;—altogether a work as wild and eccentric as some persons will consider the discovery itself.

The objects—that is to say, the more important objects—to which Mr. Pocock finds his invention particularly applicable, are three in number: the propelling of ships in calm weather at sea; the drawing of carriages by land; and the elevating of individuals to enormous heights in the air, for the purposes of observation, escalade of fortresses, crossing of rivers, or any other acts for which such an exalted location may be considered available. All these works, he assures the public, have been EXPERIMENTALLY ACCOMPLISHED by the Kites; and although the author himself admits that some of his accounts have been thought a little strange by people not habitually incredulous, yet there is considerable curiosity in the steps by which his invention has been brought to its present state, as well as approved truth in many of the results which he describes to have been obtained from it.

Mr. Pocock informs us that having, when a boy, conceived some notions of the probability of making the drawing power of a kite applicable to useful purposes in life, it became an object with him, of course, in the first place, to try to what extent the force of the engine in question could be carried. With this view, he conceived the idea of procuring *two* paper kites: and flying up the *first* until it would *carry no more string*, he then tied the end of the first kite string, to the back of the *second* kite; and letting *that* up with its own length of cordage, he soon discovered that by adding *kite after kite* in this manner, an almost indefinite extent of power and elevation might be obtained. Encouraged by having fixed this principle, he proceeded in his labours; making a variety of improvements almost immediately in the construction and management of his kites:



such as building them *jointed*, in order that when of a large size they should be more portable; covering them with *linen* instead of paper, that they might be proof against the weather; and, particularly, furnishing them with three cords (independent of the main, or drawing string) called *brace lines*, the effect of which was to regulate their power when elevated, and to direct their course, without being left entirely at the discretion of the wind, through the atmosphere: until, at length, having further constructed a carriage peculiarly adapted to the application of his new impulse, he arrived so far at success as to be able upon ordinary roads to perform journies at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and to outstrip, as has already been stated, on one occasion, the carriage of the Duke of Gloucester, with his Royal Highness's postilions (as he says) putting their horses to the gallop.

For a full account of several strange matters that occurred in the course of the inventor's experiments, our readers must consult the book itself: but the practicability of impelling a carriage along a common road by the aid of kites certainly seems established beyond all doubt. On one trial (on the 8th of January in the present year), the projector performed a mile of ground over a very heavy road, in *two minutes and three quarters*; and on the same day several other miles in *three minutes* each. This was done between Bristol and Marlborough. At another time, he says he beat a London stage-coach, in a distance of *ten miles*, by no less than *twenty-five minutes*. Moreover, as, although by the assistance of the *brace lines*, his kites work perfectly well with a *side* wind, it is yet impossible for them to work *against* the wind, and consequently not easy for a traveller to go a journey with them, and come back (the wind remaining in the same quarter) in the same day—to obviate every difficulty, the inventor has added a *platform to the back of his Kite-carriage*, upon which a *pair of horses are carried along with the traveller!* remaining at all times fresh and in order, ready to be harnessed and set to work, in case the wind should fall, or veer round, or any other accident should make the ministry of such animals necessary!—These are the sort of speculations that every now and then make Mr. Pocock's narrative a little staggering.

The power of a kite twelve feet high, with a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is as much, our author says, as a man of moderate strength can stand against. Larger kites of course would have their power in proportion.

Beyond drawing carriages [By the way, how admirably these engines would do to tow canal boats?], Mr. Pocock, as we have already observed, looks that his kites shall be useful in propelling ships in calm weather. This expectation is founded upon the following fact:—Experiments have shewn, he says, that when a dead calm exists upon the level or surface of the sea—at the height of 150 feet in the air, a current of wind is often running at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. By elevating his kite in due time, the voyager would have the advantage of this breeze, while those ships unprovided would lie like logs upon the water, with their sails flapping.

In cases of shipwreck, upon a lee-shore, nothing of course would be more easy than to send a rope or a grappling iron to the top of a cliff by the same sort of conveyance: but “should it be deemed more expedient at once to send a *person* on shore, he may be borne” (the author says) “above the bursting billows, and alight, like a messenger of good from the flood,” upon the cliff or beach, as the case may be! In fact, he adds, if it so happened that female passengers or children were in the vessel so situated

—“what mode could be so desirable as to swing them securely in a hammock or cot, and thus transport them above the foaming billows, and land them dryshod on the shore?” And again, “these kites having power to *elevate one* in the air,” might be of the highest use in military service: as from such “flying observations, all the movements and manœuvres of an army might be distinctly marked.”

As *this* particular portion of Mr. Pocock's plan is the most curious and surprising, we regret that he has not been more careful in communicating the details of his experiments with respect to it. He pledges himself, in distinct terms, that the thing—that sort of elevation—*has been done*; and that his “daughter, who earnestly claimed from him the daring honour, was the first *Aëropleust*.” Still this is all the account we have of what has been effected in the way of *actual ascension into the air*, while the notices of experiments upon *terra firma* are given with the greatest possible amplitude and particularity:—which is rather unlucky.

For the present, however—certainly regretting the absence of information upon this material point, and also that his work generally is written in a style which makes it difficult to distinguish sometimes whether he is in jest or earnest—we must leave Mr. Pocock and his invention; not at all prejudicing our right to return to the discussion of his operations hereafter. As the thing stands, what has been done is very amusing, and displays great ingenuity; but we rather doubt the possibility of applying the power to any purposes beyond those of diversion. When the public, however, shall be possessed of more ample details as to the *extent and result* of Miss Pocock's, or any body else's “*Aëropleustic*” elevation, we shall then be better qualified to offer an opinion upon the probable eventual success of the author's project.

The efforts at change and improvement, are various and manifold, which are anticipated from the exertions of the new ministers, and especially from the presence of Lord Lansdown at the head of the Home Department: there is one great and necessary work which we hope the noble Marquis will not overlook—especially as it was most zealously laboured at by his predecessor in office—we mean some alteration in the detestable system of the Game laws. It is sufficient to read the grand jury charges of almost all the judges upon the late circuit, to see that some modification of the existing law every day becomes more necessary: and that the land-owners are now enjoying the right of crowding our gaols with prisoners, for depredations upon property, so situated and circumstanced by their own wilful insolence and obstinacy, that the law—were that property any other than what it is—would refuse altogether to notice or protect it. The Game laws of England—by some strange anomaly that it is difficult to understand the toleration of—instead of having amended and improved with the general increased freedom and information of the times, have been for years (practically) retrograding in spirit, and exhibiting, from day to day, a more atrocious disregard for the morals and security of the community. For every ten poachers that existed twenty years ago, the system since pursued by the land-owners themselves has raised up fifty. At a period when the daily increasing population and cultivation of the country pointed out every day what must be the increased difficulty of securing *any* property in it which was not accurately guarded, or at least ascertained and defined—this is the time that they have chosen for setting up their at best dull and unsportsmanlike system of “preserves,” and “battues” for collecting together upon

given points, vast quantities of a species of property as to which no visible ownership does or can exist; which is placed under no visible fence or protection; and which (from the state of the law, which the claimants of it themselves have made, and refuse to alter with respect to it) the very moment it is *stolen*, their fellow-citizens—although of the highest respectability—feel not the slightest hesitation to *buy* it.

Now we venture to affirm that there is no property, except Game, which the law would consent to protect under such circumstances. And we are perfectly confident—the thing cannot be tried, but all analogy we think will lead our readers to the same conclusion—that no London or Westminster jury would—if the case were before them to-morrow—consent to transport a man for poaching. One of the first feelings of the law of England—we hear it expressed from the Bench in criminal cases twice a week—is, that a man is not entitled, by a careless disposition of his goods, to lead those who may be distressed into temptation. He who has property, must put a reasonable guard upon it, or the law will not interfere to guard it for him. What Judge, we ask, is there, if a Baronet thought fit to leave his *silver spoons* in his unenclosed grounds all night—and cause the fact that they were left there to be publicly known—what Judge is there, although the owner's *property* in the spoons, and his *right* to place them there, would be perfectly undoubted, that would consent to transport a starving ploughman for having stolen them? And yet the silver spoons, upon every principle, would be a more justifiable property for the owner to expose than the pheasants; because *stolen* silver spoons are not an article of general commerce; not an article in which the wealthiest and most influential persons in the community openly and habitually deal; nor is theft (according to a law which the owner himself has made and insists upon maintaining) the *only* medium through which silver spoons—although every body has them, and is known to have them—can come into the possession of the great mass of the community.

We do not dream of throwing open—to all mankind—the property in game; we are disposed to leave the privileged classes much; but they must not be allowed, in the plenitude of their power, to run in the very teeth of common decency and of the first interests of the public. It would seem to be scarcely conceivable indeed, looked at it in the abstract, how there can be two opinions about the existence of a state of law, under which A, we will say a clergyman in London openly and unhesitatingly purchases the property of C, a squire in Gloucestershire, which B, a labourer, living near C's estate, is tried and transported at the assizes of the county, for having stolen! Every body knows that all the wealthy people in London buy game. Every body knows that all the poulterers in London sell it. Every body knows that all the stage-coach and mail-coach people—all the higglers and carriers that go through the country—regularly, and almost as their chief article of trade, carry and deal in it. And all this mass of dealing *must* be tainted with *theft*—must be carried on in direct violation of the law—to gratify the coxcombrity of a few individuals! one half of whom, after all, are absolutely traitors to their own covenant; for—it matters little whether they are paid in meal or malt, in money or in service—after their pride has led them to denounce and prohibit the sale of game, their necessities—the offspring of that same pride—induce them to sell it. If all this did no mischief, it would be sufficient to speculate upon and to smile at it; but that a large class of the people should become the sacrifices of such a system, is a state of things



which sense and freedom repudiate; and which public patience will not tolerate much longer.

The accounts in the Scottish papers, of the *immigration* of our Irish brethren, continue as alarming as ever. Steam-packet after steam-packet arrives at the quay of Glasgow; and, like the report upon the "outward walls" of Macbeth's castle,—as fast as each new *batiment* appears in sight,—"the cry" upon the Broomielaw, "is still—They come!" What is to be done in case Mr. Pocock's scheme for *kite* conveyance succeeds, we are at a loss to imagine. The *linen* too, to make the kites, the staple of their own manufacture? Certainly, unless Irishmen *generally*, found in England are declared contraband, we may look, every time a wind blows from the westward, to have the sky literally darkened with their coming sails between Holyhead and Dublin. This will be "carrying into effect the policy of the union of the two countries" (without the trouble of a motion from Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald) with a vengeance.

The approaching commencement of the winter performances at Drury-lane Theatre, has re-opened the dispute between Mr. Price and the renters, as to the right of the latter to "take places" upon the force of their "privilege of admission." The custom, as our readers will be aware, has been—on particular occasions, when very full audiences are expected—to refuse to "keep" or secure places for any applicant, who does not, by *purchasing a ticket* for the night, at the time of his application, give security to the house that he really intends to occupy them. The renters' claim is, that their nightly "admission of right" is entitled to be held equivalent in value to any nightly ticket, purchased, and that they have a general right to every privilege which the present payment of admission money can secure; and this right, the present manager thinks proper to deny. The quarrel is a difficult one to adjust, and one which it would have been better never to have made public; because now, however it may be settled, we are afraid the renters must be losers. Their right to every privilege which ready money payment could afford them, is as clear in law as it is in reason and equity; and no court could entertain a doubt, we apprehend, upon the question for a moment; but Mr. Price nonsuits our legal mediation, for he says—You (the renters) are 1400 in number; if you insist upon your right to secure places, you can more than fill all the places in which people choose to sit in the boxes of the theatre: and, if you do this, you *lose your dividend*—for no manager can pay the rent. The case, thus, whichever way it is arranged, is a difficult one: for the annual *sale* of their "right of admission" forms as much a part of the renters' gain as their annual dividend—and, perhaps, may be considered the more certain gain of the two. Now, if they insist upon their right, Mr. Price threatens to diminish the interest on their capital; for, he says, he cannot, at the present rent, keep open the theatre: and, if they give their right up, then their admission privilege becomes a deteriorated property, which will sell annually in the market for so much the less. The poor renters thus stand in a predicament directly the reverse of that of *Macheath* between his wives; for either horn of the dilemma seems almost equally sure to impale them. As the proverb, however, in all cases of doubt, particularly directs our attention to the *bird in hand*, we should hardly recommend them to wave the privilege of their free tickets.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Classical Manual, or a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil*; 1827.—Though full of conflicting statements and positive blunders, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary has got full possession of the schools, and must keep it, till something equally copious, and really superior in accuracy and composition, shall supersede it. When we first took up the volume before us, we had a vague hope of meeting with something calculated to expel for ever a book that had affronted us almost every time we cast an eye upon it. In this we were disappointed. This Classical Manual, indeed, makes no explicit pretension to occupy so large a space; but a very full and careful index at the end, with not less than 10,000 names, is pointed out in the preface as supplying whatever convenience might have been derived if the work had assumed the form and plan of a Classical Dictionary. And unquestionably some such view influenced the writer in the construction of several of the articles, which go infinitely beyond the necessities of the object for which they were professedly compiled—to say nothing of an additional thirty or forty pages of divinities, for which no crevice or corner could be found in the body of the commentary.

The professed object of the book is to illustrate Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Virgil's *Æneid*, or rather Pope and Dryden's translations—but the long lists of appellatives for the *Dii Majores*—406 at least for Jupiter, and 200 a piece for Apollo, Minerva, and Diana, are surely not demanded for the illustration of Homer and Virgil, much less for Pope and Dryden's—travesties—translations we mean—*sed semper hic erramus*. There are multitudes of mythological points also to which Homer and Virgil make no allusions, and descriptions of other matters, with which they have as little to do; but which would be all extremely useful, welcome, and appropriate in a Classical Dictionary.

We are taking a carping tone, without however at all meaning to find fault with the intrinsic execution of the work, which is unexceptionable, and more than unexceptionable—it is positively good. The volume contains whatever the illustration of Homer and Virgil requires, and a great deal more; but it does not contain what would be requisite for the competent illustration of other poets, which, though not equally popular, are yet frequently read. So much valuable labour has been spent upon what is more than imperative for the immediate purpose, that we regret

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a little more was not taken to make it more extensively and generally useful—and particularly to qualify it for superseding the ill-written, though it must be allowed, not unuseful, and at present even indispensable book, to which we before alluded, and of which we can scarcely speak with temper.

Books again of this kind, which are adapted to the explanation of particular writers, are not calculated for schools, which must have something more comprehensive and embracing. Unluckily, most parents grudge the expense of books, and imagine the master or mistress is thinking of nothing but gain; and here is a book to illustrate Homer and Virgil, as expensive as Lempriere, which is amply sufficient for all the authors that are ever glanced at schools. We heartily wish the very competent compiler would throw the materials into the requisite form. All that is still wanted, will consist chiefly of historical characters, which the specimens in the present work prove would be sketched with force and vivacity. Such a performance would well repay all the labour. The demand for such a book is immense; for even Lempriere has run through at least twenty editions.

Particular instances of imitation on the part of Virgil are here and there pointed out; and something more might be done to mark the changes in mythology between the days of Homer and Virgil. The mythology of Hades, for instance, became very different. Of Charon and his boat Homer knew nothing. Virgil is nothing but an imitator—a close one of Homer as to the management of his narrative, and the complexion of his tale, but closer still probably of some whose works are lost; for he is no more to be considered as the inventor of those parts where he differs from Homer, than Homer is himself to be deemed the originator of his deities. He has nothing of the inventor about him. Even for much of his language, and the very cadence of his verse, he is indebted to Lucretius.

So far as Virgil and Homer are concerned, the commentary is very complete. There will be no occasion for reference to any body's antiquities, Greek or Roman. More learning, perhaps, is occasionally shewn than can be useful. Triton, according to somebody's supposition, it is stated, is derivable from Tirit-on, tower of the sun,—which surely is only calculated to make confusion worse confounded; for no allusion whatever, either in Homer or Virgil, nor any where else, of which we have a recollection, is there of any connexion of the marine Triton with the

burning sun. The resemblance between the words Triton and Tirit-on is probably a mere accidental coincidence.

The Scæan Gate (144) is derived, correctly enough, from the word "left-hand"—what we should however call, with reference to Greek superstition, the *west-gate*—a better term than the Greek one, because the sense is not affected by change of position.

The impurities of mythology are carefully swept away, even to a degree of fastidiousness. The Amazons, for instance, are every where represented as amputating or compressing the right breast, to enable them to draw the bow with more facility. The very name may seem to be derived from the custom—at least no better etymology perhaps can be suggested. Now this, in a very particular description of the appearances of these martial ladies, is studiously omitted.

In many places, we observe, things are brought together very usefully, and very accurately. The succession of the kings of Argos and of Athens. The emblems of the muses. The variety of dances, to which such frequent allusions occur in the classics, &c. &c.

The volume, though it will not get into schools, male or female, perhaps, will yet be acceptable in domestic education. It will quickly, we hope, be found in every governesses apartment, in every family in the country—where it will be really useful, and for which it is best calculated. It has our hearty commendation; and we hope before long, under another shape, to see it making Lempriere fly before it.

*Elizabeth Evanshaw, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.*—This is a continuation of a story entitled "Truth," which appeared some time ago, without exciting any attention among novel readers, though even as a novel it was not without considerable attractions. The design of the author, as he himself says, has been pretty generally misapprehended;—that design was not to defend deism, but deists—a very intelligible distinction;—his view was not to inculcate a system of unorthodox theology, but to demonstrate the cruelty of confounding *opinion* with *principle*—supposing opinion to mean what does not, and principle what does influence the conduct—by exhibiting the hardships to which a person, even in this land of boasted toleration, may be exposed by entertaining deistical notions, though coupled with conduct the most exemplary, principles the most equitable, and sentiments the most honourable and humane—hardships not arising from the operation of the laws, but the blind prejudices of people, which, however, those laws have fostered.

Christianity depends in our days solely upon evidence, historical and documentary, the effect of which is not, and in the common experience of mankind, cannot be on all minds precisely the same. Some are incapable of weighing it, and must take it upon trust; others are prepossessed and will not examine; while others examine and believe; and some few come to conclusions different from their fellows. But whether the impression be the result of habit, faith, or examination, it is equally, in effect and in influence, conviction; and so long as a person acts upon such conviction he acts honestly, and never can believe himself justly culpable. We have no manner of doubt there are deists upon calm and unbiassed examination—who have no desire whatever, we mean, to be relieved from the restraints which revelation is supposed peculiarly to lay upon the indulgence of passion—and what right have we to question their sincerity, or attribute to them desires which they disavow? Nay, it will be said, but what security have we for one who does not believe in revelation, and therefore in responsibility—for he denies, or at least does not know, that there is a day of judgment? It might be replied—the love of credit, of respectability—reverence for the moral approbation of the world—self-approval—sympathy—honour. Oh, but what security is this compared with what we have from the fears of those who dread the punishment of hell? To this also it might somewhat triumphantly be replied—what security have we that those who call themselves Christians, really believe, and are influenced by the dread of these punishments? Is it enough to profess such belief? Shall we place an absolute reliance on such profession, especially when such profession seems to entitle to confidence? This would surely be a little too precipitate. Profession and practice must concur to secure our confidence. If we see a person who professes belief in Christianity, shaping his conduct in all the relations of life accordingly—regulating his passions, controlling his sentiments—neither selfish nor intolerant, but kind and unassuming—unconvicted of wrong, and unsuspected of wishing it—then we have grounds for security. But when we find with multitudes the profession of religion coupled with feelings, and impelled by views, which that very religion condemns, and shewing itself mainly in cavilling and carping at others—in taking unbelief as evidence of profligacy, and asserting self-superiority without giving an atom of proof,—all confidence in the supposed security is lost; and we have no more grounds for reliance than we have in one who disclaims revelation. Nay, not so



much—for the one is at least in one respect honest, and the other is manifestly hypocritical.

Intolerance, in spite of the gentle spirit of Christianity, is diffused widely among us; and no wonder, for in the eyes of teachers, it is, whatever be their declarations, a virtue, and what is more, one easily practised. The man who teaches wishes to find docility, not opposition, among those he teaches; and if he does not find it, he is, naturally enough perhaps, offended; and if he have power will quickly be for enforcing his instruction. It is abominable, especially when he is taking so much trouble, all for their benefit too, not to be listened to. He not only then wishes to inform but to control. If he cannot himself exercise that control, he will seek the aid of the ruling power, and to gain that aid, must first persuade him his own interest is involved, and then alarm him for his safety. This is the process of priestcraft and bigotry. It is the interest of society to get the instruction without the tyranny; and therefore, while they seriously listen, they must strenuously labour to keep the teacher to his office.

The object of the writer—no fool at all events—is to reclaim against this spirit of intolerance so inculcated, and to defend the claims of grave and reflecting deists to the confidence of their fellow creatures—at least to be considered as persons not peculiarly or justly obnoxious to suspicion and distrust—to inculcate, in short, an excellent lesson, not to judge of conduct by opinions. It is not a book we would recommend to young people, because they are in no state to judge of the question—it is above their years, and no good is to be done by substituting one set of prejudices for another;—but to others, to those who are capable of any serious reflection, we do recommend at least the perusal—not surely for the purpose of shaking their faith in the doctrines of revelation, but to deepen the conviction, which we hope is fast spreading among us, that religion is a personal concern, for which we are responsible, not to our fellows, but to our Maker—to lead us to a little self-examination—to lesson the sense of superiority that is so apt to swell our bosoms,—and make us trust less to names and more to things.

Elizabeth Evanshaw is a deist in obedience to her convictions—convictions produced on a candid spirit by abundant reflection and research. She loses her inheritance by the harsh prejudices of a Calvinist mother; she goes a governessing, and is dismissed ignominiously, not because she inculcates deism—for she is no proselyte-monger—but because whispers of her principles reach her employer's ears; she is subjected to insolent propo-

sals, because a deist cannot of course be virtuous; she marries, and is treated with distrust and cruelty by her husband, not because she performs not her duties cheerfully, excellently, faithfully, but because she perseveres in *her* belief, and how can a deist be honest? Her children are torn from her; and one, inoculated with methodism, treats her harshly and contemptuously;—she is entrusted with the care of the education and fortunes of a friend's child, and her husband swindles her out of the property, relying on the merciful construction of the world—he being a Christian, and his wife a Deist. This perfect scoundrel dies, and leaves her a miserable pittance, and places the children under other guardianship. Her substantial virtues, however, have not left her wholly without friends; she has a most efficient one in a jew lady—herself exposed to the liberal and magnanimous odium of society—and eventually she comes into possession of very large property. Her children, by the greedy friends of her husband, are also speedily restored to her, and she proposes with her friends, the jews, to quit the neighbourhood of her sufferings, and retire to Italy, far remote from her persecutors, whose sentiments towards her, however, were rapidly changing. With 8 or 10,000*l.* a year, exile was indeed quite gratuitous. The possession of such ample funds was a virtue of weight enough to counterbalance the villainy of infidelity.

We protest for ourselves against the ready inferences of levity and prejudice. We are not ourselves—if the writer is—recommending deism; but we are strongly inclined to sympathize with him, and think it hard indeed, that a person who aims at nothing but the discovery of truth, is not allowed to give expression to that conviction—unless it tally with the formularies of the reigning party,—without being subjected to illiberal construction and speculative imputations. “Charity thinketh no evil,” is the decisive, but forgotten language of Christianity, and if the precious sentiment were suffered to sink into our hearts, and actually exert an influence, more good will, and consequently peace and comfort, would be diffused over society in *REALITY*, than all the appearances which the varnish of civility and politeness spread over it—only to betray.

*Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Down o' the Cathedral*; 1827.—Nothing absolutely unreadable could be expected from Mr. Tennant's pen after “Anster Fair,” although we must confess the very title-page of the book before us was nearly repelling us, when we found it to be “ane poem, in sax saugs—imprentit at Edinburgh, be Oliver and Boyd.” Ane poem in sax saugs—all in Scotch! Well, it must be got through; so here goes; and

down we sat to the reading in this dogged, necessity-driven state of mind—the very antipodes of hope, but not perhaps the worst preparative of pleasure; and we followed the dingin' down expedition with a gradual accession of good humour, and in the genuine no-popery spirit, till every altar, statue, picture, relic, steeple, and holy water to the last drop, were turned over and over, and monks and abbots sent scouring along for their lives to all quarters of the compass, leaving, as the poet describes them, a fragment of their holy robes on every briar they scudded past.

In suffering ourselves to be thus allured by the subject and incidents of the poem, we probably but fulfil the writer's own desire, who appears far more intent upon a felicitous representation of disasters than on any effect of mere phraseology. Indeed Mr. Tennant's singular merit, in the present general dearth of fancy, and humour, and natural expression, is a vigorous trampling down and keeping down of the spirit of *imitation*, for we cannot be so petty as to call by that name an occasional cadence or two, that reminds us of something elsewhere.

The Scotch, too—the first repugnance subdued—soon becomes agreeable from its strength, simplicity, and richness, we may add, of expression. In Mr. Tennant's hands it is an accession to his English treasures (which he has proved how well and wisely he can use) rather than a complete substitution.

The object of the poem is a burlesque description of St. Andrew's Cathedral, in 1559, by the Protestants. All intention of mingling principles with his narrative is very needlessly disclaimed by the poet; he clearly seeks only to raise a smile, while he presents to us some of the absurd points necessarily concomitant on enterprizes of this kind—points kept out of sight by the historian, and fitted only for caricature—since, in a narrative of facts, so much of the tragic mixes with scenes of violence, that the ridiculous would be overwhelmed.

A rumour of the hubbub stirring over Fife reached Olympus, and disturbed Minerva while she was mending stockings (blue) for her father. The dear cause of mental regeneration is her very own. So down goes stocking—and down goes Minerva for Fife, to blow the flame of reformation. She sets Momus to work in aid of the same purpose; and a rabble-rout is rapidly collected, all red-hot, to level St. Andrew's with the ground. The holy fathers had but just heard of the up-stir when the dinner bell rang:—

Amid this dridder and this flurry,  
St. Magdalen's big bell in a hurry  
Begon'd to reissle hurry-scurry;

That jowin-jangle was the cauld hibanis a  
Forth' abbey people, ane and a',  
To congregate i' th' Frater-ha':  
'Twas hour o' dine o' thereabout:  
Hunger was i' their wambes nae doubt,  
But terrour, too, was round about;  
And terrour garr'd them loup pell-mell  
Frae senzie-house, kirk, court, and cell,  
In omne-gatherum at that bell:  
As whan the bees some day in June  
Stravaig frae risin' sun till noon;  
If mirky clouds in th' afternoon

Come stowin' up the west,  
Hear they but anes the thunner-claps,  
And in the leaves the plenterin'-draps,  
They gie their sma' wings sudden claps  
And hurry hamewards to their scaps

For cozy sceng and rest;  
Sae did that abbey people a'  
Elfre't flee to the Frater-ha',  
Canon, and monk, and dean, and prior,  
And battie-bum, and beggin' freir,  
A congregation wode wi' fear  
Though fat, in dulesome dreiry cheir;  
The porch ne'er witness't sic a flither;  
They pous'd, they jund'y'd ane anither;  
Their wambes afftimes were jamm'd thegither;  
Mair space they had i' th' ha', tho' thrang!

It was a dainty room and lang;  
(I am a man of five feet three;  
'Twas twenty times the length o' me;)   
Guid hap, their dinner then was laid  
Upon the tables lang and braid,  
Wi' damask napery owrspread;  
And gowden truncheons like the moon,  
Wi' correspondin' fork and spoon;  
A wilderness o' meat was set;  
Sea, soil, and sky, were here a' met;  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, baith cauld and het;  
And florentines, and pies and tarts,  
Rang'd here and there in sundry parts,  
And sauces, soups, and grills, and creams,  
Up-stowin' to the roof their streams,  
Wi' bonnie fruitage, ripe and red,  
In silverised baskets spread:  
And siller jugs and stoups divine  
O' malvesie and claret-wine,  
Skimmering like suns in order fine:  
Temptation reel'd in tass and bicker,  
Dancin' divinely 'mang the liquor;  
It wad a Nazarite provokit  
To break his vow and tak a bok o't,  
Until his hail-life's drowth were slookit:  
Had I been there that nicht, I think,  
Though I'm a man o' little drink,  
I wadna been sae doons perjink,  
But taen an over-loup for sport:—  
I'd got the Paip's indulgence for't.

When they were a' forgadder't there,  
Lord Prior James got on a chair,  
And cry'd—"a truce to elrisch fricht,  
Let's dine, my friends, and that outright;  
Fu' stamach maks faint heart mair wicht;  
And of a' sorrows, it's confest,  
A sorrow that is fu' aye best."  
Sae down they cloytet on their seats,  
And helter-skelter at the meats;  
As Lybian lions, that on prey  
Licht, after dauderin' monie a day,  
Ramsch skin, flesh, baue, e'n sae did they;

As windmill blades, whan wind does happen,  
 Rin reeshlin' round and round, and rappin',  
 While, ever as the shafts gae swappin',  
 The grindin' graith below gae clappin';  
 Sae quick, or rather mickle quicker,  
 Their chaft-blades back and fore did bicker;  
 Baith jaws, as if they vy'd thegither,  
 Sae quiver'd, nae man could tell whether  
 Gaed faster, th' upper or the nether;  
 Nor waur their lungs for wauchs were giftit;  
 The siller stoups on heigh upliftit  
 Were tootin' in a whip and tiftit;  
 Eat-weil, they say, is drink-weil's brither;  
 Or rather, aye may say, its mither;  
 But ca' it either tane or tither,  
 That nicht they were leisch'd in thegither;  
 Had Epicurus' sell been waitin'  
 Upon them as they pang'd their ment in,  
 He couldna weil hae blam'd th' eatin';  
 Had Bacchus' sell been there, I'm thinkin',  
 For pumpin' bottles, and for skinkin',  
 He couldna weil hae blam'd the drinkin':  
 Sae what wi' tootin', what wi' eatin',  
 Their heartis, whan they had got some heat in,  
 Ware stapt frae duntin', and frae beatin'.

*Verbum non amplius*—go to the book itself.

*A Journal of a Mission to the Indians of the British Provinces in America, by John West, M.A.; 1827.*—Mr. West some time ago published a journal of his travels among the North West American Indians during the years 1820,-1,-2, and 3, as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, under whose auspices he was employed in laying the foundation, as he says, of the North West American Mission; and on his return was requested by the New England Company to visit the Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and from thence to extend his survey to the Mohawks on the Ouse, or Grand River, in Upper Canada. The present publication is the journal of this tour and survey.

Mr. West has as little of the missionary phraseology—which, to a layman's ear, is not only uncouth but offensive and profane—as a man so employed can be expected to have. Generally the missionary is in a state of excitation, and will not of course talk like a sober man. He believes himself under the guidance of the Deity in a more than ordinary degree; he is peculiarly and immediately engaged in the divine service, and naturally looks for especial protection. Unless such were the belief or feeling of the individual, he could never—as even Mr. West, who has very little heat in him, does—say of himself, on crossing the Bay of Fundy, “*under a protecting Providence*,” he lauded on such a day. He was but one of a crew, and of numerous passengers, who, if he were especially protected, must all of them have been so protected. There was nothing to single him out as the especial object of protection, and if so, why make use of an

expression, which implies more presumption than piety, unless he believe, that for his sake, and the object of his mission, the safety of the passengers and the crew, as in the case of St. Paul, were distinctly granted to him. But this is a pitch of pretension far beyond Mr. West—he is manifestly below the boiling point of the missionary. The truth is, so far as we can see—and that to us must be truth—all men are subject to the general laws of nature, alike, without discrimination—the good and the bad as we phrase it—these laws of nature, with all the qualities of all things animate and inanimate, are the appointments of a supreme intelligence; and the great consolation, to the man of genuine piety, is, that the sun shines and the rain falls apparently without respect of persons. The very missionary, who, in terms at least, arrogates especial distinction, does not trust to it; but himself makes use of all his experience, and provides, as he best may, against the perils that too probably await his hazardous enterprize. His purpose is well-meant and amiable; his means are no more than human; his stimulus the consciousness of faithfully executing what he believes a duty—the admiration of the world, or at least of his party,—and his reward, the hope of ample recompense in a world to come.

That he fails nine times out of ten is very far from being matter for wonder. Generally zeal outruns judgment; and more attention is paid to dogmas than to morals—more to inculcate creeds than to promote civilization. He has only, he thinks, to teach religion, and civilization will follow. This is manifestly beginning at the wrong end. Civilization should pave the way for religion. The teaching of creeds has not the remotest tendency to promote civilization—(the wildest savages have a creed of some kind or other)—and in point of fact never does any good; but so far as it is accompanied by efforts of quite another kind.

The Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—not probably in both provinces exceeding 3,000—are already converted; but they are all catholics, Mr. West says, and are entrenched within the bigotry and dominion of the priests. Curious language this, and the proof equally curious:—

The child of a chief died. I offered to bury the child, as they knew me to be a priest, but they refused, with the remark, that it must be buried by their priest; and the mother of the deceased child took the corpse upon her back, and carried it the distance of thirty miles to the French village of Sissaboo, where the priest resided, for burial. I merely observed to Adelab, on this occasion, that I supposed Indians were all of the Roman Catholic religion; he said “yes,” adding, “you know in



England, Quakers, when born, all come little Quakers,—so Indians, all come little Catholics."

This "intelligent" chief often took Mr. West in his canoe, during his visit to the tribe; and in the course of conversation, frequently surprised him with his pertinent and striking remarks on the subject of religion:—

He expressed much surprise and difficulty at the many different denominations among Protestant Christians, which he had heard of. "There," said he, pointing to a small cove in the bay, as he was paddling his canoe along shore one morning, "I saw five or six persons plunged for baptism a short time ago." Then holding up the paddle, he added, as the water dripped from it, "I think the great spirit can as easily bless that small quantity for the purpose, as he can all the water in the basin around us."

Now here is this poor man's brains stuffed with the conflicting doctrines of baptism; and what good does Mr. West suppose will be done by Protestant missionaries among these Catholic Indians? One sect will interfere with another, and the bitterness of party and the hatreds of theologians be substituted for the promptings of philanthropy. At the best, you must expect to confound rather than enlighten.

Many of the North American Indians, however, are much too intelligent for vulgar missionaries.

When a society in Scotland sent two missionaries for propagating the gospel to the Delaware nation of Indians, the chiefs assembled in council, and after deliberating for fourteen days, sent back the missionaries very courteously, with the following answer:—They rejoiced exceedingly at our happiness in being thus favoured by the great spirit, and felt very grateful that we had condescended to remember our brethren in the wilderness. But they could not help recollecting that we had a people among us, who, because they differed from us in colour, we had made slaves of, and made them suffer great hardships, and lead miserable lives. Now they could not see any reason, if a people being black entitled us thus to deal with them, why a red colour would not equally justify the same treatment. They therefore had determined to wait, to see whether all the black people amongst us were made thus happy and joyful, before they could put confidence in our promises; for they thought a people who had suffered so much, and so long, by our means, should be entitled to our first attention; that, therefore, they had sent back the two missionaries, with many thanks, promising, that when they saw the black people among us restored to freedom and happiness, they would gladly receive our missionaries.

Here is too much plain practical sense

to be worked upon by any thing but superior example.

At New York, where Mr. West first landed, he was surprised to hear from a slave owner of Carolina, in plain terms, that negro slaves had not souls like the whites;—and arguing with an American against the slavery of the negroes, on the ground that by the constitution of America, "all men are by nature free, equal, and independent;" he was told that negroes were not of course included in the expression of "all men." No doubt this is the prevailing sentiment among all who deal with slaves, and the actual condition of the black race is perhaps proof enough of mental inferiority. Among the whites—while they are among them—they must be the hewers of wood and drawers of water. In America there is a society for re-transferring negroes to their own country; and really we can imagine nothing better calculated to promote the happiness of the negro, and remove temptation from the white, than to withdraw them from the community of the whites. Their very presence corrupts the heads and hearts of the whites; and their return to their own country, with the little knowledge they have acquired, may tend to accelerate the course of civilization, if civilization, in our sense of the term, be practicable among them. The sources of improvement must evolve, we take it, among themselves.

To return to the Indians. Among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, Mr. West found a custom of exposing an adultress to shame and punishment by the whole tribe. This offence rarely occurs; but, formerly, he was told, they stoned the offender to death. This mounts Mr. West at once upon his hobby;—for this penalty was instituted by Moses. What then? Why then the North Americans are Jews. Jews? Yes—had not the Hebrews tribes, and have not the Indians also? Had not the Jewish tribes animal emblems—Dan, a serpent—Issachar, an ass—Benjamin, a wolf—and Judah, a lion; and have not the Indians, also, their wolf tribe, bear-tribe, buffalo-tribe? Aye, and turtle-tribe, from which it may be concluded also, by the way, that they are or have been aldermen. But more than all this even. Among some of them, the usage of some parts of the ceremonial law has been detected—a separation of three moons, at the birth of a female child, and of forty for that of a male. To Mr. W.'s mind, these are all proofs as strong as holy writ. The conclusion is irresistible. The question may be attended with difficulties, but it is impossible to account for these coincidences, these practices, on any other principle than their descent from the "ancient people of God." "They came," it seems,

"over Bhering's Straits, in which several islands are situated, and through which there is an easy passage from the north-east of Asia, to the north-west of America."

On the Ouse, or Grand River, there are about 2,000 Indians stationary. To the Mohawks, in the year 1784, a grant of their own land was made them, six miles on each side the river from its source. This has since been curtailed. When the subject was discussed in council, one of the chiefs said—"perhaps they wish that we should all die—we now live like frogs, along the banks of the river, and it may be they wish to take all the land; then we shall be driven to jump in and perish." Along this river there are it seems still settlements to the extent of thirty or forty miles—the Mohawks and Oneidas are Christians; the Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Delawares, are still heathens. Among these, Mr. West thinks, much may be done—missionaries are wanted—the field is extensive, and, according to him, the remaining four of the six nations are all ripe and only waiting for the sickle.

*Popular Lectures, by W. Lempriere, M.D.; 1827.*—These lectures were delivered by Dr. Lempriere—the very intelligent author of a *Tour in Morocco*, many years ago—as a member of the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society, instituted originally by some gentlemen of Newport, for the purpose of illustrating the natural history of the island. Specimens were collected, and a museum established—a president was appointed, assisted by two vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and curators—the full paraphernalia of modern institutions. Success expanded their views; and they no longer confine their researches to local investigations only, or simply to natural history, but throw the door open to every branch of science within the compass of their members, or upon which lecturers can be found, able and willing to assist with their knowledge and talents.

Though surely very superfluously, Dr. Lempriere has thought it worth while to defend these institutions, which are now extending through the country—

With respect to their utility (says he) we may be permitted to remark, that as it has been deemed of importance to bestow the light of science on the labouring classes [the reader will observe the tone and the sentiments they imply]—it surely is still more essential that the middling ranks, upon whom the welfare of society so mainly depends, should also partake of its beneficent influence; and we are not aware of any pursuit more calculated to enlarge their minds, and to lay the foundation for useful knowledge, than the contemplation of that subject which the societies above alluded to have principally in view—namely, the works of the creation, the laws by which they are regulated,

and the practical applications of which they are susceptible.

The volume consists of six lectures; the first on the study of natural history and the sciences—glancing as it goes at the universe of knowledge—and is neither better nor worse than scores of similar surveys—of no manner of use but to teach people to prate of what they do not themselves reflect upon, and therefore can know nothing;—the second on vegetable physiology, detailing the several parts of the plant, and tracing the process of germination and reproduction—the writer not pretending to discoveries, but certainly exhibiting clearly and precisely the aims and actual state of the science; the third, on zoology, of the same character with the vegetable physiology, to which is appended Cuvier's and Blumenbach's improvements, or at least modifications of Linnaeus's arrangement; the fourth and fifth, on animal and vegetable poisons, which are by far the most attractive parts of the volume—not offering still any kind of novelty, but embracing a view of the several classes of poisons, sufficiently full for all popular purposes—pointing out the modes of operation, and detailing the usual remedies—with some horrible and appalling descriptions of hydrophobia. We know not where to refer to any more complete account of poisons. The last lecture is on the human faculties, mental and corporeal, which is of somewhat even a more common-place character than the rest of the volume.

The whole however presents a very agreeable and readable book. The subjects neither encumbered with technicalities, nor obscured by subtleties, are thus made intelligible with the slightest effort of attention to any lady or gentleman, not only of the Isle of Wight, before many of whom they were preached—we were going to say—and for the refreshing of whose memories they were especially printed—but of England and Ireland to boot. It is but fair to furnish a specimen of the singularly equable and transparent style of statement. The following account of the objects of botany is worth the attention of the ladies who nonsensically babble about botany, and mean nothing in the world but an artificial mode of distinguishing one flower from another:—

Botany, in the common acceptance of the term, has been confined to a classification and arrangements of vegetable productions from some distinguishing feature in their external formation; and which, according to the system of Linnaeus, has been derived principally, though not altogether, from the flower; the analysis of which, with the stem and leaf, determines the class, order, genus, species and variety, to which the plant belongs. And as each plant, more or less, comes under one head or the other, such an arrangement is easily

made of the whole as will impress on the memory, by a little practice and attention, the different classes to which nature has subjected the vegetable kingdom; and thus by degrees we become acquainted with each particular vegetable.

But the study, however interesting and instructive in itself, or necessary for the better comprehending the more intricate parts of the vegetable kingdom, is of too limited a tendency to embrace that enlarged view of the subject, which we consider to be important in the study of botany.

It is not only the *external* formation and distinguishing character of plants, or a knowledge of all their varieties, which should become the subject of philosophical interest; but it is more particularly their *internal* structure—the functions and uses of each part—their growth, maturity, decay, and renovation—and the general and particular purposes for which they were created, that confer dignity on the science of botany, and render it one of the most interesting subjects to which our attention can be directed. We may indeed admire and dwell upon the beauty and endless variety with which Providence has been pleased to adorn this most interesting part of the creation; and we may find it convenient to set down in our memories the class, order, and species to which each particular plant may belong, so that we may the more readily recognize it when brought under our notice; but it is the economy and laws by which the vegetable kingdom is regulated, and their various operations and corresponding effects, that render the science a matter of deep interest, or entitle it to a place in the school of philosophy, &c.

And, now we have begun to quote, we may give a specimen of his philosophical opinions, and mode of illustration:—

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To the influence of reason, we should also attribute the resentment often evinced by animals when under ill-treatment from ourselves; the partiality and affection which they display towards us when an uniform series of kindness and preference has been bestowed on them; and the jealousy they evince when that preference has been transferred to another; the recollection which they retain of

punishments and rewards; and the corresponding actions produced therefrom; the evident influence on many of them (but especially on the dog species) of the passions expressed in the human countenance and voice, whether of encouragement to approach, or threat of punishment, a command to retire, or to move in a new direction, a dread of their attacks, or a look of determination to resist their threats. All these diversified effects, with a vast variety of others that might be enumerated, we consider to be the result of a certain portion of reason; since they are produced from unforeseen excitements not connected with the animal's existence and ordinary habits, and must be preceded by reflection, and followed by decision, before they can be called into action.

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The attention of the committee has been seriously turned to the increasing multitudes of prisoners; and they have fearlessly—at least compared with former efforts—probed the question. They attribute it, and justly, not altogether to the increased population, nor altogether to increased depravity, but much of it to the operation of the laws, and the administration of the laws—to the obstacles cast in the way of bail—to the facility, nay eagerness, with which people are thrown into prison—proved by the fact that one in seven are discharged by the grand jury, and one in three of those who by them are sent to trial acquitted—some few, no doubt, from technicalities, and defective evidence; but the main part from innocence, and a sense in the court of excessive severity on the part of prosecutors. Formerly, by the common law, all offences were bailable; now, none are bailable, where the suspicion of guilt amounts to a strong presumption.

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charged with such a crime there is but little inducement to avoid trial, and certainly not enough to justify a refusal of good securities for his appearance. There are also instances where the character of the accused, the ties of his station, the character of his sureties, might counterbalance the weight of evidence against him. As the law before stood, these circumstances were allowed to operate; and it would have been more in the true spirit of our constitution to have increased the liberty of the subject, even at a small hazard of the public security, than thus to multiply the number of commitments before trial, merely on the ground of a supposed necessity. By admitting more liberally to bail, the injury to the individual is certainly avoided, and the public security but slightly hazarded; but by limiting the privilege, as it has recently been limited, much certain evil to the party is inflicted, while the public advantage is but contingent, and in many cases not in any degree endangered.

We must quote a few lines more:—

The situation of the poor, in respect to bail, is particularly entitled to consideration. If a mechanic or day labourer be accused, perhaps justly, of a petty offence, he is required to give twenty-four hours' notice of bail. During this time he is imprisoned, and if after all he fail to obtain the security of a housekeeper—an object not very easy for a man in the humblest walks of life to accomplish—he is fully committed, undergoes the restraint, and is exposed to the corruption of a gaol, and on his trial he may be fined a few shillings and discharged. The duration of this person's confinement is perhaps three times longer than that to which a judge would sentence him; and he may be fined a sum comparatively small, but which to a man in his circumstances may amount to a severe penalty. And what is the result? He has suffered essentially in character, and lost his previous occupation; while his wife and children have been driven to the workhouse, &c. Personal bail might be taken in many instances, where the inducement to break it is not strong, and where flight would certainly incur the loss of character and employment, and the ruin of a family.

Another measure likely to reduce, not the number of criminals, but the number of prisoners at one time—and it is the real numbers that make the management of prisoners so difficult—is more frequent gaol deliveries—or at least at more equal intervals. At present, except in the Home Circuit, and the Old Bailey, gaol deliveries occur twice a year. But the difference, in the point we are looking to, is very great between the assizes being held accurately every six months, and as now they are held, alternately at eight and four months. In the home circuit, they are held at equal intervals of four months, and the advantage there is obvious—sufficiently so, surely, now to extend a third assize through the whole country. Here we have said nothing of the cruelty to the prisoner; but that is a matter not to be overlooked. A person may now be imprisoned nine months before trial, and sometimes more. The report speaks of a

boy committed on 11th August, 1823, and tried 12th August, 1824 (how he came not to be tried at the Lent assizes does not appear), and this for taking a hat in the street from another boy, probably in sport, and finally acquitted. What was done for this injured lad? Was no compensation made him—no after-care taken of him? None whatever; his ruin was completed by his residence in the prison; he was flung at the end of a twelve-month on the wide world, and has since, as might be expected, been transported for life.

The effects also of the degrading system of paying agricultural labourers out of the poor-rates, in depressing the condition and character of the poor, and driving them to crime, are dwelt upon with great force and feeling;—we have no space, or we would quote the passage. The same we may say of the effects of the game-laws. 1,700 a year for the last seven years have been committed for poaching; and generally one-fourth of those who fill the county gaols are poachers. The effects of the revenue-laws, also, in generating smugglers, we have before alluded to, but cannot afford room to supply what is plainly a defect in the report. Neither are we able to give an adequate impression conveyed to our own minds by the forcible statement of the defects of our debtor prisons—the King's Bench and the Fleet.

The report next turns to the prisons of our Colonies, which are abominable beyond all belief. Very interesting accounts also will be found of the gaols in the different countries of Europe. In the review of Switzerland, a case of torture in the prison of Fribourg is stated; the committee very justly remark upon it, "that this practice of torture, in a country like Switzerland, is one of the most striking proofs that was ever exhibited of the despotic power of habit—of the blind adherence of man to the practice of his ancestors, and of his clinging to their example long after the injustice and impolicy of this attachment have been clearly unfolded, and universally acknowledged." An instance is also quoted as having occurred at Minden, in Westphalia—and one of the most horrible to the imagination we ever heard of. The object of vengeance was not a capital offender, but a person, who, from conscientious motives, peculiar to the religious body of which he was a member, had refused to serve in the militia. He was placed in a cell, *the floor and sides of which were closely studded with projecting spikes, or pieces of sharpened iron resembling the blades of knives.* The individual remained in this state for twenty-four hours, and the punishment was repeated at three distinct intervals.

It is considered, adds the report, a rare occurrence for a person to survive the second infliction of this species of cruelty. In this instance, however, the sufferer did not perish. His property was confiscated; but that has been since restored, in consequence of representations which have been made from this country to the proper authorities.

Many parts of the Continent are now alive to the enormous evils of unregulated prisons; and to the Prison-discipline Society of England—or rather to the exertions of two or three individuals—excellent, active, indefatigable—neither known, nor seeking to be known but to the few around them, is to be attributed all the improvements that have already taken place, and that will ultimately do so. May they meet with their reward—they do meet with it in the admiration and affection of those who know their worth, and who, while they may not be able to imitate, can feel and appreciate their excellence.

*State of Portugal. By an Eye Witness. Lond. 1827. 1 vol. 8vo.*—A work better calculated to answer the end it proposes we have not often met with than this “Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal since the Close of the Peninsular War,” &c., as the title more at length expresses it. It is by an English officer, who witnessed the scenes he describes, and is qualified by seventeen or eighteen years personal experience in the country to offer his own views of affairs.

A clear and succinct statement of the train of events which have led to the present state of things in Portugal, with the honest opinions of an unprejudiced observer, could not fail of being both interesting and instructive; and though we cannot enter so warmly into the cause of the late imbecile king as the author of the work before us does, nor go so far as he does in our objections to the Constitution of 1820, yet we coincide with him, as far as we are competent to judge, in many things that he recommends, and in many that he objects to, for the future management of that country. With narrative will be found interspersed many characteristic anecdotes, and sketches of character; the concluding chapters of the work contain considerations on the future prospects of Portugal, and an examination of the Portuguese Charter of 1826, with a comparison between it and the constitution of 1822, and they appear to us pregnant with sound philosophic views and reasonings on those subjects. The Appendix contains a translation of the former very interesting document, the present charter of Don Pedro. The following remarks from page 198 cannot be too widely circulated, touching on a point which the most ardent friends of Lusitanian liberty here have been more

or less puzzled in discussing, from ignorance of the real state of things and parties there:—

I have been induced to make these remarks, because I know that in England a very erroneous view is taken of the whole subject; it is here supposed that a great majority of the Portuguese nation is decidedly hostile to the present charter, or to any moderate form of government, that checks, without rendering nugatory, the royal prerogatives. The fact is, certainly, that the number of those who would from choice adopt a reasonable and sensible constitution, like that given by Don Pedro, is not so great as the numbers of the two other parties combined, into which the country is generally divided. Of these factions, one, which has diminished to a small body, still cleaves to the old despotic form of government, and would prefer a king perfectly absolute, with an ascendant priesthood, and all the dark bigotry of former ages; the other deserves only a return of anarchy, and of all the licentiousness which, under the prostituted name of liberty, was practised during the reign of the Cortes of 1820. But these two parties, violently as they are opposed to each other, would sooner meet on neutral ground [that of the charter we presume to be understood] than that either should behold the other triumphant; and the old constitutionalists, seeing the impracticability of restoring their favourite system of jacobinism, and feeling that any thing short of despotism is desirable, are tolerably ready to coalesce with the few sensible men who see the superiority of the present charter.

*Stray Leaves, including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany; 1827.*

—While the British public is familiar with the theatre, the novels and the epics of Germany, the lighter productions of her muse are almost unknown to them; some acknowledgments are therefore due to a writer who opens a new path in the field of literature; and although we scarcely think the pieces which appear in this small volume the most favourable specimens of the minor German poets, we receive them with pleasure as the harbingers of a more choice and ample selection. Interspersed with the translations are some original pieces—a few, in the Scotch dialect, without the brilliant imagination of Burns, breathe his soothing, tender melancholy; but we have room only for the following, from Herder, by which an estimate may be formed of the merit of the work:—

#### POSTHUMOUS FAME.

No charm for me hath such a fame  
As braying trumpets swell;  
Whose every echo seems to shame  
The silence of the vale:  
The fame that like a tempest flies  
Even like that tempest quickly dies.

But well I love the modest meed  
That seeks not for regard;  
The thanks that from the heart proceed—  
The muse's best reward;  
The tear that starts into the eye,  
Tells me that a brother's nigh!

Not unto all hath nature given,  
The aptitude to form,  
As in the perfect mould of heaven,  
A work no faults deform;  
From which, a masterpiece of art,  
Posterity may ne'er depart.

Before it, see, with rapture blind,  
Long after, pupils stand;  
Musing upon the master mind  
Which mov'd that mighty hand.  
Their beating bosoms all the while,  
Glowing as glows the artist's toil.

As sailing on the stream of time,  
We pass from wave to wave,  
Till safe beneath a fairer clime—  
What though above our grave,  
No name arrests the passer by,  
Deeds are its records in the sky.

When to the universal tomb  
Of nature I descend,  
My dust again in fresher bloom  
With future flowers to blend—  
And with my thoughts refined to rise  
To greater beauty in the skies:—

O 'twill be sweet, to all well known,  
To win the praise of all,  
And sweeter still—but yet unknown  
From virtue ne'er to fall;  
Let goodness be my highest pride,  
But modesty that goodness hide.

Such man, the creature of his God, should deem  
His only proper fame;  
The substance, not the show, esteem;  
And seek no lofty name:  
No boastings in his bosom dwell,  
But shrink his own renown to swell.

*Elements of Universal History, by G. G. Bredow, translated from the German, with Alterations and Additions; 1827. Treuttel and Würtz.*—The want of a comprehensive work which should give a general view of the political, moral, and intellectual advancement of mankind has long been felt. Bossuet's Essay, though a masterly sketch for the purpose it was designed to fulfill, could not be employed as an elementary book for youth, and the professor of history in the University of Breslaw, by supplying one which is adapted to engage the attention of the learner, while it may be consulted with advantage by persons of every age, has performed a task of great and acknowledged utility. The plan which the author has pursued in compressing into a brief and concise narrative the most striking features of history, and in estimating the importance of every event according to the influence it has had on the happiness or improvement of mankind, rather than by the degree of celebrity which it has acquired, will be found to facilitate the study of history, and to give a correct view of the whole subject, and of the connexion which different events have with each other. We shall be extremely glad

if our recommendation be the means of bringing this small volume under the eye of persons engaged in the task of education, and who have hitherto been obliged to rely upon their own researches, or to trust to ephemeral or wretched compilations for the elements of universal history.

*Conversations on Mythology, 1827.*—

Elementary books are the natural offspring of civilization. The more cultivated becomes society, the larger is the circle of acquired knowledge demanded at the hands of every member of it: and of consequence, supposing men's faculties have always been exercised to their full workable extent, the greater the number of our pursuits, the less time must we have to devote to each. Hence arises a necessity for condensing knowledge into the narrowest limits; and to accomplish this condensing, the whole blended miscellany of science and literature must first be divided, or decomposed rather into its constituents, and presented to the young aspirant in a number of concise and definite objects of study. From that compound mass must mythology, among other matters, be extracted, and thus be made a distinct branch of education. Our little girls—but few of them at least—read not Virgil, or Ovid, or Homer. No indelible pictures, therefore, insensibly get stamped upon their minds of heathen divinities, in all their native grandeur—in the woods, and by the streams, on the mountains, and near the fountains, in shelly cars, dolphin-drawn, upon the placid waters, or aloft pillowed on the folded clouds. Thoroughly to read the least objectionable of the classics, Homer, or Virgil, for instance, requires immense time; and all, as the sapient governess would say, just to learn the fate of a paltry city, and a few persons, whose whole adventures might be expeditiously summed up in a page or two of prose; while the entire works of these poets might very well be compassed in a reasonably-sized conversation—a little grammar, on English metre, giving the pupil much more correct instruction than the study of either Pope or Dryden, through their endless volumes; and the chronological table, moreover, containing all the names, with their birth and death, learnt over and over again. This analytical kind of procedure, possesses besides, for the governess, an incalculable advantage, by affording a scale to measure the amount of acquirement, and mark the comparative advance of her pupils; and better than all, the ready means of making all she infuses tell at once in the estimation of her employers and their acquaintance. In the huge volumes that fed our forefathers' minds, she sees nothing but superfluity; and she knows that, if her pupils must be made metaphysicians, political economists, geographers, grammarians, naturalists, French, Italian, German-scholars, musicians, dancers, arithmeticians, geometri-



cians, &c. the old standard books, extensive as they are, and alluding as they do to a hundred thousand matters, not for her purpose essential, must be cut down to some amount of mental property, tangible, understandable, measurable, both by teacher and pupil, and food for vanity. For that same science or subject, so easy in the epitome, so untroubled with difficulties, should the governess ambitiously pursue it by dipping into original master-minds, becomes quite another sort of thing—perplexing, humiliating, vague, stuffed with a million of unintelligible allusions, and throwing her into an agitation, which her pupils will be but too apt to detect and ponder on—till the truth flashes across their brains.

Some parents there are, and some teachers, who would fain let nature have something to do in the guidance of their children, but are driven into the common vortex by prudential considerations. For instance, your children might benefit by your deviation from customary modes, and yet grow up ungrateful, and thank you not at all for rendering them singular among their contemporaries. And after you have, for conscience sake, gone through your parental task, in defiance of the triumphs, sneers, remonstrances, and hints of chancery interference on the part of uncles, aunts, and sisters, you may yet be reserved to undergo the bitter vexation of seeing your grown-up and emancipated child labouring with all her might to become like her compeers, with far more zeal than you could ever excite in your own direction.

The truth is, that those who imitate the serpent in wisdom, regard their children as a portion of the external world, yet living in abeyance indeed, but hereafter to be arrayed among the judges of their character and conduct. The world will impress its form and fashion upon those children, and sooner or later fix upon them the characteristics of the period in which they live too effectually for your individual efforts to counteract with any permanency or certainty; and you will, as parents, be judged, not according to any exclusive system of our own, but by the common and prevailing sense of existing society. You must, therefore, in some measure, pursue your own good by accommodating to the ways and spirit of the day; and if a wide extent of superficial knowledge be in demand in your particular station, your nursery and school-room must not be without the books which other nurseries and school-rooms possess.

But as to the *Conversations* before us,—which we had almost forgotten—if we can no longer afford to gather up the subject drop by drop, from its original springs, we must even have recourse to them; and these, the work of a lady of ability and acquirement, appear to us to be most unexceptionable.

*Hyde Nugent*; 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—This, for commoners, a novice might suppose, could scarcely be a readable book. For our own

parts we get heartily weary of dukes and marquises, and Lord Henrys, and Lady Georginas; and wonder sometimes where the de'il they all come from, and who they are, who suppose the conversations, and intrigues, and modes of life, of such persons, can be matters of general interest, and much more of amusement. Or is it that nobody reads these fashionable novels, but the 'order'? Not so; it is rather the worthless aspirings of the canaille, who resort to these wretched sources to discover the fine words, and fine ways, which, coupled with fine clothes, will, they trust, confound and mingle them with the mighty—and think they find them;—it is these worthless aspirers who give rise to these thronging publications. To gratify the paltry desires of these paltry persons, it is that the airs, and graces, and manners, and manœuvres, and phrases, of nobility and fashion, are ferreted out by some, and fabricated by others, or even, perhaps, partially furnished by a few; and are held up to the imitation and admiration of the gaping vulgar below. Well; but is there any real harm in all this? Real harm! Yes; if to generate a mass of foppery and affectation be any harm—if to banish simplicity, and with it all frankness and sincerity, and with them humanity and fellow-feeling with the poor and miserable—if this be any harm, here is harm enough. The love of shew and splendour thus spreads to the ruin of thousands; and real solid comfort—content at home, and no debts abroad—sacrificed at the shrine of caprice, frippery, and foolery. The charm of fashionable intercourse is all in the external glitter; and the external glitter is all we are talked to about. The nearer you approach the interior of the chateau, not only is the dazzle the less, but the more offensive its deformity becomes: insolence reigns throughout. For the little to hope to associate with the great on terms of equality and freedom, is one of the idlest of human thoughts. The feeling of the upper classes in all countries—and in our's, the most aristocratic country in the world, above all others—is one of stern exclusiveness, and of deep contempt for all below. They are constantly and vigilantly on the watch to repel the encroachment of inferiors; as the one advances, the other recedes,—as the one apes, the other renounces, and the strength of the human intellect is thus spent, by the one in pushing pretensions, and by the other in baffling pretenders. The one we care not to condemn; but the last deserve all the mortification they are sure to meet with.

To return to *Hyde Nugent*. The book is made up completely of the gossip of drawing rooms, hotels, dinners, and balls. As to the hero, if any one has a grain of curiosity about him—gratify it. Hyde is the son of a man of family and fortune; he goes to Oxford, fights a duel and is expelled—prevails upon a marquis to break the matter to the father—falls in love with the marquis's daughter—goes large and loose about town

—is every where introduced—and one of every party. Notwithstanding certain warnings, and his own disgusts, he frequents Crockford's—gets plucked, and moreover deeply involved with the Jews. In the meanwhile he does not neglect the marquis's daughter. They soon come to an understanding. He is irresistible—she is an houri. But the consciousness of his embarrassments press heavily upon him, and he is on the point of taking some desperate step, when he is summoned to attend a friend in a duel, who kills his antagonist; and he and Hyde are obliged to fly. This rescues him from his gaming associates; though he gets among others at Lisbon, and narrowly escapes assassination. On his return to England, his sister has married a duke's eldest son, and all the family visit the said duke's, and there also assemble the aforesaid marquis and his beautiful daughter.

But now comes forward more than before, an officer of the guards—a guardsman is now become indispensable—who is also in love with the marquis's daughter, and being not at all scrupulous of the means of accomplishing his point—a very worthless person in short—he plays Iago, and pours into the lady's ear the tale of Hyde's gambling propensities, and his deep involvements; and

moreover of a lady whose affections he had wantonly won, and wantonly cut, and who was now actually dying for him. This, however, was not all true; the lady alluded to was the daughter of his father's friend and neighbour; she and Hyde had been brought up together from children, and played and romped together, and once, before Hyde went to Oxford, he had forced from her a kiss. The poor fond girl had treasured up the kiss, and Hyde had thought no more of her, or of it. She, however, pined away, and let concealment feed on her damask cheek; and at this time was at Brighton for change of air. She has a brother, a lancer; he hears, through Hyde's precious rival, of the state of his sister, and for the first time, of the cause. He flies to the duke's—though deeply occupied, at the moment, in seducing the affections of a married woman in Ireland,—and calls upon Hyde to meet him forthwith. Hyde's rival is the lancer's second. Hyde falls; and as he is borne bleeding to the house, Lady Georgina, the marquis's daughter, meets him. The shock kills her outright; and the story stops. But hints are given that he slowly recovers; and by still slower degrees is brought to think of the charming girl, who had treasured his boyish kiss, and marries.

#### MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE signs of a London winter are beginning to be displayed by more than falling leaves, lighted fires, and stage-coaches loaded homewards. The great theatres are opening for the season, and Covent Garden and Drury Lane are indulging themselves in threats of the wonders that they are to do with Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, before a month has rolled over the brows of this play-going generation. Drury Lane has been first in the field; and the transatlantic vigour has raised a formidable force, of which this is the muster-roll:—

“New engagements have been concluded with the following performers:—Mr. Macready, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Jones, Miss Paton, Miss Foote, Miss Love, Miss Grant, and Mr. Kean, jun.

Stage Manager - - - Mr. Wallack.  
Composer to the Theatre, Mr. H.R. Bishop.  
Leader of the Band - Mr. T. Cooke.

#### LIST OF THE COMPANY.

Messrs. Braham, Browne, W. Bennett, Bedford, Bland, Barnes—Cooper, T. Cooke—Downton, Darnley—Fenton—Gattie—Harley, Hughes, Hooper, Howell, Honnor—Jones, C. Jones—Kean, junior—Liston—Macready, Mathews, Mude—Noble—Powell—J. Russell—Salter, G. Smith, Southby, Sheriff—Thompson, Taylere—

Usher—E. Vining—Wallack, Webster, Wakefield, Master Wieland—Younge, Yarwood.

Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. Bedford—Miss Carthy—Mrs. Davison—Miss Foote, Mrs. Field—Mrs. W. Geesin, Miss Grant, Miss Gould—Mrs. C. Jones—Mrs. Knight—Miss Love—Mrs. Noble, Miss Nicol—Mrs. Orger—Miss Paton, Miss I. Paton, Miss Pinnett—Misses Ryalls, Smithson, E. Tree, A. Tree—Mrs. Tennant—Miss Vincent—Mrs. W. West.

A Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Noble—a full Chorus, under the superintendence of Mr. Harris.”

Among these are certainly many public favourites, yet the Company will require some very important additions to be complete. In opera, Braham and Miss Paton are first-rate; but something more is required, unless two singers are enough for opera; which we are at liberty to doubt. Why is not Sinclair engaged? a fine performer, a popular favourite, and whose engagement would render the musical superiority of Drury Lane decisive. In tragedy, the incompleteness is at least not less obvious. Macready is to be the “be all, and the end all,” unless young Kean should succeed, which is yet among the most doubtful of all dubious things. Wallack, a clever and showy performer in a

certain line, and Mrs. Bunn, are the whole strength. But in this we can scarcely attribute blame to the manager. He has probably done his best; the dearth of the higher orders of dramatic ability is singular; and if England cannot produce tragedians, the managers cannot engage them.

But his true strength is in comedy, and here he may congratulate himself on having succeeded in collecting the ablest *corps* that has been seen in England for the last twenty years. Liston re-engaged, Mathews restored to the stage, Jones won from the enemy, form a trio which defy all rivalry. Downton, Harley, Mrs. Davison, Miss Foote, Miss Love, Cooper, Russel, Mrs. Orger, &c., all important, increase the strength of this popular department; and if our authors are to be in the good graces of Parnassus, and produce any thing worth acting, they may be assured that justice will be done to them on the stage.

The note of preparation among the authors, too, is loud. Kenny, whose talent, like wine, improves with age, is pronounced to be unusually prolific this season. He is the reputed procreator of a comedy in five acts, that grand difficulty of authorship; a difficulty which, as we shall probably not live in the next century, we shall not see surmounted by any of the known play-wrights. We are not surprised at the rareness of success in this pursuit, when we recollect the qualities essential to it. The keen observation of life, the quick seizure of the prominent points of character, and the skill in expression, that are the primary requisites: in addition to these, the wit, in itself the rarest thing in the world, the easy pleasantry, which is scarcely attainable but by the habits of accomplished life, and the arrangement of all in story, so as to produce a plot at once clear and complicated, simple enough to be intelligible to all, yet sufficiently intricate to stimulate the curiosity of all. Even this inferior part is so peculiar, that to make a clever plot, it is almost absolutely necessary to be a student of the stage; in fact, there is scarcely an instance of decided success in dramatic writing, when the author was not either in personal habits of intercourse with the theatre, or was not himself an actor, the usual case.

Thus we have no writer of comedy at the present day, nor perhaps would even the favourites of our forefathers be assured of popularity, if they were now to appear for the first time. Sheridan always excepted, whose dexterity, force, and point, must make him popular in all ages. But our present taste is so much purer in language and morals, is so much more severe in stage probabilities, and requires so

much more dramatic contrast and vigour of character, that even the wit of Congreve, and the subtle plots of Cibber, would run a formidable hazard. The generation immediately before, tis true, endured a vast deal of common-place, of dramatic jargon, and feeble and laborious jesting; but even they merely endured it. The miscellaneous mob of the theatres laughed and applauded; but the intelligent—the class which in the days of Anne were called critics, and who then were the representatives of public taste—yawned.

It has been alleged, that the dramatic *matériel* is burnt out; that life in our country, with its perpetual circulation of opinions, its community of habits, and the general spirit of imitation that pervades an old and civilized people, has lost its earlier peculiarities; that in the eternal collision, all peculiarities are rubbed smooth, like the corner-stones of a highway, or the impression of a shilling; that, in short, since the age of bag-wigs and rolled stockings has passed away—since the physician is no more tremendous in curled peruke and gold-headed cane—the parson sips his punch without pudding sleeves—the man of fashion flirts without stiff skirts down to his toes—and the woman of fashion returns his flirtation, divested of hoop-petticoat, stomacher, and periwig a foot and a half high—the world has gone out of joint, and there is no more variety of character than in a Lincolnshire fen. Human kind is a dead level; man and woman are but so many painted pippins on a mantel-piece; the furniture of an old maid's closet, the shreds and patches of the great workshop of Nature retiring from business.

Can we believe all this? The bag-wig, it is true, may make an important part of the *Æsculapius*, just as the fellow of a college would, in nine instances out of ten, be a very common kind of fellow without his square cap. But there will be quacks and dunces in the world in plenty, even if all wigs and caps were burned in a common conflagration. Have we not still the usurer, the projector, the gambling man of fashion, who lives at the rate of ten thousand a year, without the possession of a legitimate sixpence; the parliament trader, the Yorkshire heir, full of emptiness, country coxcombry, and the money of his grandfathers and grandmothers burning for transference to the midnight banks of St. James's? Have we not the insolence of office, the prostitute placeman, the boroughmongering patriot, the roarer against abuses, while he is longing for a share in them? Have we not, in general society, all the specimens of puppyism, puritanism, cant, conceit, covetousness? Have we not the fortune-hunter, the fortune-huntress, the mother bringing up her pro-



geny for the market, with no more compunction than the dealer in sheep, and as little delicacy as the Jew who hangs up suits for all shapes outside his door? Have we not the moustached guardsman, fuller of snuff than sense, and thinking all the world contained in the mess, the card-club, and the billiard-table? Have we no King's aides-de-camp, covered over with lace and servility, no lords of the bed-chamber, who would lacquer shoes, or turn shirts, or lick the dust for the honour and profit of being menials? Have we no women of rank proud and mean, methodistical and profligate, old, with the affectations of youth, and young, with the avarice, venality, and heartlessness of age? We need never despair of our stock, let but the true comedian arise, and we will furnish him with character from a treasury as inexhaustible as the ocean.

In addition to Kenney's comedy, we are told that he has a farce or two, in whose success we may have hope—an opera, on which it will behove Mr. Bishop to exert something more than his late energies—and, of course, a bundle of melo-dramas. Poole, whose seizure of the French farces is in general so rapid, but who was superseded in the "Bride at Fifty" by the more rapid grasp of Kenny (such are among the hazards of plundering from the same store, without confidence between the plunderers), brings forward his translation in three acts. If he should be at a loss for a title, we suggest that of "Honour among Thieves."

Macready is bringing with him a regular Illinois tragedy, in which all the characters are backwoodsmen; and the interest is to arise from the scalping an European party, and the roasting an Indian alive. Mr. Knowles is supposed to have three tragedies, on the subjects of Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony: we suspect that these subjects have been tolerably well handled before; but the genius of the author and the actor will doubtless throw new lights on the matter. Mr. Walker, the author of "Wallace," is said to be busy with a subject from the history of Hayti; and a lady author, vibrating between Charles Kemble's established charms, and Macready's popularity, refreshed, of course, by his marine washings, is said to have prepared the same tragedy for both houses: the treatment of the story, and the nature of the characters differing so considerably, as to inspire the fair authoress with a hope, and by no means an ill-grounded one, that no one will suspect the identity.

Covent Garden is again under a single sceptre. The republic gave way two years ago, and Messrs. Willett and Forbes are now as much extricated from the cares of ambition as M. Tallien and the Abbé Sieyès. Then came the triple consulate of

Messrs. Fawcett, Smart, and Kemble; but the actor carries the day, and Charles is now first consul—the Napoleon of Covent Garden. Kean, Young, and Kemble, are more than the Percy and Douglas joined in arms, and Victory is already fresh painting to be perched on their banners. Shakspeare is to be revived, more Shakspearian than ever; one of his plays, so unlike all the rest that it has not been heard of these hundred years, but that throws "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" into eclipse, is to be produced; and the world are, for the nine months ensuing, to be held in a state of perpetual agony. Miracles are expected from Kean, who has the double stimulant of playing for fifty pounds a night (the yearly income of a curate!), and of playing for the remnant of his fame, against the unnatural young Roscius who is to tear the laurel from the brow of the unnatural old one; Kean against Kean, Norval against Sir Giles. Young will be, as he always is, clear of all war on the occasion—neither in dread of parricide, nor trembling for his diadem, but gathering money in quiet, and helping out the deficiencies of authorship on the stage, by tremendous blank verse of his own.

The Haymarket closes in a few nights, after a busy, pleasant, and, we should suppose, a productive season. Poole has been unlucky. His only French play, "Gudgeons and Sharks," fell a victim to as rapid an explosion of public wrath as we can remember. It perished at a blow, and never shewed sign of life again. His next piece has lived only in preparation—the failure of his former had left a gap, which it was expedient to fill. Kenny stepped in, with a two act farce upon the subject, which his brother translator had been tardily fabricating into three. Theatres are like time and tide, and wait for no man. The two acts in the hand were to the manager worth two thousand in the brain, and Kenny's was performed. The title, the "Bride at Fifty," was presumed to be a hit at Mrs. Coutts, who, it is to be observed, is graceless enough to have no box at this pleasantest of all theatres. If she had, of course she would have, in delicacy to her nerves, escaped the title, which, whatever may be her passion for titles, we should conceive not much to her taste. We advise her Grace's securing a box for next season. Kenny's farce is a very spirited and amusing *mélange*. A coaxing, jealous, tyrannical bore of a wife; a young husband, who marries to escape a jail; a dozing old squire, roaming on a matrimonial expedition; and a rattling widow of a general, full of the brawling manners, the bustling self-importance, and the love of man and money, engendered between mercenary soldiership, and the natural

appetite of widowhood; make up the characters. A stupid major in love with a stupid niece, are only drags and deterioration: the *whole*, however, is lively. Cooper, the young husband, deserves praise for his cleverness. He is vastly improved; the quakerism of his tone, physiognomy, and gesture, is passing away, and, but for his extraordinary fondness for dressing like a banker's clerk, or a footman out of livery, he might pass for a very pleasant stage gentleman. He is drunk during three-fourths of the farce—too long a period for the amusement of the audience, or the probability of the play; but his liveliness (that we should ever live to write the word of Cooper!) carries off the excess, and we congratulate him on having made an advance in his profession. Farren is excellent in the drowsy old owner of Poppy Hall, which he got by nodding at an auctioneer in his sleep; a story from Joe Miller, and whose selection does credit to Kenny's sense of the absurd. Mrs. Glover is a capital *Mrs. General*; but she talks like platoon-firing, and at once dazzles and deafens. Her rapidity is equivalent to loss of teeth; she mumbles the unfortunate author.

The Lyceum has reached its close. "The Freebooters," Mathews, and Miss Kelly as the Serjeant's wife, have sustained the popularity of this attractive theatre.

The dramatic world will lament to hear, that the deputy licenser, that severe guardian of the virtue of the stage, Mr. George Colman, jun., whose immaculate life has long been an honour to society, and whose scorn of sycophancy and servility will render his name memorable among the patriots of Great Britain, has been lately afflicted with a series of misfortunes, in the shape of dramas returned by the Duke of Devonshire, in which the Duke, not having the fear of heaven and the King before his eyes, had actually the hardihood to restore, reinstate, and reinscribe, several atrocious and obnoxious phrases; such as "How do you do? Does the King eat his mutton roasted or boiled? A Lord Mayor may be a jackass for a year, and an Alderman a jackass for life," &c., which the purity and loyalty of the deputy licenser's mind could not tolerate, and had therefore cut out. The rumour goes, that the deputy's first idea was that of resigning his situation; but on second thoughts, he was content with resigning his opinion. The obnoxious phrases were, therefore, suffered to remain, the deputy making a private protest that they are not his sen-

timents. And thus is the world to be overrun with a deluge of interrogatory vice, and declamatory dilapidation of the honour of the aldermanic intellect, to the great scandal of the nineteenth century. George Colman, jun., is now writing his life, in which the foregoing transaction is to form the principal episode.

The stars of the theatrical world are still planetary. Miss Paton, whose *oxymosis* lately puzzled all mankind, and who, we fear, is ill of more than a stage indisposition, is wandering somewhere among the solitudes of Brighton. Braham has disappeared; but as neither frost nor thaw, youth nor age, can touch his voice, we rely upon his returning to light early in the season. Young is on a tour to visit the tomb of Napoleon, and is expected by the first India arrivals. Macready is undiscoverable, and there are some doubts of his having been actually imported. But he is probably gathering new conceptions of human nature, and the capabilities of his purse among some of the country theatres. Elliston is managing away at a prodigious rate in the neighbourhood of the King's Bench. He is understood to have made some valuable operative discoveries of old *scores*, probably left behind in the habitual negligence of Mr. Dibdin.

Theatrical Biography, of all others the most amusing, is to delight the town during the winter. Harry Harris is in his third volume, and near (we hope not ominously) his end. Michael Kelly's life is to be succeeded by another of the same good-humoured old martyr to love and gout, but totally different, and much more amusing in anecdote and private history.

Reynolds is writing his life over again; but, as he says with his accustomed pleasantry, by no means with any intention to amend it. Farley is occupied on a history of the chief bears, dogs, elephants, and donkeys that have performed within the period of his management; with an appendix on the genius and literature essential to the author of pantomime.

The English Company under Abbott in Paris are terrifying the French. The Boulevards are deserted of the promenaders. The Opéra Comique, the Variétés, the Porte St. Martin, are empty. The only person to be seen at the opera is Lord Fife, speculating on the figurantes. The critical spirit of the Parisians is fine. They consider Charles Kemble in his fortunate moments, to be nearly equal to Miss Smithson, but as to approaching Clermont, they bid him *despair*!

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## DOMESTIC.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 21.—Thomas Telford, Esq. was admitted a member. A paper on the theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, by S. H. Christie, Esq., was concluded. A paper on the variation of the needle, by Captain Sabine, and another on a new vegetable principle, by M. Frost, were then read, and the society adjourned to the second Thursday in November.

## ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

June 8.—Some remarks on the astronomical observations of Flamsteed were read by F. Baily, Esq., who recommended more attention to be bestowed upon a work which had hitherto served as a basis for the observations of all subsequent astronomers. An ephemeris of the positions of the four new planets, at their ensuing oppositions, computed by himself, was transmitted by Mr. Taylor, jun., of the royal observatory. A paper on a new period of eclipses was read, by Mr. Utting; and a series of observations were communicated from Major Hodgson:—1. On the transit of mercury over the sun's disc. Nov. 4, 1822.—2. Occultations of stars by the moon, particularly of the pleiades, March 17, 1823.—3. A set of equal altitudes for determining the time at Futtly Ghur.—4. Transits of moon and moon culminating stars, at the same place. It was stated in a letter from professor Harding, of Gottingen, that he had discovered in Serpens a small variable star, of which the period seemed about eleven months. Results of his computations, relative to the solar eclipse of November 28, last, were communicated from Mr. G. Innes, of Aberdeen. A description of an instrument, called a tangent sextant, was given by Captain J. Ross. A method of making the necessary computations for deducing the longitude from an occultation of the moon, by Lieutenant Drinkwater of the navy, was read—after which several optical and astronomical instruments of his own construction were exhibited to the society by professor Amici.

## FOREIGN.

## INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

June 18.—M.M. Lamarck, Bosc, and de Blainville, reported on the memoir by M.M. Raspail and Robineau Desvoidi, entitled *Researches into the Natural History of the Alcyonalle of ponds*—almost the last link between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. They were requested to continue their researches. M.M. Cordier and Brochant de Villiers made a highly commendatory report upon a geological paper of M. Bonnard. 25. M.M. Lacroix and Andreossy reported on the work of M. Denaix, entitled an *Essay on Methodical and Comparative Geography*, of which he was encouraged to continue the publication. M.M. Chaussier and Magendie reported on a memoir of Dr. Roberts, relative to a woman who had a teat on her left thigh, with which she nourished her own child and several other infants. M. Cuvier read a memoir on the *saru* of the ancients.—July 2. M. Gambart, of Marseilles, announced that on June 21, he had discovered in one of the feet of Cassiopea, a new comet, invisible to the naked eye. M. Pons wrote from Florence that, on the 20th of June, he had discovered a small comet nearly in the same situation as the above. M. Beudant, in the name of a commission, reported on four mineralogical memoirs of M. Berthier, which were ordered to be printed in the collection of memoirs, by persons not members of the academy.—9. The same honour was this day conferred upon a paper, entitled a *Geological Examination of the Question, whether the Continents which we now inhabit have been frequently overflowed by the sea?* by M. Constant Prevost. M.M. Cuvier and Cordier were the reporters.—10. In the name of a commission, M. G. Cuvier reported on the bones collected in the grottos of Osseles, near Besançon. M. Berthier was then elected member of the section of mineralogy, in the place of M. Ramond, and the loss which the academy had sustained by the death of M. Fresnel was announced.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Meteorology.*—It was mentioned in our last number that a spurious quadruple rainbow had been observed in one of the islands of the Baltic. A singular atmospheric phenomenon was witnessed by many persons in Kent, in August last; it was a rainbow which, in addition to the usual number of prismatic colours, added to them, immediately beyond the violet ray, a ray of green, and then another very faint ray of violet.

*Jones's Steam Engine.*—The great, indeed it may be said, infinite utility of the steam-engine, has given rise to innumerable plans for its improvement: some merely theoretical, others which have been found adapted to practice. Of Mr. Perkins's invention we have already given an account. The following description of a new modification of this machine, by Mr. Jones, is extracted from Newton's journal:—the peculiar con-



struction of the boiler we noticed some time ago—the advantage this possesses over the common engines are—1, its perfect safety, which has been proved by the pressure of steam to more than ten times its working power—2, its practicability—the boiler and its engine may be constructed so as not to exceed two cwt. to each horse power for engines of ten-horse power and upwards—3, the space it occupies is not more than one-tenth of what is necessary for ordinary engines—4, the quantity of water in proportion to a given power, is less than that required by any other engine, in consequence of the steam, after it is generated, being expanded, by coming in direct contact with the flues—5, the saving in fuel is so considerable that the cost in London would be less than nine pence per day for each horse-power.—6, the primary cost will not be greater than that of engines on the ordinary construction.

**Archæology.**—The Abbé Ambrose, who has very recently returned to France from America, communicated last month to the geographical society of Paris, that, during the time of his stay at Saint Louis, a brass coin found in the Valley of Bones to the south-west of the Missouri, and very far in the interior, had been transmitted to Mr. Clarke, the gentleman who, in company with Mr. Lewis, travelled to the mouth of the Colombia. The inhabitants say that no European had ever been seen there. After a very careful examination, this medal was ascertained to be a Roman one, struck during the reign of Nerva. The same traveller adds, that in digging a well in Tennessee, an earthen pot was found, containing a large quantity of gold coins, which were unknown to the inhabitants of that district.

**Geology.**—Brydone mentions an orchard belonging to a convent near Catania, planted upon a mass of decomposing lava, and which, at a subsequent eruption of Mount Ætna, had been removed some distance by a new torrent of lava undermining the stone, and transporting it upon its surface. In Switzerland several instances occur of tracts of land sliding from their locality on a mountain's side to the valley below. The Abbé Ambrose states that, while traversing a part of the great chain of the Alleghany mountains in America, the ground on which he stood, and to the extent of two or three acres, with the trees growing thereon, detached itself from the side of the mountain, and with a gentle motion descended into the valley at its feet—similar phenomena are frequent in this part of the world.

**Hogs.**—The following facts in the natural history of the hog are, we presume, new to most of our readers, and are extracted from some observations on the climate and productions of Washington county Ohio, inserted in Professor Silliman's valuable journal. "In the early settlement of the county, when the woods were full of wild plants, neat cattle could live very comfortably the whole winter without any assistance from man, and, at this

time, large numbers of hogs pass the winter as independently as the deer and the bears, subsisting on nuts and acorns. Single individuals are sometimes destroyed by the bears and wolves, but a gang of ten or twenty hogs are more than a match for a wolf or a panther. An old hunter informed me that he once saw a large panther spring from a tree into a drove of wood hogs who were aware of his approach, and prepared for defence; the moment he touched the ground the large hogs fell upon him with their tusks, and the weight of their bodies, and killed him and tore him in pieces in a few minutes."

**Frie's Systema Mycologicum.**—The fungi have probably received less attention than any other part of botany. The following is a compendious view of a natural system of them, which has been published, in several volumes, at Lund, in Germany. The whole evolution of a fungus is determined by what the author calls *cosmica momenta*, of which there are four:—1. Nisus reproductivus, or earth and water—2. Air—3. Caloric—4. Light. The first is the principal agent in producing sporidia, or fruit, the first and second in producing floccos, or elongated fibres, on which the fruit appears; the first and third produce the uterus, or a closed fungus; and the first and fourth the hymenium, or an open fungus. These are the four leading characters, and the system is divided into four classes; a single class being composed of those plants that exhibit one of these characters more prominent than the others.—The names of the classes are Coniomycetes, Hyphomycetes, Gasteromycetes, and Hymenomycetes, signified by the letters C, M, U, and H. The class C has sporidice, naked; M. Thallus floccose; U. a closed fungus; and H an open fungus. Each class is divided into four orders, and each order into four genera, arising like the classes from the actions of the natural causes. The orders are designated by the letters E, M, U, and H; and are the same in every class. C.E. denotes first class, first order, and U. U. third class, third order. If an order be divided into two sub-orders, as the fourth order of the fourth class, it is expressed thus:—H.H<sup>1</sup>, for the first sub-order, and H.H<sup>2</sup>, for the second. The genera are represented by either of these letters, E, M, G, X, or U, according to its *habitat*. E. denotes that it grows on decaying plants, or on those recently dead. M. that it grows on plants in the process of fermentation. G, that it grows on the ground. The second sub-order of the fourth class, fourth order, stands as follows:—

Genera.	Formule.
1. Thelaphora.....	H.H. 2 E
2. Hydnum.....	M
3. Polyporus.....	X
4. Agaricus.....	G

In the artificial system the orders and genera are not limited to four; they are regarded as natural families, having many allied genera. Agaricus has three allied

genera, *Conthurellus*, *memlius*, and *Ichizophyllum*.

**Note Paper.**—In the last number but one of the *Bulletin des Sciences*, a process is mentioned by which paper can be made to resist moisture: it is the invention of M. Engel, and consists in plunging unsized paper once or twice into a clear solution of mastic in oil of turpentine, and drying it afterwards by a gentle heat. The paper pressed in this manner, without becoming transparent, has all the properties of writing paper, and may be employed for that purpose. When laid by it is perfectly secure from being injured by mould or mildew; and is not likely to be destroyed by mice or insects. For passports, account-books, and registers, this paper seems well adapted.

**Fossil Mastodon.**—At the end of last year, in repairing and cleansing the village spring near Genesee, Ontario County, New York, United States, and the ditches connected with it, which are dug in marl, that extends two feet below the surface, it was deemed proper to deepen them, and in doing this the fossil bones of a mastodon were found, about half-a-mile east of the court-house at Genesee, in a small marsh that has some elevation above the surrounding country. The tusks were first seen, and then the head; but these, as indeed the whole skeleton, were in such a state of almost total decomposition, as to defy all attempts at preservation. The skeleton lay in the direction so frequently observed in the remains of this animal, south-west and north-east. The head rested upon the lower jaw. The tusks were much decayed; their points were five feet apart, and measured at least a foot from the centre. They were four feet and two inches in length, the largest diameter could not be ascertained on account of their decay; but it was preserved a considerable distance, and then gradually diminished so that at five inches from the point the diameter was three inches. The laminated structure of the tusk was rendered evident by decomposition, which had in a measure separated the laminae, and the whole was supposed to be phosphate of lime. Of the two superior incisors no trace could be discovered, but the eight under were in sight. The length of the largest tooth was six and a quarter inches; of the smallest three and a half; the crown of the tooth was two and a half, and the breadth of the enamel from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch, as was rendered visible by wearing away of the surface. The roots were all broken and decayed; the animal could not have been old, as eight under teeth were found, old animals have only one under on either side of each jaw. The pelvis was twenty-two inches in its transverse diameter, between the acetabula at the inferior opening. The epiphyses of the larger bones, and the patellae, were found nearly perfect, not having suffered from decay.

**Mineralogy.**—In the imperial cabinet of Vienna there is an opal 4.75 inches (Vienna) in length, 2.5 inches in thickness,

and weighing 34 ounces. It came from Czerventzia, in Hungary. Half a million of florins have been offered for it, a price very inferior to the real value of this unique and magnificent specimen.

**An Italian Miracle.**—In the month of August 1819, some polenta, a sort of food made with the flour of maize, with salt and water, of which the Italians are very fond, placed in a house at Padua, in the situation usually allotted to it, was found covered with red spots. This was thrown away, but what was prepared for the ensuing day's consumption underwent the same alteration. Some suspicion then arose that this was the work of the evil one; a dignitary of the church came to bless the interior of the house, and the kitchen in particular where the occurrence had taken place, but in vain; the suspected colour did not disappear. Fasting and prayer were had recourse to by the unfortunate family; masses were celebrated on their account; still with equal want of success. Up to that time the secret had been kept, but the curiosity of neighbours at last discovered it, and from that moment the family were regarded with a sort of horror and terror; their most intimate friends even shunned them. The magistrates of the place charged a physician, of the name of Sette, to investigate the facts. Public rumour became more loud, and the house wherein the phenomena had taken place, was incessantly surrounded with curious people. The cause of the drops of blood on the polenta was at length defined;—the family were eating the old corn, which, during the famine of 1817, they had refused to the poor, and in this way the divine vengeance was now declaring itself. Much prudence was required on the part of Dr. Sette, for the moral contagion, now ready to spread, was more to be feared than the alteration of the food in a small number of private houses. After many researches, the physician, who was a skillful naturalist, ascertained the specific character of this phenomenon, which was only a vegetation hitherto unobserved, and of which the colour alone had occasioned so much alarm.

**Statistics.**—On the first of January 1826, the population of the kingdom of the Netherlands amounted to 6,059,506 souls, including the inhabitants of the grand duchy of Luxembourg, who amounted in number to 291,759. The births for the preceding year, in the cities, were 68,011, viz. 34,967 males, 33,044 females; in the country 153,212; viz. 78,913 males, 74,299 females; of which numbers the ratio is 0.943; the ratio of the population to the births was consequently 27:1. The marriages during the same year were 47,097, whence the ratio of the population to the marriages was 127:2. The deaths amounted in the same year to 146,138; viz. in the cities 25,445 males, 25,239 females; in the country 48,758 males, 46,496 females. The proportion between the deaths of the two sexes is, therefore, 0.967, and that of the population to the deaths 41.0. During the

year 1825 the increase of the population was 75,085 souls.

**Effect of Lightning.**—During a thunder storm which took place in Holland at the close of last year, out of a flock of 155 sheep in an open field, a single flash of lightning killed sixty-five, of which the wool was widely scattered in every direction.

**Rare Insect.**—A very rare insect, of which the existence has been long doubted, and which is found only in the most northern countries, is met with in Livonia: it is the *furia infernalis* described by Linneus, in the new memoirs of the academy of Upsal. This insect is so small that it is difficult to distinguish it with the naked eye. In warm weather it falls from the air upon the inhabitants, and the inflammation resulting from its bite or sting will occasion death if immediate remedies be not applied. During the hay harvest, other insects, called meggar, cause equal mischief to men and cattle. They are of the size of a grain of sand, at sunset appearing in great quantities; they descend in a perpendicular line, pierce the strongest cloth, and occasion an itching, accompanied with pimples, which become dangerous if scratched. They cause swelling in the throats of the cattle which inhale them, and without prompt assistance death ensues. They are cured by a fumigation with linseed, which brings on a violent cough.

**Circulation of the Sap in Plants.**—A communication was made some time since by Professor Amici, of Modena, to the Italian Society of Arts established in that city, that in an aquatic plant (the chara) he had discovered, by microscopic examination, a circulation of the sap between the joints, which apparently ascended in the exterior portion of the stem of the plant, and descended in the centre. The reality of this phenomenon was placed beyond doubt by the very evident passage of certain particles of one of the currents, which, drawn by that which moved in an opposite direction, were from time to time carried along by it. In the month of May last, this was demonstrated by the learned professor himself to the Parisian naturalists; and during his visit to this country, we, among many others, have witnessed this phenomenon, as displayed by one of his very perfect microscopes—the circulation of the sap, which by analogy, is extended to every plant, is ascribed to the effect of galvanic action.

**Astronomy.**—We suggested to our readers some time since, a method of illuminating the field of view of a reflecting telescope; the process was new, and but a small loss of light ensued from it. The following is supe-

rior: Within the tube of the telescope, and close to the large mirror, place a small plane mirror at an angle of forty-five, in a line with that by which the pencil of rays is transmitted to the eye-piece, and inclined in an opposite direction—no loss of light will ensue beyond that which necessarily takes place in the Newtonian construction, and the rays will be transmitted in the axis of the telescope through a perforation in the side of the tube, opposite this second plane mirror, to a tube inserted into which perforation, a lantern is attached upon gimbals.

**Man-Eating Society.**—In the Fifty-seventh number of the Quarterly Review, appeared a false defamatory article concerning America. The effects of this intemperate article have been rather deplorable—it has drawn down in the last number of the North American Review, a most severe and annihilating reply, if we look to the appalling facts which the ill-judged critique obliged the American Journal to disclose, but as pre-eminent for the conciliating truly Christian spirit with which it is conceived, as for the chaste eloquence and felicity with which it is composed. This valuable paper we recommend to the perusal of all honest Englishmen, and from it make the following interesting extract:—"There is a horrible institution among some of the Indian tribes, which furnishes a powerful illustration of their never-tiring love of vengeance. It is called the Man-Eating Society, and it is the duty of its associates to devour such prisoners as are preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belong to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descends to all the children, male and female. Its duties cannot be dispensed with, and the sanctions of religion are added to the obligations of immemorial usage. The feast is considered a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe is collected as actors or spectators. The miserable victim is fastened to a stake, and burned at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty which savage ingenuity can invent. There is a traditionary ritual, which regulates, with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. The institution has latterly declined, but we know those who have seen and related to us the incidents which occurred on these occasions, when white men were sacrificed and consumed. The chief of the family and principal members of the society among the Miamies; whose name was White Skin, we have seen, and with feelings of loathing, excited by a narrative of his atrocities, amid the scenes when they occurred."



## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The *Winter's Wreath*, or a Collection of Contributions in Prose and Verse, will make its appearance with the earliest of our beautiful annuals. The engravings are announced to be among the best of the kind, and its literary pieces will be of rather a serious turn. The profits arising from its sale are to be appropriated to charitable purposes.

The Parliamentary Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning, so long announced, and now on the eve of publication, were undertaken with the sanction of Mr. Canning, and had the signal and exclusive advantage of his personal revision and correction up to the period of his last illness. The publication will contain several speeches made on important public occasions, which have never been presented to the public in a corrected form. The work will extend to five volumes, the first of which will be principally occupied with a Memoir, the materials of which will be supplied from the most satisfactory and authentic source of intelligence.

Circle of the Seasons and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack; to which are added the Circle of the Hours of the Day and the History of the Days of the week. Being a compendious illustration of the Artificial History and Natural Phenomena of each day in the year.

The author of 'Sophia de Lissau,' intends publishing early in the ensuing year, her long promised Narrative of the Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials of the Eventful Life of Emma de Lissau, in 2 vols, 12mo. in which will be contained much information respecting the Jews—a people who must ever be objects of interest to the contemplative mind. Subscribers names will be received by her publishers.

The Swedes in Prague. An Historical Romance, translated from the German of Madame Pichier.

On the 1st of November, 1827, will be published, the first part of a New General Atlas of Fifty-one Maps, with the divisions and boundaries carefully coloured, constructed entirely from new drawings, and engraved by W. H. Hall. The work will be complete in seventeen parts, each containing three maps. A part will be published every month, price half a guinea. The size of each map has been fixed at twenty inches by sixteen.

Dr. Uwins (late Medical Reporter to this Magazine) will publish very early in the present month a small volume on Diseases connected with Indigestion, which will also contain a Commentary on the principal ailments of Children.

Sketches from Oblivion, containing Sketches, Poems, and Tales. By Piers Shafton, gent.

Dr. Conquest will publish early in Octo-

ber, a fourth and carefully revised edition of his *Outlines of Midwifery*; and early in the Spring, a work on the Diseases of Women and Children.

Mr. Walter C. Dendy, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for Children, &c. &c. is preparing a Treatise on the Cutaneous Diseases Incidental to Childhood; comprehending their Origin, Nature, Treatment, and Prevention.

Religion in India, a Voice directed to Christian Churches, for Millions in the East. Comprising, Revealed Truth estimated by a Christian Hindoo—The Victim of Delusion, a Hindoo Widow—The Ordination Service for Isaac David, a Hindoo Evangelist—The Plan of the Mysore Mission College—Zion's Watchman upon her Frontiers—The Gospel Commission, &c. &c. is in the press.

The History of George a Green, the Pindar of Wakefield, will form the fifth part of Mr. W. Thorn's Early Prose Romances.

In royal 4to. Historical Tablets and Medallions, illustrative of an improved System of Artificial Memory, for the more easy remembrance of remarkable Events and Dates. Mr. John Henry Todd has announced the Tablets may also be had, neatly executed on Card-board, and fitted up in a handsome box—so that a number of students might, with equal convenience and economy, be using them at the same time. Price 3l. 3s.

An Introduction to the Knowledge of Engraved British Portraits; or, a Priced Catalogue of more than Three Thousand Prints, described in Grainger's Biographical History of England, Bromley's Catalogue of Portraits, &c. By Henry Baynes, Bibliop. will be published early in November.

Scripture Diary, or Christian Almanack: comprising a Chronological Arrangement of the Holy Scriptures in Daily Portions, for reading the whole Bible within a Year; together with the Festivals of the Jews, and some Events of Sacred History—Selections of Ecclesiastical Literature—Notices of Biblical Publications, &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. John Whitridge. 18mo.

In November will be published the *Forget Me Not* for 1828; consisting of the more than Eighty compositions in verse and prose, by the most popular writers of the day of both sexes; and the embellishments comprise Thirteen highly finished Engravings, from pictures by A. Howard, R.A., H. Thomson, R.A., R. Westall, R.A., T. Stothard, R.A., R. Smirke, R.A., H. Corbould, J. Martin, J. Stephanoff, S. Prout, M. W. Sharpe, S. Owen, H. Richter, and T. Uwins, with a beautiful embossed presentation plate.

The *Chronicles of the Canongate*; containing the Highland Widow, The Drovers, and The Surgeon's Daughter, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. in 2 vols. Also by the same, The Tales of a Grandfather will follow the *Chronicles*.

Mr. Leoghegan, of Dublin, has published a Letter to Mr. Abernethy on Ruptures, in which he condemns the established practice in that complaint, and argues that it produces the most destructive consequences.

In the press, a Poem descriptive of Henley-on-Thames and its immediate Environs.

Mr. W. C. Smith is about to publish *Rambles round Guildford*, with a Topographical and Historical description of the Town, in five monthly parts.

Professor J. G. Hugel, of the University of Leipzig, is engaged on an English German Dictionary, which will be comprised in two volumes. It will contain the words in general use in both languages as well as technical expressions—to appear early next spring.

Kreyssigs *Livy*, in 5 vols. 8vo. printed at Leipzig, is just completed, the fifth volume forming a *Glossarium Levianum*.

An English Translation of *Le Code Gourmand*, ou *Manual complet de Gastronomie*, will appear this month.

Shortly will be published in 1 vol. 12mo. *The Old Irish Knight*, an Historical Tale, by the Author of a *Whisper to a Newly Married Pair*, &c. &c.

*The Red Rover*. By the Author of "*The Spy*," "*The Pilot*," &c. 3 vols. will appear in October.

*Confessions of an Old Maid*. In 3 vols. small 8vo. in the press.

*The Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and Lawrence, Earl of Rochester*, with the *Diary of Lord Clarendon*, from 1687 to 1690; comprising minute particulars of the Events attending the Revolution. The greater part now first published from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes. By S. W. Singer, F.S.A. In 2 vols. 4to. Illustrated with Portraits, copied from the Originals, and other Engravings, will soon be ready.

*The Third Series of Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life*. 3 vols. post 8vo. is nearly through the press.

*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts*. By the Author of the *Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe*. 2 vols. 8vo. is on the eve of publication.

*Flirtation*, a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. may be soon expected.

*The Diary of a Member in the Parliaments of the Protectors*, Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from the original Autograph Manuscript, in the possession of William Upcott, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several curious Documents and Notices, Historical and Biographical. By John Towell Rutt, Esq. In 4 vols. 8vo. with Plates, is in the press.

Herbert Lacy, a Novel. By the author of "*Granby*." 3 vols. is in preparation.

*The Mummy*, a Tale of the Twentieth Century. In 3 vols. will appear in a few days.

*The History of George Godfrey*. Related

by Himself. In 3 vols. post 8vo. in the press.

# LIST OF NEW WORKS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Classical Introduction to Latin Grammar*. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

*Goodwin's History of the Commonwealth of England*. Volume the Third. 8vo. 16s. boards.

*Twenty-six Illustrations to Walton and Cotton's Angler*. 8vo. 12s.

*Outlines of a System of Surveying, for Geographical and Military Purposes*, comprising the Principles on which the surface of the Earth may be represented on Plans. By Major T. L. Mitchell. 8vo. 5s. boards.

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*Life of Linnæus*. 18mo. 2s. half-bound.

*Rambling Notes and Reflections, suggested during a Visit to Paris in the Winter of 1826-7*. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. 8vo. 12s. boards.

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*King Henry VIII.'s Household Book*. 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.

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Q. Horatii Flacci Opera: containing an Ordo and Verbal Translation, interlineally arranged; with Preliminary Observations illustrative of the Life, writings, and versification of Horace. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D., Editor and Translator of Juvenal's Satires, Virgil's Bucolics, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. 18s.

The Iliad of Homer, chiefly from the Text of Heyne, with English Notes: Illustrating the Construction, the Manners and Customs, the Mythology, and Antiquities of the Heroic Ages, and Preliminary Observations on Points of Classical Interest and Importance connected with Homer and his Writings. By the Rev. William Trollope, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s. boards.

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A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Right Hon. George Canning, delivered at Southampton, on Sunday, August 12th, 1827. By J. Buller. 8vo. 1s. sewed.

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To John Hague, of Cable-street, Well Close-square, in the parish of St. George in the East, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a new method of working cranes or till hammers—30th August; 2 months.

To Benjamin Merriman Combs, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, iron-monger, for his invention of certain improvements, or additions to a pulley machinery, and apparatus used and applied for securing, fixing, and moving curtains and roller, and other blinds—30th August; 2 months.

To William Debtner, of Upper Mary-le-

bone Street, Fitzroy-square, in the county of Middlesex, piano-forte maker, for his invention of certain improvements on piano-fortes—30th August; 6 months.

To William John Ford, of the parish of Mildenhall, in the county of Suffolk, farrier, for his invention of certain improvements in the make, use, and application of bridle bits—6th September; 2 months.

To George Clymer, of Finsbury Street, Finsbury-square, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of an improvement in typographic printing, between plain or flat surfaces—6th September; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1813, expire in the present month of October 1827.*

15. Henry Osborne, Warwick, for his method of making tools for tapering cylinders of different descriptions, made of iron, steel, metal, or mixture of metals; and also for tapering bars of the same.

18. Robertson Buchanan, Glasgow, for his improvements in the means of impelling vessels and machinery.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## UGO FOSCOLO.

This elegant and accomplished scholar, whose name and writings have long been familiar to the British *litterati*, was born in the Island of Zante, about the year 1777. He spent many of his early years amongst the Ionian islands, where, and in the city of Venice and its vicinity, he chiefly received his education. He studied also at Padua. His career, literary as well as military, appears to have been commenced in 1795, when Italy was convulsed by revolutionary commotions. At the period when French arms and French principles had subverted the Venetian republic, he became an active partisan. His first drama, written at the early age of nineteen, was *Tieste*. In this production he stood forward as the rival of Count Pepoli, and the Marquess Pondemonte, whose dramas, he regretted to observe, were preferred by the Venetians even to those of Alfieri. *Tieste* was first represented upon the same evening when two pieces were to appear at different theatres, from the pens of the Count and the Marquess. Despising the taste of the day, Foscolo, writing upon the model of the Greek poets, went beyond Alfieri's simplicity and severity of manner. The success of the piece, which retains its celebrity to the present day, was decided. To its publication by the actors, in the tenth volume of the *Teatro Italiano Applaudito*,

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a warm panegyric was subjoined. Foscolo, in contempt, as it were of praise, wrote a severe critique upon his own tragedy, and ascribed its success entirely to its servile adherence to the ancient model. His anonymous strictures were received with extreme indignation, especially by the votaries of the Venetian theatre, where a portrait of the young poet was triumphantly exhibited in reply. *Tieste* has only four characters; but its abrupt and energetic style, its strength and vivacity of passion, and the mysterious terror which pervades its closing scenes impart to it an interest amounting to pain.

When the Venetian provinces were transferred to the despotic authority of Austria, Foscolo quitted Venice with indignation. He proceeded to Bologna, and, while there, he wrote his celebrated work, the *Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, a political performance, constituting a vehicle for the author's own opinions, and forcibly representing his own personal feelings and character. The story, though simple, abounds with touching incidents and traits of nature. It speedily went through three editions.

Foscolo entered into the Italian army, and, in a short time became a captain. He was afterwards professor of eloquence in the University of Pavia, in which office he gained high reputation. Melzi, the vice-president of the republic, conferred an annual salary

upon him for his exertions in the cause of liberty and of literature. In 1801 he distinguished himself by writing and delivering a discourse at the Congress of Lyons. That discourse, pronounced at the desire of his own government, on occasion of the convention of the notables of the Cisalpine republics by Buonaparte, was not less remarkable for its high-toned spirit of independence, than for its energy of thought, feeling, and energy of expression. It was expected that the orator would deliver a panegyric upon the new government; instead of which, he drew a strong and eloquent picture of its abuses and oppression, and with rapid and masterly strokes of satire, flashed the follies and crimes of the agents and ministers of a foreign power, in the very face of the consular despotism which employed them. Perfectly unconstrained—with his hands resting upon the back of his chair, he spoke for more than three hours; yet such was the rapidity, the enthusiasm, and the authority of his manner, as to disarm all parties of the power of interruption or opposition. This oration, afterwards published with a motto from Sophocles, "My soul groans for my country, for myself, and also for thee"—gave offence to Buonaparte; and, as Foscolo could not submit to be a slave, he withdrew from public employments.

For a long time literature seems to have engrossed him wholly. In the year 1803, he published an ironical and satirical commentary on a poem of Callimachus. He appears, however, to have been again in the army. He served some time in the capacity of Aide-camp to General Caffarelli; and, in 1805, he was stationed at Calais, with an Italian regiment, which, it was understood, would form a part of the grand invading army of England. At that period he was engaged in editing the celebrated commentaries and military aphorisms of his countryman Montecuculi, which he published in 1808, with original dissertations on military art subjoined to each volume. This publication was dedicated to General Caffarelli.

In 1807, Foscolo printed, at Brescia, a poem, called "I Sepolcri," The Tombs, in which the natives of Milan were severely abused. His next productions were a translation of the first two books of the Iliad, and a tragedy, entitled Ajax. The tragedy was acted in 1811, and gave offence to the Viceroy, who conceived that some parts of it were levelled against Buonaparte. Foscolo was on the point of being exiled, when his friend, General Pino, averted the sentence, by sending him to Mantua on a military mission. From Mantua he proceeded to Gascony, where he settled, and began to study the English language with great perseverance and success. He soon attained in it such a proficiency, as to be enabled to give to the world the best translation that had ever been made of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. It appeared under the feigned name of Dedimo Chierico, Yorick's sup-

posed clerk. It is accompanied by pungent and satirical notes, and a life of the pretended translator.

When Italy was invaded by the Austrians, in 1814, Foscolo, indignant that his countrymen should receive their yoke, revisited Milan, and aided the government by his counsels and his pen. He was the author of numerous proclamations addressed to the citizens and the army, to excite them to combat for their independence. At Milan he became acquainted with many English officers, and he laboured strenuously, but unsuccessfully, to interest the British Government in favour of Italian freedom. He remained at Milan till Murat declared war against Austria; but, having then become an object of suspicion to the Austrian Government, he travelled into Switzerland, and thence into Russia.

Foscolo at length came over to England, where he obtained much literary distinction. In the spring of 1823, he published a volume, entitled *Essays on Petrarch*. The book, in fact, contains three essays, on the Love, Poetry, and Character of Petrarch; a Parallel between Dante and Petrarch; and seven illustrative Appendices, as follows: Specimens of Petrarch's Latin Poetry; Specimens of Greek Amatory Poetry, (in translation,) from Sappho down to the Writers of the Lower Empire; a Theory of Platonic Love, by Lorenzo de Medici; Comparative Description of Woman's Beauty, according to Platonic Ideas, and the early Italian Poets; Petrarch's Unpublished Letters, in Italian; a Letter, in Latin, of Dante's, lately discovered; Translations from Petrarch, by Barbarina, Lady Dacre. As the production of an Italian, the volume reflects high credit upon the writer for the skill which he has acquired in English composition. Here and there, indeed, we meet with a foreign idiom; but, upon the whole, the style is respectable, elevated, and worthy of the subject. The parallel between Dante and Petrarch, is a fine, a noble piece of criticism.

During his residence amongst us, Foscolo wrote much on miscellaneous subjects; and contributed essays, criticisms, &c. to some of our most eminent periodical publications. Besides the works already mentioned, he is the author of a tragedy, entitled *Ricciarda*; a few odes, and some other poems. He is said to have left seven books of Homer translated, and an edition of Dante is now in the hands of a publisher.

The manners of Foscolo were very striking. In conversation and action he displayed a degree of vivacity and energy, which, in our colder climate, and with our more subdued feelings, seem to border on restlessness and want of self-command. The Countess Isabella Albrizzi, who knew him well, has thus sketched his character:—

"A warm friend, clear as the mirror itself, that never deceives, and never conceals. Ever kind, generous, grateful; though his virtues appear those of savage nature, when

compared with the sophisticated reasoners of our times, I think he would tear his heart from his bosom, if he thought that a single pretension was not the unconstrained and free movement of his soul."

Foscolo's memory was remarkably tenacious. A short time previously to his death, which occurred on the 10th of September, he had, for the benefit of his health, retired to the vicinity of London. For nearly two years he had laboured under an organic affection; and, before the disease reached its climax, his sufferings were increased by severe inflammatory attacks, which extended to the liver, and terminated in a confirmed dropsy. In a very reduced state, the operation of tapping, a second time performed after a short interval, is thought to have hastened his dissolution. His pecuniary circumstances, it is feared, were not prosperous.

#### WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake, born about the year 1761, was a very remarkable, and a very eccentric character. He was brought up under Basire, an eminent engraver; but his exertions were not confined to the burin. His designs, illustrating a quarto edition of Blair's *Grave*, and ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of the learned and severe Fuseli, are well known. Flaxman pointed out Blake to an eminent literary man, as a melancholy example of English apathy towards the grand, the philosophic, or the enthusiastically devoted painter. By Sir Thomas Lawrence, too, whose judgment in art has never yet been questioned, he was repeatedly employed; notwithstanding which he existed in a state of penury, which most artists—creatures necessarily of a sensitive temperament—would deem intolerable. He has been seen living, or rather vegetating, with his affectionate wife, in a close back-room in one of the courts of the Strand; his bed in one corner, his meagre dinner in another; a ricketty table, holding his copper plates in progress, his large drawings, sketches, &c., MSS., his colours, books, &c.; amongst which his Bible, a Sessi Vellutello's Dante, and Mr. Carey's Translation, were at the top. At this time his ankles were frightfully swelled, his chest was disordered, old age was striding on, and his wants were increasing, but not the means of supplying those wants. Yet his eye was undimmed, the fire of his imagination was unquenched, the preternatural never-resting activity of his mind was unflagging. He was calm, he was cheerful, at times he was even mirthful. At the age of 66, Mr. Blake commenced the study of Italian, for the sake of reading Dante in the original; and he succeeded in the undertaking. At one period, if we mistake not, he was upon intimate terms with John Varley, another eccentric, but highly-gifted artist. In temper he was ardent, affectionate, and grateful; in manners and address, simple, courteous, and agreeable.

He died calmly and piously, like an infant sinking into its last slumber, on the 13th of July. He has left nothing behind, except some pictures, copper-plates, and his principal work—a series of a hundred large designs from Dante.

#### THE EARL OF STRADBROKE.

John Rous, Earl of Stradbroke, so created on the 18th of July, 1821, derived his title from Stradbroke or Stradbrook, a parish in the county of Suffolk, in which his ancestors—the family of Le Rus, or Rous—were established, and had property, as early as the time of the Heptarchy. The Rous family founded the priory at Woodbridge, where many of them were buried; and the Le Rouses of Dennington, as well as all others of the name, are descendants from the Rouses of Stradbroke. Sir William Rous, the immediate descendant of Peter Le Rous, of Dennington, in the reign of Edward III., was father of Sir Anthony Rous, who purchased Henham-hall, in Suffolk, in the year 1545. His great grandson, Sir John Rous, was father of Sir John, created a baronet in the year 1680. Sir John, the fifth baronet, and father of the late Earl, was one of the representatives of the county of Suffolk in the year 1768. In 1749, he married Judith, the daughter and sole heiress of John Bedingfield, of Beeston, in the county of Norfolk. By that lady, his only son and successor was John, the late Earl of Stradbroke, who was born in 1749 or 1750.

Sir John Rous, who succeeded his father in the title and estates in the year 1771, married first, in January, 1788, Frances Juliana Warter, daughter of Edward Warier Wilson, Esq., by whom he had a daughter, married, in 1816, to Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B. Lady Rous dying in 1790, Sir John formed a second matrimonial union, in 1792, with Charlotte Maria, daughter of A. Whittaker, Esq. Sir John was elevated to the English peerage, by the title of Baron Rous, of Dennington, in the county of Suffolk, on the 14th of June, 1796; and, in July 1821, he was advanced to the titles of Viscount Dunwich, and Earl of Stradbroke.

His lordship, who resided on his paternal estate of Henham-hall, was warmly and devotedly attached through life to the Tory or Pitt system of politics. Liberal, generous, and benevolent, this nobleman, in every relation of life—as husband, father, friend, and landlord—was universally beloved; and long and deeply will his loss be felt. Lord Stradbroke died at his house in Hertford-street, May-fair, on the 17th of August; he is succeeded by his eldest son, John Edward Cornwallis Rous, Viscount Dunwich, now Earl of Stradbroke. His lordship, who is a captain in the army, was born in the year 1794.

Besides the son and daughter already mentioned, the late Earl has left a family of six children:—Lady Charlotte Maria, married to Nathaniel Micklethwaite, of Ouston-hall, in



the county of Norfolk, Esq.; Lord William Rufus, who married Louisa, daughter of James Hutch, of Clabery-hall, in the county of Essex, Esq.; Lady Louisa Maria Judith, married to Spencer Horsey-Kilderbee, Esq., of the county of Suffolk; Lord Hugh Anthony, Lord Thomas Manners, and Lord Henry John, R.N.

#### THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Dr. Samuel Goodenough, the late venerable Bishop of Carlisle, was born about the year 1741. His education was completed at Christ's Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1767, and of L.L.D. in 1772. For several years he presided over an academy at Ealing, where he had the honour of educating many of our young nobility; amongst others, the sons of the late Duke of Portland. This appears to have opened to him the path of clerical preferment. Through the interest of his high and noble connexions he was appointed Dean of Rochester; upon which he relinquished his scholastic establishment in favour of his son, by whom its reputation has since been most ably sustained.

By the marriage of one of his brothers—William Goodenough of Oxford, M.D.—in 1806, with Miss Anne Addington, sister of Lord Sidmouth, Dr. Goodenough acquired additional interest. When the See of Carlisle became vacant in the year 1807, it was offered to Dr. Zouch; but that gentleman declined its acceptance, and Dr. Goodenough was consequently elected under His Majesty's *coûté d'être*.

His lordship was, with Sir James Edward Smith, the president, and the late Mr. Marchant, one of the founders of the Linnæan Society, of which for several years he was one of the vice-presidents. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The venerable Bishop closed a long life of pious labour and the most exemplary conduct at Worthing. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of Sunday the 12th of August. On the Friday night following, his remains arrived in town, at the house of his son, Dr. Goodenough, in Little Dean's-yard, Westminster; and precisely at nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, they were committed to the earth in the north cloister of the Abbey. The procession was conducted in the most private manner as follows:—The lid of feathers, Abbey beadle, two vergers, the prebendary, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bentinck, supported by G. Vincent and H.

Gell, Esqrs.; the body, followed by the chief mourners, Dr. Goodenough, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Goodenough, the Rev. Archdeacon W. Goodenough, &c., and his lordship's domestic servants, followed by twelve almsmen, two and two. The coffin was quite plain, covered with black velvet. The funeral service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Prebendary.

#### MR. FURLONG.

Thomas Furlong, a gentleman distinguished in Ireland by his poetical and literary talent, was born at a place called Searawall, within three miles of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, about the year 1797. His father was a substantial farmer. Having received a suitable education, the youth was, at the age of fourteen, apprenticed to a respectable trader in Dublin. His leisure hours he successfully devoted to the study of the belles lettres; and long before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had become a contributor to various periodical publications in London and Dublin. His business, however, was not neglected for verse-making. He retained the friendship of his employer through life; and when that gentleman died, Mr. Furlong commemorated his departure in a poem entitled *The Burial*. In answer to the reproofs of some of his non-literary friends, he wrote a "*Vindication of Poetry*." Mr. Jameson, a man of liberal views himself, was struck with his talents, and gave him a confidential situation in his distillery. Having now more leisure, he published *The Misanthrope*, a didactic poem, and contributed largely to one of the London Magazines. In 1822, he projected *The New Irish Magazine*; and, *The Morning Register*, started in 1825, received much valuable aid from his pen. His reputation now stood so high amongst the Irish *literati*, that, as a lyric poet, his name was often coupled with that of Moore at convivial meetings.

Mr. Hardiman, author of the *History of Galway*, &c., having projected the publication of *The Remains of the Irish Bards*, Mr. Furlong undertook to translate the songs of Caran. He successfully accomplished his task. At the time of his death, which took place at his lodgings in Dublin on the 26th of July, he had in the press a poem of some length, entitled *The Doom of Derenzio*, which, in its M.S. state, is said to have been much admired by the late Rev. Mr. Maturin. Though a severe satirist, Mr. Furlong was a man of inoffensive and amiable manners.

#### MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

This is the season of the year when putrid disorders, as they are called, may be expected; when the solids of the body, that is to say, are relaxed by the long continuance of atmospheric heat, and the fluids, from the same causes, disposed to putrescency. The effect of the stale hot and damp weather upon animal matter, deprived of life, has been abundantly obvious. Partridges have been kept with difficulty even for a few days; and the butchers have found their meat tainted even within four-and-twenty hours after being killed. That a condition

of atmosphere, which operates thus prejudicially upon the dead animal fibre, should produce some corresponding effect upon the living body, is surely not an unreasonable supposition; and, although the term *putrid*, as applied to diseases, involves a degree of theory which is scarcely acknowledged as legitimate in modern times, still the facts that led to the opinion of the prevalence of such maladies in the month of September, are undeniable. It cannot be uninteresting to inquire what has been the extent, and what the kind of disorder which has prevailed in London during the past month. The quantity of disease has been unusually great. The applications for admission into the different hospitals and dispensaries, which the reporter is occasionally in the habit of visiting, have considerably exceeded the general average; and with reference to severity, seldom has it occurred to him to witness so great a variety of acute attacks.

Disorders of the abdominal viscera have certainly taken the lead, assuming the several forms of spasmodic cholera, bilious diarrhœa, gastrodynia, and pyrosis, jaundice, &c. Several very severe cases of inflammation of the liver have also fallen under the reporter's observation. The second class of complaints, which have been witnessed during the period now under review are those of the head. A determination of blood to the head has been a prevailing feature in many of the cases of general disorder. Head-ache has been a symptom frequently complained of. The most marked proof, however, of this fact may be found in the recent occurrence of several cases of palsy, one of which the reporter is induced to notice somewhat in detail, as it exhibits some phenomena not generally met with. A lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, was suddenly, and without any adequate source of mental emotion, seized with palsy of the right side. The power of speech was lost at the same moment. The mental faculties, however, were apparently but little affected. She was perfectly conscious of the assiduities of the friends around her. She took her nourishment and her medicine with the greatest readiness. She made many efforts to assist herself; the power of the left side continuing unimpaired. No progress, however, was made towards the recovery of speech, and the pupil of the eye became permanently contracted. On the fifth day from the attack she died. On examination of the body, the ventricle of the brain, on the side opposite to that of the palsy, was found completely distended with grumous or half-conglobated blood. It must certainly be considered as a wonderful circumstance, that consciousness could have been preserved, even to within three hours of death, under such a condition of the brain.

The third class of complaints which has lately prevailed, and which we can have no difficulty in connecting with the hot and moist state of atmosphere, which has been present, more or less, since the date of the last report, comprises the several varieties of rheumatism. Of all the forms of this disorder, that which presses most heavily upon the patient, and gives the most trouble to his medical attendant, is *Sciatica*, the rheumatism of the hip, and more especially of the great sciatic nerve. A case of this kind, of more than common severity, is still under the reporter's care; and, as illustrating the danger of neglecting blood-letting in the early stage of this disease, merits some notice. The subject of the case is an elderly lady, who has always been much averse to the loss of blood, and who urgently entreated that we should do the best we could for her without this resource. The progress of cure has been exceedingly tedious, but it may serve to impress a salutary lesson.

The reporter cannot conclude without some allusion to the great severity observable in such cases of small-pox as the metropolis now affords. There is not, perhaps, more of the disease than is usually met with; but in intensity, it considerably exceeds the average of the earlier months of the year. The reporter bears with much regret, that persons are to be found in London who propagate small-pox by indiscriminate inoculation. Of the danger and even cruelty of this practice, so far as the public is concerned, he is so well convinced, that he almost considers it incumbent on the legislature to interfere more directly in the matter than has hitherto been done. It can be made clearly to appear, that small-pox inoculation is one of the instances (probably one of the very few instances) in which private benefits become positive public evils; and legislative interference is surely justifiable under such circumstances.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, Sept. 24, 1827.

#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In the highest and northernmost parts of the Island, there is, in course, corn abroad yet, and may be for a week or two to come; but in the southern and most forward, white corn was generally carried by the middle of August, and the bean harvest finished by the latter end or soon after. The crops may be characterised as follows: the bulk of them being secured, and their quality and probable quantity ascertained with sufficient accuracy. The different scale of production on different soils, is in this season curiously observable. Great crops on the best soils, on middle lands a middling good crop, and on the poor soils, a poor crop,

yet productive enough to clear the present season from the character of being a bad one. We have, perhaps, not had such a barley year within the last twenty. The acreable quantity, on some fine and rich lands, is stated so high in certain of our letters, that we are really afraid to repeat it. The barley crop is rich both in corn and straw, and the best samples beautifully plump, bright, and weighty; a small part, however, is stained by exposure to the rains. Wheat, on the best soils, is considerably above an average crop, on the whole, full an average, and the quality of the best samples excellent. Oats, where they are best, are a good crop; but it is a strange error which has appeared in some quarters, to suppose oats, generally, a large crop. Oats and beans are considerably below an average, but the general quality of the latter will be very good. Pease are a crop, and fine in quality. Of Potatoes, there will be a supply fully equal to every possible demand, the greater part of fine quality, a portion blighted, hard, and ill flavoured. The supply of Straw will be generally ample; that of hay more valuable for quality than bulk. Hops have greatly exceeded early expectation, and more particularly in the vicinity of Farnham, where perhaps the finest in the world are grown. In Kent, they speculate on two to three, and five bags per acre; where, also, the crop of Canary seed is great, and likely to meet a ready sale and high price. Seeds, Clover, &c., generally, will prove an inferior crop. Winter tares a failure, the Spring species reported promising, from some parts, from others the direct reverse. In the great turnip districts, Norfolk, Suffolk, and others, there will be abundance, and a greater breadth of the Swedish turnip than perhaps ever before cultivated in England. On less fortunate soils, the root crops will be considerably defective. Mangold-wurtzel, that most useful of roots, as far as regards quantity, increasing yearly in culture, is a flourishing crop, its substantial foliage bidding defiance to blight and fly. Fruit is in vast abundance, particularly the superior fruits and grapes; but the vicissitudes of the summer season reduced the quality of a considerable part of the wall fruits. We noted in our last the remarkable failure of the Wheat and Potatoe crops, in the Carse of Gowry, and the Lothians, the most fertile parts of North Britain. The Wheat is said to be scarcely two thirds of an average crop, and much of it very indifferent in quality. The sides of the ears which had a northern exposure are not half filled, and some ears entirely barren—a true description of atmospheric blast. It is also represented as standing equally thin on the ground as in the most unproductive seasons. Their Barley is large, but the quality not fine. They estimate their Oats at above an average, with a large bulk of straw. The same of pulse and turnips. The Irish crops may be nearly assimilated with the English, as to Wheat and Barley being the most productive; Oats, in Ireland, have failed on the whole, much of that crop being blasted and smutted.

The rains, during the season of harvest, were universal, though heaviest and most continuous in the far western counties. The intervals of fair and dry weather were also equal, and somewhat regular. Had the farmer been endowed with prescience of this, Corn would have received as little damage in harvesting during the late, as in any season, probably, which has occurred. But that could not be; modern farmers, however improved, not being conjurors. The sudden scorching gleams of the sun were deceptive, and Corn was supposed fit to be carried, which proved far short of that criterion, really wanting more time in the field; though Barley was, in some few instances, cut and carried, without damage, in the same day. The anxiety of the farmer, however, influenced by the variable atmospheric character of the season, urged him to be too eager in taking time by the forelock, and to hurry forward building of ricks, which he could not possibly get thatched with sufficient speed. The consequence is a considerable quantity of sprouted and discoloured corn, much of which will be unfit to grind until late in the Spring. Perhaps waiting the event, in this case, is the least risk of the two. The following gossip in this relation, has been communicated to us by a correspondent. A farmer from a distant county, was lately a guest at a market dinner. An inhabitant of the vicinity was boasting of the fatherly care of Providence, in watching over his and his neighbour's crops; for had the rain continued one day longer, their Corn had been all damaged. On this, the stranger shrewdly remarked, he had reason to wish that himself and his neighbours had not been forgotten, for, in their vicinity, the rain actually continued three or four days after the day quoted, and, in consequence, half their Corn sprouted.

The report, correct or otherwise, is nearly general, that the stock of bread corn in the country, was nearly exhausted before the new came to market; with respect to Oats and Beans, the fact is undeniable. Nevertheless, complaints are made of the importation of Oats; groundless, surely, since our own growth never affords a sufficient supply. In the poor land districts, labourers' wages are declining, and the prospect of winter is by no means cheering. There is one single distressing fact, which unfortunately sets at naught all schemes for improving the situation of, at any rate, the present race of agricultural labourers—they are too numerous. The threshing machine is an eminent and useful exertion of mechanic ingenuity; but it now becomes a question, whether its use ought not to be suspended during the approaching winter, where labourers superabound. Happily for the country, commerce is reviving, and the manufacturing operatives are fully employed in every part, at wages on which they can live, independently of parochial assistance. Wheat was advancing considerably, but the Michaelmas demand for money has replenished the



markets. There is no prospect of much variation in price, until the grand point at issue shall be determined by the legislature, whether monopoly, or a free commerce in the staff of life, shall prevail.

The early wheat seedsmen of the western counties, were somewhat impeded by drought; but the showers since have caused the stubbles and all the lands to break up admirably, and to make as fine a tilth, whether for wheat sowing, or Winter fallow, as was ever witnessed. The lattermath too, and the root crops, have wonderfully improved, with the never failing set-off against these last, the appearance of the worm and slug to claim their share. Great preparations are making, westward, for that most profitable husbandry, sowing Winter Barley, tares, and rye, as an early Spring resource for live stock. The holders have come to a somewhat late determination to sell their Wool at the market price, whatever that may be; whence some movement in that branch. A plan likely to turn to better account than keeping it for a pure British manufacture of superfine cloth. Schemes of this kind may very well rank with the periodical, infallible, and evanescent ones, of preventing the mischiefs to vegetation, of inclement seasons.

The country markets are well filled with stores of all kinds, the price generally looking upwards since the great improvement in cattle food, from the change of weather. Pigs bear a very high price, notwithstanding our considerable Irish imports; and the acorn harvest promises abundance. *Pithing* cattle is said to be gaining ground in the country, instead of the savage and appalling practice of knocking them down, to the shame of the metropolis. The importation of cart horses still continues—another example of our inability to supply ourselves. Good saddle horses, and few there are of that description, have risen in demand and price, and will be dear in the Spring. Heavy losses of beasts and sheep during the severity of the Winter season, in the northern parts of the island, are annually reported.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s.—Veal, 5s. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 5s. to 6s. 10d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Raw fat—

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 50s. to 63s.—Barley, 30s. to 37s.—Oats, 20s. to 30s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 110s.—Clover ditto, 85s. to 120s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. to 39s. per chaldron; about 12s. addition for cartage, &c.

*Middlesex, Sept. 24, 1827.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*Sugars*—The stock of sugar is now 8,700 casks less than last year, but it is probable this difference will decrease for the following two weeks; and the stock from that period up to the end of October, will shew a great falling off in the crop. The only bad appearance in the sugar market, is the decrease in the weekly deliveries. The quantity last week, compared with the same week in 1826, is 619 casks less. The number of vessels reported at the Custom-house is very great: the average of the cargoes about 310 casks of sugar. This morning the market opened heavily, and the whole purchase of the day did not exceed 300 hogsheads. The three public sales of Mauritius, 1,424 bags, sold with briskness. Dry brown 64s. to 70s.; for yellow, Barbadoes, 133 casks, at 66s. to 71s., a shade under the late prices.—The refined market gave way about 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. last week. Low lumps, which were 86s., to 83s. per cwt., and some forced sales, were reported below that price. On fine goods there were few sales.

*Coffee.*—The quantity of coffee brought forward at public sale last week, was 985 casks, 1,106 bags; nearly the whole sold at previous prices; but we think the market was more firm.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The letters from Petersburg are to the 1st instant. Exchange 10½d. per rouble. Tallow, 99 to 100 roubles. Hemp in demand, at our quotations.

*Cotton.*—The cotton market is heavy, and prices unaltered.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The purchases of rum are very considerable; underproofs sold at 2s. 4d.; Demerara, 3s. 0½d.; proof, 2s. 5d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon. The chief purchases were in Leeward Island rums. Jamaica, 30 to 31s. Over 4s. to 4s. 2d. Brandy is held with firmness. In Hollands there is no alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 4.—Antwerp, 12. 4.—Hamburg, 36. 16.—Altona, 36. 11.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort on the Main, 152.—Exchange, Petersburg, 10. 6.—Vienna, 10. 6.—Lisbon, 48. —Cadiz, 35½.—Bilbon, 35½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 34½.—Leghorn, 48.—Gibraltar, (hard dollar), 45.—Palermo, 115 per oz.—Rio, 48.—Lisbon, 48.—Oporto, 48.—Bada, 46.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.—Calcutta, 22 to 22½.—Bombay, 21.—Madras, 20½ to 21.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in bars, standard 5s. 9½d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 305½.—Coventry, 1250½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 107½.—Grand Junction, 31½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 390½.—Oxford, 720½.—Regent's, 28½. 10s.—Trent and Mersey, 800½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 290½.—London Docks, 87½. 5s.—West-India, 206½.—East London WATER WORKS, 123½.—Grand Junction, 64½.—West Middlesex, 68½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe 15½.—Guardian, 21½.—Hope, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 97½.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster. Chartered Company, 55½.—City Gas-Light Company, 167½.—British, 14 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 22d of August and the 22d of September 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.**

**BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.**

Ferryman, J. B. G. Cheltenham, brick-maker  
Fox, G. R. Blackheath, merchant  
Gregory, G. B. Lisson-grove, merchant  
Hooton, R. and W. Wilkes, Birmingham, iron-founders  
Jackson, S. G. Loughborough, Leicestershire, corn-merchant  
Jackson, S. G. late of South Lynn, Norfolk, jobber  
May, I. and I. Aluca, Deal, money-scriveners  
Robbs, B. and W. S. Hellyer, Redbridge, Southampton, ship-builders  
Younge, E. and I. Mundford, Norfolk, general-shopkeepers

**BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 70.]**

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Alexander, J. Coninsborough, Yorkshire, draper. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Bronson, Sheffield]  
Braithwaite, I. Leeds, ironmonger. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Tyndall and Co., Birmingham]  
Bray, W. Redruth, Cornwall, saddler. [Edmonds, jun., Redruth; Price, Lincoln's-inn]  
Bugby, J. Pall-Mall East, St. James's, bill-broker. [Hubert, Clement's-inn-chambers]  
Buckley, J. New Bain, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. [Brown, Oldham; Brundrett and Co., Temple]  
Bayley, P. Cheddar, Somersetshire. [Daniel, Bristol; Pearson, Pump-court, Temple]  
Beecheno, R. Stamford, jeweller. [Fladgate and Co., Essex-street; Jackson, Stamford]  
Rrick, W. and J. Hampson, Manchester, grocer. [Smith, Manchester; Copes and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn]  
Birch, S. Manchester, grocer. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Whitlow, Manchester]  
Blakie, J. Oxford-street, haberdasher. [Shaw, Ely-place]  
Clegg, I. T. Mather, jun., and R. Pringle, Etna Iron Works, West Derby, founders. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Orred and Co., Liverpool]  
Cartledge, S. and J. Lincoln, merchants. [Ridout, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury; Moore, Lincoln]  
Cartmel, R. Penrith, Cumberland, gun-smith. Lacon, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row  
Dangerfield, G. late of Bromyard, Herefordshire, apothecary. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Howell, Bromyard]  
Edsworth, H. J. and W. Badham, Nun's-court, Coleman-street, wool-brokers. [Fisher and Co., Walbrook-buildings, Walbrook]  
Emmott, R. Stroud, Kent, horse-dealer. [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn]  
Fearn, G. Nottingham, dealer in shoes. [Hamilton and Co., Tavistock-row, Covent-garden]  
Fletcher, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, victualler. [Clarks and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne]  
Ferns, T. Manchester, merchant. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square, London; Lewtas, Manchester; Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris]  
Fewster, J. Knaresborough, tallow-chandler. [Anderson, York; Lever, Gray's-inn-square]  
Goodwin, W. Blandford-forum, Dorsetshire, victualler. [Moore, Blandford; Haywood, Temple]  
Goodman, H. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer. [Dangerfield, Craven-street, Strand; Brinton, Kidderminster]  
Gleave, P. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, victualler. [Bower, Chancery-lane; Worthington, Cheadle, and Stockport-street, Stockport]  
Grimston, R. and G. Wilkinson, Preston-lane, corn-dealers [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square, Noble, Preston]  
Hill, W. Cheltenham, victualler. [Packwood, Cheltenham; King, Hatton-garden]  
Hilton, G. and R. Manchester, merchants. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Ludden, Manchester]  
Halford, T. Coventry, cabinet-maker. [Carter and Co., Coventry]  
Hughes, R. Carmarthen, ironmonger. [Jones, Carmarthen; Clark and Co., Chancery-lane]  
Hayes, W. and T. Torquay, Devonshire, linen-draper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter]  
Heaton, L. — Heaton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers. [Barker, Gray's-inn-square; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-Moors]  
Haxby, T. and J. Winterbottom, Barnsley, Yorkshire, bleachers. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Clough and Co., Barnsley]  
Homwood, T. Canterbury, baker. [Farris, Canterbury; Price, Adam-street, Adelphi]  
Holland, I. and E. Leicester, grocers. [Crowder and Co. Lothbury; Walter and Co., Cheltenham]  
Hayes, M. and M. A. Twickenham, schoolmistresses. [Winter, Lincoln's-inn fields]  
Haselden, W. Liverpool, shipbuilder. [Williamson, Liverpool; Hearsey, Lothbury]  
Hagarty, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Co., Temple; Lacey and Co., Liverpool]  
Ham, W. West Coker, Somersetshire, common-brewer. [Nethersole and Co., Essex-street, Strand; Tilby, Devizes, Wilts]  
Hallett, H. Albermarle-street, Piccadilly, tailor. Matanle, Bond-court, Walbrook  
Hopkins, W. Oxford, coach-maker. [Burgoyne and Co., Duke-street, Manchester-square]  
Ivens, M. Combfields, Warwickshire, sheep-salesman. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn. London; Troughton and Co., Coventry]  
Kerby, E. Stafford-street, Bond-street, bookseller. [Saul, Surrey-street, Strand]  
Lake, G. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris]  
Low, A. C. late of Mark-lane, merchant. [Hawkes, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn-square]

Lockwood, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, maltster. [Taylor, Wakefield; Scott, Princes-street, Bedford-row]  
 Miller, J. Cummersdale, Toll Bar Gate, Cumberland, innkeeper. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane; Blow and Co., Carlisle]  
 Milligan, J. Nottingham-place, Stepney, linen-draper. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Creudson, Wigan]  
 May, E. Maryland-point, Westham, Essex, gardener. [North and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple; Daere, Halford, Essex]  
 Morgan, D. Civen Coedy Cynuner, Breconshire, shopkeeper. [Holme and Co., New-inn, London; Williams and Co., Cardiff]  
 Parsons, W. Vauxhall-bridge-road, coal-merchant. [Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square]  
 Pain, J. Paulton, Somersetshire, brewer. [Blake, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar; Mullins, Chew-Magna, Somersetshire]  
 Rothwell, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Maudsley, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]  
 Robinson, E. Stokesley, York, grocer. [Anderson, York; Lever, Gray's-inn-square]  
 Robinson, H. Adam's-row, Hampstead-road, glass-paper-manufacturer. [Gee, New North-street, Red-lion-square]  
 Rogers, R. Cateaton-street, bookseller. [Brongh, Shoreditch]  
 Robinson, T. Crawford-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Sise-lane]  
 Robson, R. Hanley, Staffordshire, grocer. [Wheeler and Co., John street, Bedford-row; Dent, Hanley, Staffordshire]  
 Riding, B. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Norris and

Co., John Street, Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool]  
 Smith, H. W. Lawrence Poultney-place, merchant. [Lane, Lawrence Poultney-place]  
 Selway, H. Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire, baker. [Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Millan, Frome]  
 Stratford, J. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, surgeon. [Price, Adam-street, Adelphi]  
 Scott, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. [Lowry and Co., Pinner's-hall-court; Broad-street; Lowry, North Shields]  
 Smith, J. Stafford, innkeeper. [Morecroft, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]  
 Silburn, T. L. and H. R. Richardson, Manchester, booksellers. [Casson, Manchester; Milne and Co., Tanfield-court, Temple]  
 Smalridge, M. and G. N. Smalridge, Exeter, dealers in China. [Furlong, Exeter; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]  
 Tibbatts, R. Gloucester, oil-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Collins, Ledbury]  
 Timothy, A. and M. Stuart, Regent-street, milliners. [Penard, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall-east]  
 Wilelton, R. NewBolingbrook, Lincolnshire, carpenter. [Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Selwood, Horncastle]  
 Wakefield, W. H. Villiers-street, Strand, coal-merchant. [Farden, New-inn]  
 Wapshott, R., late of Drury-lane, victualler. [Miller, Great James's-street, Bedford-row]  
 Whitehead, W. Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, trader. [Prince, Cheltenham; King, Serjeant's-inn]

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. Haycock, to the Rectory of Witcott, and Perpetual Curacy of Owston, Leicester.—Rev. S. Cooper, to the Rectory of Wood-walton, Huntingdon.—Rev. E. J. Bell, to the Vicarage of Wickham Market, Suffolk.—Rev. G. B. Blomfield, to a Prebend Stall, Chester Cathedral.—Rev. T. Wise, to the Rectory of Barley, Herts.—Rev. R. Watkinson, to the Rectory of St. Lawrence Newland, Essex.—Rev. W. J. Blake, to the Rectory of Hautbois Magna, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Simons, to the Vicarage of Dymock, Worcester.—Rev. D. F. Markham, to be Prebendary of St. George, Windsor Castle.—Rev. H. T. Jones, to the Vicarage of Charlbury, Oxford.—Rev. J. Armstrong, to the Perpetual Curacy of Westhoe Chapel, South Shields.—Rev. W. Webster, to the Perpetual Curacy of Preen, Salop.—Rev. J. Luxmore, to the Vicarage of Berriew, Montgomeryshire.—Rev. T. J. Abbott, to the Vicarage of Loddon, Cambridge.—Rev. A. Cornwall, to the Vicarage of Newtoning Bagshott, with Owlpen Chapel annexed, Gloucester.—Rev. E. Willes, to the Vicarage of Ampney Crucis, Gloucester.—Rev. T. F. Penrose, to the Vicarage of Radcliffe-upon-Trent, Notts.—Rev. C. H. Minchin, to be Prebend of Kilgobinet, Lismore.—Rev. L. Le-

wellin, to a Prebendal Stall in St. David's.—Rev. A. A. Colville, to the Vicarage of Midsommer-Norton, Somerset.—Rev. W. Pughe, to the Rectory of Mallwyd.—Rev. G. Griffiths, to the Vicarage of Llangwm.—Rev. T. Thoresby, to the Vicarage of St. Harmon's (Radnor), and Llanwrthwl (Brecon).—Rev. E. James, to a Prebendal Stall in Llandaff Cathedral.—Rev. E. Willes, to the Rectory of Stratton, Gloucester.—Rev. M. Fielding, to the Curacy of St. Andrew Auckland, with the Chapelry of St. Ann's, Bishop Auckland, annexed.—Rev. G. Mingay is appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Portland.—Rev. E. Jacob, to the Rectory of St. Pancras, Chichester.—Rev. J. Shirley, to the Rectory of Antingham, St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. C. J. Hutton, to the Endowed Episcopal Chapel, at Chalford, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Rectory of St. Andrew's, Glamorgan.—Rev. G. Hough, to the incumbency of St. Peter's Church, Earlsheaton, York.—Rev. H. C. Cherry, to the Rectory of Burghfield, Berks.—Rev. M. Howe, to the rectory of St. Pancras.—Rev. M. Wyatt, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Giles, Durham.—Rev. A. Dallas, to the Vicarage of Yardley, Herts.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Right Hon. W. Huskisson, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.—Right Hon. C. Grant, President of Trade and Plantations, and Treasurer of the Navy.—Right Hon. J. C. Herries, Chancellor, Under Treasurer of the Exchequer, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, Lord L. M.M. New Series.—Vol. IV. No. 22.

Gower retiring.—Earl of Fife, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.—Mr. Stanley, member for Preston, Under Secretary for the Colonies.—Earl of Darlington, Marquess of Cleveland.—Lord Clinton, to be one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.



# INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

August 24.—A powder mill blew up on Hounslow Heath, to which two of the men fell a sacrifice.

— Total amount of stock at present standing in the names of the Commissioners on behalf of Savings Banks is £7,833,359 three per cents., and £6,903,229 three and a half per cents.

27.—One criminal executed at the Old Bailey, for a highway robbery.

— H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence sworn in Lord High Steward of Windsor, when a grand entertainment was given on the occasion by the mayor and corporation of that borough.

September 6.—The Lord High Admiral presented Earl Northesk with an elegant sword, in approbation of the regulations adopted for the reception of H.R.H. at his recent official visit to Plymouth.

7.—Exhumation at St. Martin's Church-yard commenced, preparatory to the improvements on the north side of the Strand.

9. H.M.'s ship Maidstone arrived at Portsmouth, from Africa, with the intelligence that the Ashantees evince a disposition to conclude a treaty of peace with the English.

12.—Talaere Hall, Flintshire, destroyed by fire; £70,000 had been recently spent in its erection.

13.—The sessions commenced at the Old Bailey; the calendar announcing 457 prisoners for trial.

17.—Mary Wittenback executed at the Old Bailey for the murder of her husband.

—Mr. Owen gave an account of the proceedings of his Society in America, at the Co-operative Society, Red-lion-square.

21.—H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral arrived at Chatham, and inspected the dock-yard, marines, &c.; and

22.—The George the Fourth, of 120 guns, was launched in presence of H. R. H. and the Duchess of Clarence, who christened it. This is the largest ship ever launched in England.

— The sessions at the Old Bailey ended, when 39 prisoners were condemned to death; 156 were transported, and 143 ordered for imprisonment!!!

## MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Rev. P. Still, to Miss Anne Hughes.—C. Heneage, esq., nephew of Lord Yarborough, to Louisa, third daughter of Lord Greaves, and niece to the Marquis of Anglesea.—At Little Pardon, J. Bland, esq., to Miss M. Hemming.—At St. James's Church, E. L. Bulwer, esq., to Miss Wheeler.—Captain G. Todd, 3d Dragoon Guards, to Mary Jane, daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.—At St. James's, P. Burgess, esq., to Miss S. C. Green, second daughter of Major C. Green.—At Marylebone, D. Maclean, esq., second son of

Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. Maclean, bart., to Harriet, daughter of General Maitland.—At Lambeth, H. B. Leeson, esq., to Miss Sutton.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Hubert de Burgh, esq., to Mari- anne, daughter of Admiral and Lady E. Tolle- mache.—J. C. Colquhoun, esq., to the Hon. Henrietta Maria Powys, eldest daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

## DEATHS.

In Hertford-street, May Fair, John, Earl of Stradbroke, 78.—In New Milman-street, R. Bick- nell, esq., 81.—Jane Gordon, youngest daughter of Sir Murray Maxwell.—In Torrington-square, R. Orme, esq., late clerk of the crown, at Madras.— Mary, wife of Mr. Alderman Waithman, M.P.—At Hammersmith, Lord Archibald Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton.—At East Ham, the Rev. Dr. Houlton, 80, 50 years Vicar of East Ham.— J. Germes, esq., many years secretary to Lord Ex- mouth.—Mr. Bampton, of Salisbury-square.—B. Follet, esq., 78, Inner Temple.—In Upper Ber- keley-street, Mrs. C. Drummond, 83.—In Ludgate- street, J. Mawman, esq., 67.—At Kensington Gore, J. Mair, esq., 84.—Mr. John Beard, 78, late of Chelsea Hospital.—Amabel, youngest daughter of Lord Grantham.—In King-street, Portman-square, Jacqueline Charlotte, Countess de Hompesch.—S. Hough, esq., 86, of Tavistock-street.—Ugo Foscolo, an Italian gentleman, well known to the whole circle of English literati.—At Notting Hill, Mrs. Wade, daughter of the Hon. R. Walpole, brother to the first Earl of Orford.—The Right Hon. Nicholas Lord Viscount Bangor, in the 78th year of his age.

## MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's chapel, J. Rayment, esq., to Miss Letitia Winifred Hauten.—At Florence, Mlle. Henriette Guynemer, to the Chevalier Carlo du Tremoull, of Pisa.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, M. Manuel, the distinguished liberal, who was expelled from the Chamber of Deputies.—At Cambray, Miss Boden.—At Jamaica, Rev. Dr. Towton, and Mary Bridge, 111; she retained her faculties to the last, seeing her fourth generation; Rev. H. Jenkins (on ship board), returning from Jamaica.—In Paris, W. Young, esq., secretary to the Lords Commissioners for Redemption of the Land Tax.—At Chandernagore, M. Lewis, esq., brother to Admiral Lewis.—At Santarem, Portu- gal, Capt. E. Hill, 63d regt.—At Chatillon-sur- Loire, Sir A. Bellingham, bart.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

### WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

We feel much pleasure in being able to state, that the wool-combers of Darlington and Bishop-

Auckland are in full employment, with a small ad- vance of wages.

The two east wings of Sunderland barracks are pulled down; and, although it is about thirty years

since they were built, the timber is nearly as fresh as when first put together.

The first stone of a new poor-house was laid at Bishopwearmouth on the 30th ult.

Mr. R. Irwin, gardener, at Hexham, lately purchased a horse, which died on the 30th of August. It was dissected, and in the body not less than twenty stones were discovered in a layer of fine sand, varying in weight from one pound to half an ounce, and weighing together six pounds five ounces. There appears no doubt, but the stones were formed in the body of the horse, and they were so placed in reference to each other, that, on the least motion of the animal, they must have moved simultaneously, and the friction thus produced, gave them a variety of singular shapes.

A trial has been made, in a steam-boat upon the Tyne, of a new rotatory steam-engine, for which a patent has been taken out by Mr. Galloway, engineer, of Newcastle. It answered very well.

**Married.]** At Durham, G. Goldie, esq., to Miss M. A. Bonomi.—At Howness, Mr. Thompson, to Miss Faulder.—At Cockermouth, Mr. Sawyer, to Miss Mather.—At Denton, — Fogg, esq., to Miss Peacock.—At Newcastle, J. W. Hetherington, esq., to Miss Milburn.—At Barnard Castle, Mr. Charles Raine, to Miss Mary Hedley.—At Bishop Auckland, Mr. C. Winter, to Miss E. Errington.

**Died.]** At Newcastle, Mr. H. Brodie, 85; Catherine, 66, relict of Rear Admiral Charlton; Mr. Fountain, 78.—At Gateshead Low Fell, J. Smith, 96.—At South Shields, Mrs. E. Steel, 87, and Mr. C. Dixon, 89.—At Whalton, W. Hepple, esq., of Blackheddon; in less than seven months Mr. H., his sister, and five other relations, have pursued each other to the tomb.—At Durham, Mr. Paul Edgar, 85; Mrs. Martha Milner.—At Norton, Mr. Charles Tatham.—At Tillington, Mr. John Clegg.—At Newcastle, John Fox, Esq.

#### CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND

The fifth annual exhibition of pictures has been opened at the Academy of Arts, at Carlisle.

**Married.]** At Carlisle, G. G. Morensey, to Miss J. Heysham.—At Whitehaven, Mr. Layburn, to Miss Magee.—At Kendal, Mr. Medcalf, to Miss J. de Lambert.

**Died.]** At Wheelbarrow Hall, Miss E. Earl.—At Whitehaven, Mrs. Sallaney, 72; Mr. Nicholson, 70.—T. Wybergh, esq., 71, of Isel Hall.

#### YORKSHIRE.

A very numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Brightside Bierlow, has lately been held for the purpose of uniting that village with Attercliffe, in the expenses incurred in the erecting a new church and other ecclesiastical dues; when it was resolved to memorialize the commissioners for building new churches to the contrary.

The branch bank at Leeds has commenced operations upon the same principles as the Bank of England; discount 4 per cent., and bills at 21 days are given for cash, but no interest allowed for deposits; dividends from the public funds paid free of all expense except postage.

The Dean of York has resolved to take down the Deanery, and to erect thereon a grammar school or college, at which youth may be educated sufficiently for ordination for the church.

A subscription has been entered into at Rotherham for building a New Dispensary, the old one being totally inadequate for the purpose.

An important change has taken place in the post-office of this county, by which considerable

time is saved, inasmuch that the inhabitants of Dewsbury and neighbourhood now receive their letters from town thirteen hours earlier than they used to do.

At Knaresborough trade is still very bad, and there are no less than 400 empty houses in that small and seemingly decaying place.

The Archbishop has consecrated two new churches; one at Boethroyd, the other at Earla-beaton. Collections on two Sundays were made at Huddersfield for Ramsden Chapel, the first produce £210, the second £194—total £404!!!

The exhibition of the Bradford Artists' Society of Painting and Sculpture was opened Sept. 18.

A nightly delivery of the mails commenced at Leeds, Sept. 17, by which means the inhabitants will receive their letters several hours earlier than usual.

The receipts taken at the Selby musical festival have left a balance in the hands of the managers for the benefit of the charities of that town.

At Doncaster races 26 horses started for the Great St. Leger stakes; as they advanced to the rising ground the bright colours of the riders appeared like visions gliding on the verge of the course. The Hon. E. Petre's Matilda was the winner—the subscribers were 90, at 25 sovereigns each: 30,000 persons attended, whose conduct was highly respectable; all seemed well clothed, well fed, and happy. £2,000 were taken at the grand stand for admission. Penury and poverty seemed banished for once! Would it were always so!

Hull and several other parts of Yorkshire, were, in the latter end of August, visited by a number of those red little insects, so well-known by the name of cow-ladies. They are supposed to have been brought in steam-boats from the south.

York can at present boast of more improvements carrying on than perhaps any town in the kingdom. A new museum is building on the Manor Shore; a new Deanery in the Minster Yard; a new cattle market is nearly completed; alterations and improvements are carrying on, upon a very extensive scale, at the castle and city jail; Michellgate-bar and Fishergate-postern will be much improved, by the repairs, &c., now making; added to which various public and private improvements are in progress in various parts of the city.

Great interest has lately been excited in York by the discoveries made by the workmen who were employed to lay the foundation of a new museum, to be erected on the Manor Shore. Walls have been uncovered—and apartments exposed, that had long been buried in the earth; and several articles for ornament or use in other days, have been turned up with the rubbish.

A dispute exists between the local preachers and superintendents of the Methodists at Leeds, and the Conference, about erecting an organ in Brunswick chapel there. The Conference, on the petition of the people, have decided that one shall be erected; the preachers are against it.

The town of Leeds is rapidly improving. A large market is nearly finished in the centre of the town; a new corn exchange is building, the first

stone of the south elevation of which was laid on the 25th of August, by Mr. John Cawood; a fine range of buildings, to be called the Commercial Buildings, are also erecting.

A mushroom, measuring twenty-eight inches in circumference, and weighing twelve ounces, was gathered at Cawood.

On the 3d of September Doncaster was lighted up with gas for the first time.

A number of fragments of the horns of deer were dug up in a street in York, a few weeks back; some in very fine preservation.

**Married.]** At Barwick-in-Elmet, R. Bramley, esq., to Miss Eliza Skelton.—At Sheffield, S. Smith, esq., third son of W. Smith, esq., M.P. for Norwich, to Miss Shone, of Tipton.—Rev. D. Markham, Vicar of Stillingfleet to Catherine, daughter of Sir W. Milner, bart.—At Sheffield, Rev. J. B. Brownell, to Miss M. Major; the same day they departed for New Providence as missionaries.—At Doncaster, Rev. R. H. Formby, to Miss Harriet Peel.—At Leeds, Mr. H. Rogers to Miss E. Crowder.—At Handsworth, J. Simpson, Esq., M.D., to Miss Ward.—At Ripon, C. H. Schwanfelder, esq., to Miss King.—At Pontefract, the Rev. William Birch, A.M., to Miss Jefferson.—At Horbury, W. W. Batiye, esq., to Miss Scholesfield.—At Knaresborough, William Wailes, esq., to Miss Wailes.—At York, Mr. Scott, to Miss Armitage.—At Scarborough, the Rev. C. Johnstone, to Miss Hawksworth.—At Richmond, the Rev. T. Marshall, to Miss Whitelocke.

**Died.]** Mr. Whittaker, late teacher, at Beverley; as an arithmetician he was almost unrivalled; his memory was astonishing, having been known to repeat 6,000 lines of poetry without an error.—At Howden, R. Spoforth, esq.—At Skipton, Mrs. Wheelhouse, 90.—Mr. Rust, of Hull, author of "The Swearers' Prayer."—Near Halifax, T. Dyson, esq., 83; he left 170 full suits of mourning to his poor neighbours.—At Doncaster, Mrs. M. King, 92.—At Sheffield, Mr. T. Gray.—At York, Mr. Overton.—At Marham, Mr. T. Bunell.—At Leeds, William Davy, Esq.—At Hull, William Horncastle, Esq.—At Wakefield, Mrs. Bacon.

#### STAFFORD AND SALOP.

At a late meeting of the teachers and friends of St. Chad's Boys' Sunday School, Shrewsbury, it was resolved to establish a "Relief Fund," having for its object the temporary relief of the scholars when in a state of indisposition and distress.

According to the Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners on the state of the Public Charities, it appears that in one of them in the county of Salop, there are arrears now due to the poor for upwards of *forty-two* years!!! We trust that *all* the provincial newspapers will extract from these reports as they are published what relates to their local interests, that the public, seeing the enormity of these time-erusted dilapidations, may seek the means of employing to the original purposes of the pious donors no less a sum than £972,396 annually to England only.

The Anniversary of the Shropshire Society, in aid of the Sunday School Society for Ireland, has been held at the Town-hall, Shrewsbury, the Earl of Roden in the chair, when a flattering report was made. "The Society," said the noble chairman, "knows no party, it comprehends all sects, and its benefits are not confined to the poor only. I myself, as a Sunday School teacher, have received the highest benefits from it."

**Married.]** At Morton Say, Mr. J. Hazledine, to Miss Rhoda Brayne.—At Easthope, Rev. R. L. Benson, to Miss Amelia Dyer, grand-daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. S. Browne.—At Lichfield, H. Chet-

wynd, esq., youngest son of the late Sir G. Chetwynd, bart., to Miss M. A. Petit.

**Died.]** At Pipe-gate, 70, Mr. Latham.—Aug. 5, Mrs. Charlesworth, Woodlands (Stafford); Aug. 14, Mr. Charlesworth; and Aug. 18, Mr. C. Charlesworth, their son.—At Wolverhampton, 84, R. Dickenson, esq.; 73, J. Mander, esq.—At Linlay-hall, A. Malo, esq.—At Market Drayton, within the same week, 20, Miss Ann Bradbury; and her sister, Miss Eliza, 25, of typhus fever.—At Sandon-hall, Granville Henry, infant son of Viscount Ebrington.—At Wenlock, 96, Mr. Patten.—Near Ecclestone, 85, J. Faulkner, esq.—At Pool-hall, 70, Mr. Latham.

#### CHESHIRE.

**Married.]** At Prestbury, N. Pearson, esq., to Miss M. Milner.

**Died.]** 71, Rev. T. Ward, prebendary of Chester.—At Holt-hill, 77, Rev. J. Shewell.

#### LANCASHIRE.

A meeting of the lay-payers of Chorley was lately held, when the rate of 9d. in the pound, towards defraying the expenses of the new churches, being proposed, was totally disallowed.

At Blackburn Vestry Meeting, it was resolved, that the attempt to impose a perpetual tax for lighting and airing the parish church was inexpedient, and in the present circumstances of the working classes, cruel in the extreme.—The Poors' Rate for the ensuing quarter, at Blackburn, as allowed by the magistrates, is 9d. in the pound—that of last year was 2s. 6d.!!!

A meeting of the working classes and others of Manchester, was held August 8, and adjourned to August 29, when several resolutions were entered into, and embodied in a petition to be presented to His Majesty, expressing their approbation of the firm and decisive manner in which H. M. lately exercised his prerogative; and complaining, as the cause of their late severe distress of an unjust monopoly of the land by the Crown, the Church, and the Aristocracy generally, which can only be remedied by a complete representation of the people in Parliament.

At a meeting of the inhabitants held in the Town Hall, at Liverpool, it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the late Right Hon. George Canning, by public subscription, and a committee was formed for that purpose.

Lancaster Assizes have exhibited crimes of great enormity—a husband has been found guilty of murdering his wife, and executed for the offence; a daughter has been tried on a charge of murdering her father by poison, and very narrowly escaped; the trial for poisoning her mother having been deferred till the next assizes. A desperate gang of robbers, the terror of that wild part of the country which was exposed to their depredations, have been convicted of crimes little short of murder; and a father and two of his sons sentenced to be executed, without any hope of mercy having been held out to them, for these offences.

**Married.]** At Rochdale, Capt. W. Hepworth, to Miss Mary Crossley.—At Ripon, C. H. Schwanfelder, esq., to Miss King.—At Bury, J. Shearson, esq., to Miss Anne Kay.

**Died.]** At Bolton, 82, Mr. B. Hamer.—Rev. J. Allonby, 36 years incumbent minister of Cartmell-fell.—At Leeds, W. Davy, esq., Consul of the United States of America for Hull and its dependencies; Mrs. J. Barker, after an afflictive confinement of 35 years!—76, Mr. C. Wheeler, original proprietor of the Manchester Chronicle.—At Liverpool, J. B. Hollinshead, esq., alderman of that town.



## DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

August 29, an Infant School was opened at Nottingham, under the auspices of the Established Church. The ceremony was attended by the first families of the town and neighbourhood.—After the little scholars had been marshalled in due order, Mr. Wilderspin addressed the audience, informing them, "That 19,000 babes were now acquiring knowledge in similar institutions in this country alone; although half a century ago no person would have thought that it would have been possible to train 150 children, so as to make them so orderly and quiet as the company now witnessed them." The infants went through a variety of exercises, and gave great satisfaction.—A Provident Society has been established at Nottingham in the General Baptist School Rooms.

*Married.*] At Chesterfield, Mr. Bunting, to Miss Collier; Mr. Johnson, to Miss M. Saunders.—At Newark, the Rev. L. Tugwell, to Miss Godfrey.—At Derby, the Rev. J. P. Mosley, to Mrs. F. Pole.—At Ashbourn, Mr. Webster to Miss Borough.—At Southwell, Rev. S. P. Oliver, to Miss C. Fowler.—H. B. Leeson, esq., of Wilford, to Miss K. Sutton.

*Died.*] At Chaddesden, 82, Mr. Goodwin.—At Mobra Baths, 71, P. Waterfield, esq., of Ashbourn.—At Newark, 82, Mr. J. Taites; and Miss M. Boss.—At Chesterfield, Mr. G. Gosling.—At Belper, 80, Mrs. A. Barber.—J. Simpson, esq., of Wirksworth.—At Derby, 85, Mr. Bostock.—At Newfield Sereve-ton, 86, Mr. Neale.—At Foolow, 74, Mrs. Deborah Morton, a celebrated Wesleyan Methodist.

## LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Commissioners for the Enclosure of Charnwood Forest have put up for sale, at Loughborough, the unappropriated lands. Some portions of which, that have little to recommend them, sold at the rate of £100. per acre!

The framework knitters of Leicester have addressed a petition to the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the county, on behalf of 40,000 persons, praying for some relief from their abject and miserable situation, which the *lowness* of their wages has plunged them into, and which, although they have employment, will not allow them the means of maintaining their families. We hope they will obtain that attention their case requires; "for wherever wages have been low, I have observed with pain," says Justice Best, "that the labourer has resorted to the law of nature, and has supported himself by plunder."

The receipts at the doors of the church at the Leicester Music Meeting, and at the Concerts, amounted to £4,533. 5s. 11d. After all expenses are paid, there will be nearly £1,200. for the institutions for which this festival was undertaken. Never in the memory of any person living did the town contain such an assemblage of wealth, beauty and fashion, as on this occasion.

## WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At Warwick Assizes, 18 prisoners received sentence of death, 13 were transported, and 25 imprisoned.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Birmingham, an address of condolence to His Majesty, on the loss of Mr. Canning, was unanimously agreed to.

By the report of the state of patients admitted and discharged at the Northampton Infirmary, it appears that 78,087 persons have been cured, and 8,128 relieved, since the foundation of this noble charity in 1774. A collection was made Sept. 13, after a sermon preached in behalf of the Infirmary,

amounting to £82. 18s. 11½d. The governors regret their inability, from want of funds, to erect an asylum for lunatics.

The trade at Coventry is in an improving state.

A monument, executed by Chantry, has been erected in Handsworth Church, in memory of the mechanician Watt. On a marble Gothic pedestal stands his full-length figure, and on the front is inscribed, "James Watt, born 19 January, 1736, died 25th August, 1819. Patri optime merito. E. M. P."

*Married.*] At Warwick, Mr. Loveday to Miss S. M. Topp.—Mr. Bacon, of Stratford-upon-Avon, to Miss Evans.—At Coventry, Mr. J. H. Angier to Miss Walker.

*Died.*] At Walgrave, 79, Mr. Mabbutt; he had been master of the free school 48 years, 41 clerk to the Baptists, and teacher in the Sunday school from its commencement.—At Warwick, 68, Mrs. Tomes, wife of J. Tomes, esq., M.P. for Warwick.—At Tamworth, 82, Rev. J. Byng.—At Coventry, 74, Mr. Shields.—At Kenilworth, Miss Rock, and Mrs. White.

## WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

August 31, the new charter, graciously granted by His Majesty, was presented to the borough of Kidderminster, at their Guildhall, where the corporation was in full attendance. This charter promises important results to the borough, by facilitating the daily administration of justice on the spot, and thus meeting the exigencies of a very increased population, and securing the direction of an efficient police. This is what every borough town, and city in the kingdom ought to have; then they will not be obliged to keep their wretched culprits six months in gaol before it is known whether they are innocent or guilty.

The receipts at the Music Meeting at Worcester, for the benefit of the Three Choirs, amounted to £5,024. 13s. 4½d.—upwards of £1,200. more than those of the last meeting, 1824. This success we trust will give an impetus to that spirit of renovation which has lately distinguished the conservators of other cathedrals to those concerned with the Three Choirs, so that at the next exhibitions they may each appear with equal magnificence, in splendid restoration of the venerable remains of pious antiquity.

The inhabitants of Ross have distinguished themselves in the course of eight years by their brilliant society of horticulture, which has come to great perfection. They have this autumn established an exhibition of pictures in oil and water-colours, with the idea of making it permanent.

*Married.*] At Worcester, P. Johnston, esq., to Miss E. Gwinnell.—At Hereford, Mr. Parker to Miss Davis.

*Died.*] At Ross, in consequence of a fright occasioned by the sting of a wasp, Mrs. Pritchard.—At Great Malvern, Anne, wife of Vice Admiral Sir W. Hotham.—At Shobdon, 84, Mr. Caldecott.—At King's Capel, 73, Mrs. Roberts.—At the Ryelands, Mrs. Livesey.—At Worcester, Georgiana, wife of C. Babbage, esq.—At Tewkesbury, J. J. Turner, a youth blind from his birth, and a well-known local preacher in the Wesleyan connexion.—At Kempsey, 73, Mrs. Smith.—At Stoke-prior, J. Dowdeswell, esq.—At Hereford, 83, Mrs. Powles.

## GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the assizes at Gloucester, 13 prisoners were recorded for death, and 20 transported, one of them, only 14 years of age, was an old offender; and 31 imprisoned, one of them 71 years old. A boy

of 12 years old was tried for stabbing a playmate of 15, in consequence of a quarrel while playing at marbles; he was acquitted. Baron Vaughan said, "You have had a most fortunate escape; for if a direct conviction had taken place, I could not have done otherwise than suffer the law to take its proper course!"

At Monmouth, 3 condemned to death, 2 transported, and 5 imprisoned.

Monday, Sept. 27, the new Stroud Mail left London at 8 p.m., and arrived at Stroud at 8 on Tuesday morning, completing a distance of 106 miles in 12 hours. It being the first royal mail coach on that line of road, numbers of persons assembled at Gloucester, Stroud, Cheltenham, and other towns; and in several places ringing of bells and hoisting of colours evinced the joy of a population of not less than 40,000 inhabitants.

A new watering-place is to be established at the peninsula of the Severn and the Wye; and premiums have been advertised for laying out and building on the Beachley estate for that purpose.

At the late meeting of "The Clergy Society," at Bristol, the sum of £434. 4s. 7d. was collected; and at that of the Gloucestershire Society, at Clifton, £256. 19s. in aid of the good purposes of both establishments.

**Married.]** At Wootton-under-Edge, Mr. Lewis to Miss Wiles.—Mr. Horne to Miss Tombs, of Moreton-in-Marsh.—At Gloucester, Mr. Meyler to Miss Walker.—At Cold Ashton, Rev. H. T. Ellicombe to Miss Ann Bridges.

**Died.]** At Stroud, Mrs. Burder.—At Wootton-under-Edge, 62, J. Cooper, esq.—At Gloucester, 74, Mr. Gransmore; and Miss Park.—At Cheltenham, W. Dowding, esq.—At Frogmill, Rhoda, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Pearce.

#### BUCKS.

The paymasters of Aylesbury parish have determined to rent 20 acres of land, to be cultivated by spade husbandry, in order to employ their superfluous labourers.

The Bazaar held at the Town-hall of Aylesbury, has produced, by the works of the ladies only, as much as £100. for the excellent purpose of establishing an infant school.

**Married.]** At Oakingham, J. M. Bence, esq., to Miss Jenkins.—At Brimpton, W. A. Harris, esq., to Miss Ann Goddard.

**Died.]** T. A. Rudd, esq., late of Amptill.—At Beaumont, the Hon. H. E. Flower, third daughter of Lord Ashbrook.—At Bedford, 62, Mrs. F. Chapman.

#### HERTS AND ESSEX.

The Committee of the "West Herts Infirmary" have made their First Annual Report, which answers the expectations of the most sanguine, and conveys the gratifying assurance that the bounty of its supporters has been well bestowed, as a permanent comfort and benefit to the poor, and a source of advantage to the country—157 patients have been relieved and cured.

The first stone of a new market-house was laid at Ware, Sept. 8, which is to be upon a larger scale than the old one; the ground was given to the town by the lord of the manor.

#### OXFORDSHIRE.

At present there is not a single person for debt in the gaol of this county!!!

**Married.]** At Oxford, D. Ward, esq., to Miss

Marian Johnson; T. Wace, esq., to Mrs. Hitchings.

**Died.]** At Albury, 63, Mr. Hester.—At Oxford, 75, Mrs. Bartram; J. Lett, esq.; 62, Mrs. Robinson; 98, Mrs. Jackman.

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

September 5, the first stone of a new Roman Catholic Chapel was laid at Norwich by the Hon. and Rev. E. Clifford, with the usual ceremonies.

At the Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Public Library, it was announced to be in a very flourishing condition.

September 3, the Directors of the Norwich and Lowestoffe Navigation Company proceeded down the rivers in grand ceremony, to be present at the commencement of the undertaking at Mudford Bridge, when Alderman Brown commenced the operations by digging the first spadeful, amidst immense cheering; portions of the first earth turned up were eagerly seized by the crowd, and carried away in their pockets as a memento of the day. There was a sailing match on the occasion on Lake Lothing. Such a concourse of people was never seen before at Lowestoffe; there were at least 15,000 people afloat and on the margin of the lake.

The room of the Lynn Mechanics' Institution was thrown open to the subscribers Sept. 3, when an appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. E. Edwards.

**Married.]** At Wissett, H. Howard, esq., to Miss E. Tillott.—At Lakenham, Rev. B. Cubitt to Miss White.

**Died.]** At North Burlingham, 77, Rev. J. Denison.—At Bedingham, 90, Mrs. Norgate.—At Great Yarmouth, 74, Mrs. S. Cotton; 77, Mrs. Austin.—91, Mr. T. Sheldrake, of Henley.—At Pulham, 83, Mrs. Mayston.—80, Mrs. Devereux, of St. George's, Colegate.—At Norwich, 74, W. Herring, esq.; he was second son of Dr. Herring, Dean of St. Asaph, and had been 32 years Alderman of Norwich.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

A beautiful fossil of the sea turtle has recently been discovered, and by the perfect substitution of all the organic parts, as well as its locality, may be considered an interesting remain of a former world. It is incrustated in a mass of ferruginous limestone, and weighs 180 pounds. The spot on which it was found is in 4 fathoms water, and is formed of an extensive stratum of stones, called the Stone Ridge, about 4 miles off Harwich harbour, and is considered to be the line of conjunction between the opposite cliffs of Walton and Harwich. It is in the possession of Mr. Deck of Cambridge.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

By the recent report of the committee of Portsmouth and Portsea Literary and Philosophical Society, it appears that no less than 600 specimens have been deposited in the Museum since September 1826!!!

**Married.]** At Petworth, Lord Charles Spencer Churchill to Miss Benet, daughter of J. Benet, esq., M.P., Wilts.—At Arreton, Isle of Wight, Major G. G. Nicholls, only son of General Nicholls, to Miss Henrietta Atkins.—At Owslebury, Rev. P. Hall to Miss M. H. Woods.

**Died.]** At Portsmouth, 82, Mrs. Leggatt.—At Midhurst, 106, Mrs. Anne Harding.—At Hastings, the Hon. Orlando Bridgman.—At Titchborne-house, Mary, fourth daughter of Sir Henry Titchborne, bart.—At Chichester, 83, Rev. Mr. Walker.

## DORSET AND WILTS.

At Kingston-hall, the Duke of Wellington laid the first stone of the Egyptian obelisk on the lawn on the south front of the house, with the following inscription:—"The first stone of the foundation for the Egyptian Obelisk, removed, in 1819, by William John Bankes, esq., from the island of Philæ, beyond the first cataract of the Nile, was laid by Arthur Duke of Wellington, on the 17th of August, in the year of our Lord 1827." A Waterloo medal was dropped into a small cavity prepared for that purpose.

*Married.*] At Ramsbury, J. Blackman, esq., to Mrs. Lawrence.—At Landford, F. Stratton, esq., to Anne Rosamond, daughter of General Orde, and niece of Lord Roden.

*Died.*] At Imber, 76, Mr. Seammell; and Mr. Bradshawe.—At Trowbridge, Mr. Cross, watchmaker, and a very celebrated mechanical genius.—At Mapperton-house, Eliza Emily, second daughter of Sir M. H. Nepean, bart.—At Stinsford, 85, the Right Hon. Susan O'Brien, aunt to the Earl of Hereford.

## SOMERSETSHIRE AND DEVONSHIRE.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Female Orphan Asylum took place at Bristol August 22, attended by all the beauty and fashion of that place and neighbourhood, and in a magnificent style. The mayor laid the first stone. The children and the company were partakers of a cold collation; a collection was also made. The children were entertained by the mayoress the next day at the Mansion-house, when she presented 1s. to each of the children.

A numerous and respectable meeting was held at the Town-hall, Wells, August 30, for establishing Friendly Societies in the eastern part of Somerset on more just and equitable principles than those which have hitherto prevailed, when a committee was formed for the purpose, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells unanimously chosen president.

At Somerset Assizes, 28 prisoners were recorded for death, 20 transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods: yet there were only 7 criminals left to suffer the last awful punishment of the law; one of whom, for burglary, was 71 years of age!—The verdict given in the *quo warranto* action at these assizes, relative to the Corporation of Wells, will not only deprive 6 or 7 of its members of their civic honours, but remove nearly 60 burgesses.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Frome Savings' Bank evinces a gradual return of confidence and prosperity; the sum invested in government securities is greater, and the number of depositors in the labouring class is increased.

At a numerous and highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Plymouth, at the Guildhall, September 14, it was unanimously resolved to establish an Infant School for the children of the Labouring Poor, from the age of 2 to 7 years, to be called "The Plymouth Infant School."

The Plymouth Dispensary relieved last year (by their Report) more than 1000 persons, principally at their own residences.

The ceremony of opening Exeter Canal took place September 14, and several vessels have since entered its basin.

*Married.*] At Bath, R. V. Edwards, esq., to Miss M. A. Armstrong; E. W. Clift, esq., to Miss E. Lax; Mr. James to Miss Deans.—At Frome, Major Fawcett to Miss Wickham.

*Died.*] At Marston-house, Lady Lucy Georgiana Boyle, second daughter of the Earl of Cork.—At Ilfracombe, Miss Priscilla Coats; Henry Lewis, esq.—At Bath, Mrs. Bird, of Widcombe Terrace.

## CORNWALL.

*Married.*] At Garlennich-house, Rev. G. A. Moore to Miss Ann Turner.

*Died.*] At Tresuga, 68, Mrs. Robins.—At Hale, 82, Mrs. J. Bowden, leaving a progeny of 100 children, grand-children, and great grand-children.—66, Lieut.-Col. John Bailey, inspecting field officer in this county.

## WALES.

The chapel of St. David's College, Lampeter, has recently been consecrated by the bishop of the diocese.

There has been an advance of 10s. per ton on bar-iron in the principality.

At Brecon Great Sessions, the judge, in his address to the grand jury, complimented the county on the paucity of offenders for trial.—In Merionethshire, there were only 2 persons for trial.—In Carnarvon, one only; and at Beaumaris, in the trial, Lord Newborough v. Spencer and Hughes, the jury, after a deliberation of nearly two hours, finding they were not likely to come to unanimity, agreed to *toss up* on which side the verdict should be given. This fact was stated on affidavit on the next court day as ground for a new trial.—At Glamorgan, 5 death, 3 imprisoned.—At Carmarthen, 1 transported.—At Pembroke, 2 death, 5 imprisoned.

The Mary Ann, from Bangor, loaded with slates, put to sea and became so dangerously leaky that the crew left her, took to the boat, and watched her sinking far beyond the time they had calculated she must disappear; they returned to her, and found the leak had ceased to increase. They set her sails, and brought her into Milford-haven; and to their astonishment found the leak had been stopped by the body of a fish which had been forced in with some sea-weed; their ship and cargo were saved.

*Married.*] Major Hartley, of Deganwy (North Wales), to Miss Clark.—Mr. James, of Merthyrtydfil, to Miss Louisa Carter.

*Died.*] At Llandovery, 80, Rev. Morgan Jones; this venerable clergyman had never been elevated above a curacy above £50. per annum, which he diligently served for more than half a century; and saved, by wonderful parsimony, £18,000.—At Glanhalren, 75, Mr. Matthews.—At Cardigan, J. Davies, esq.—At Montgomery, 75, Mr. J. Mickelburgh.—At Dolgellau, 104, David Pughe.—Evan Humphrey, esq., of Garth-hall, Glamorgan.—Mrs. Scowcroft, Haverfordwest.—At Llanelli, 76, Mr. Williams.—At Abergavenny, Rev. C. Powell.—At Swansea, J. Caldecote, esq.—At Neath, W. Williams, esq., comptroller of the customs.—At Llanelli, Captain Ray.—At Tenby, 77, Mrs. Brodbelt, of Jamaica.—At Bishop's-castle, T. Routledge, esq.

## SCOTLAND.

By the last Annual Report of the Edinburgh School of Arts, it appears that there has been a considerable falling off in the number of students, caused by the pecuniary distress which, for the last two years, has been felt more or less by every class of the community. The wages of stone-masons, carpenters, and joiners, who have always formed the great majority of the students, have fallen from 26s. to 13s. a week.

*Died.*] At Edinburgh, 80, George Ferguson, Lord Hermand, one of the senators of the College of Justice.



## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 20th of August to the 25th of September 1827.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	211½ 212	87½ 88	86½ 87½	94 94½	94 94½	100½ 100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	25½ 25½	87 88p	55 58p	86½ 87½
28	210½ 211	87½ 88	86½ 87½	94 94½	94 94½	100½ 100½	20 20	256 256	89 90p	57 59p	86½ 87½
29	211	87½ 88	86½ 87½	94 94½	94 94½	100½ 100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	90 91p	58 59p	87½ 88½
30	210 211	87 87½	86½ 87½	93½ 94	93½ 94	100½ 100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	92p	58 60p	86½ 87½
31	210 211	87½ 88	86½ 87½	93½ 94½	94½ 94½	100½ 100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	25½ 25½	93 94p	59 61p	86½ 87½
Sep. 1	212	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	—	94½ 94½	101½ 101½	20 1-16 ½	—	93 94p	60 62p	87½ 88½
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	212½ 214	88½ 89	87½ 88½	94½ 95½	94½ 95½	101½ 101½	—	—	93 94p	61 62p	87½ 88½
5	—	—	87½ 88½	94½ 95½	94½ 95½	101½ 101½	—	—	—	59 61p	87½ 88½
6	—	—	87½ 88½	94½ 95½	94½ 95½	101½ 101½	—	—	92 93p	59 60p	87½ 88½
7	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	59 60p	87½ 88½
8	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	59 60p	87½ 88½
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	60 62p	87½ 88½
11	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	93 94p	60 62p	87½ 88½
12	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	92p	58 60p	87½ 88½
13	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	93 94p	58 60p	87½ 88½
14	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	94p	59 60p	87½ 88½
15	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	93 94p	59 60p	87½ 88½
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	86½ 87½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	58 60p	86½ 87½
18	—	—	86½ 87½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	59 61p	87½ 88½
19	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	94p	60 61p	87½ 88½
20	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	94p	60 62p	87½ 88½
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	86½ 87½	—	—	100½ 100½	—	255½	93 94p	59 62p	86½ 87½
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	86½ 87½	—	—	101½ 101½	—	—	—	59 61p	86½ 87½
25	—	—	86½ 87½	—	—	100½ 100½	—	—	—	58 62p	86½ 87½

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From August 20th to 19th September inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	—	—	63	66	54	29 92	29 92	75	80	NNE	NNW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
21	—	—	63	70	56	29 97	30 01	84	88	E	NE	—	—	—
22	—	—	59	68	56	30 09	30 15	90	88	NE	E	—	—	—
23	—	—	59	71	58	30 20	30 21	80	73	NNE	NE	—	Fine	—
24	—	—	64	63	55	30 14	30 01	75	78	N	NNW	Fine	—	Fine
25	—	—	58	68	52	30 00	30 06	76	77	NNE	N	—	Fair	Clo.
26	—	—	55	66	49	30 07	30 10	76	81	NNE	N	Fair	S. Rain	Fine
27	—	—	55	66	58	30 17	30 19	83	78	NE	NNW	Fine	—	Fair
28	—	—	60	78	51	30 17	30 21	82	79	NW	NNE	Overc.	Fair	—
29	—	—	53	66	53	30 26	30 23	80	78	NNE	N	Fair	Fine	—
30	—	—	58	65	55	30 17	30 05	84	90	WNW	NW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
31	—	—	47	66	55	30 17	30 22	93	82	NE	ESE	—	—	—
Sep. 1	—	—	58	68	53	30 23	30 24	88	90	E	E	Sleet	Fair	—
2	—	—	56	71	54	30 22	30 20	93	87	ENE	ENE	Clo.	Fine	Fair
3	—	—	59	70	55	30 18	30 20	85	79	ENE	E	Fair	—	—
4	—	—	57	62	55	30 20	30 15	75	83	ENE	E	Clo.	Fair	—
5	—	—	58	68	51	30 11	30 17	85	82	ENE	ENE	Fair	—	Fine
6	—	—	56	66	50	30 16	30 18	86	82	ENE	ENE	Clo.	—	—
7	—	—	58	65	56	30 16	30 14	82	85	ENE	E	Fair	—	Clo.
8	—	—	58	65	58	30 13	30 07	80	82	NE	E	Clo.	Clo.	—
9	—	—	62	67	58	29 90	29 82	86	94	S	WSW	Fair	—	Rain
10	—	—	59	66	63	29 76	29 76	96	80	WNW	WNW	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11	—	—	64	70	59	29 72	29 62	82	86	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	—
12	—	—	59	66	53	29 61	29 68	90	88	SSW	WSW	S. Rain	Rain	—
13	—	—	56	64	51	29 77	29 98	91	78	W	WNW	Clo.	Fair	Fair
14	—	—	54	68	60	30 09	30 08	88	89	W	WNW	—	—	Clo.
15	—	—	65	71	62	30 14	30 15	82	92	N	NNW	Fair	—	Fair
16	—	—	66	71	59	30 18	30 20	88	88	ENE	NNE	Clo.	—	Clo.
17	—	—	60	69	58	30 21	30 17	85	88	ENE	SE	Fair	Fine	Fair
18	—	—	60	69	51	30 13	30 07	91	80	SE	N	Clo.	Fair	Rain
19	—	—	54	60	46	30 04	30 03	80	72	NW	NW	Fair	—	Clo.

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of August was one inch and 8-100ths.